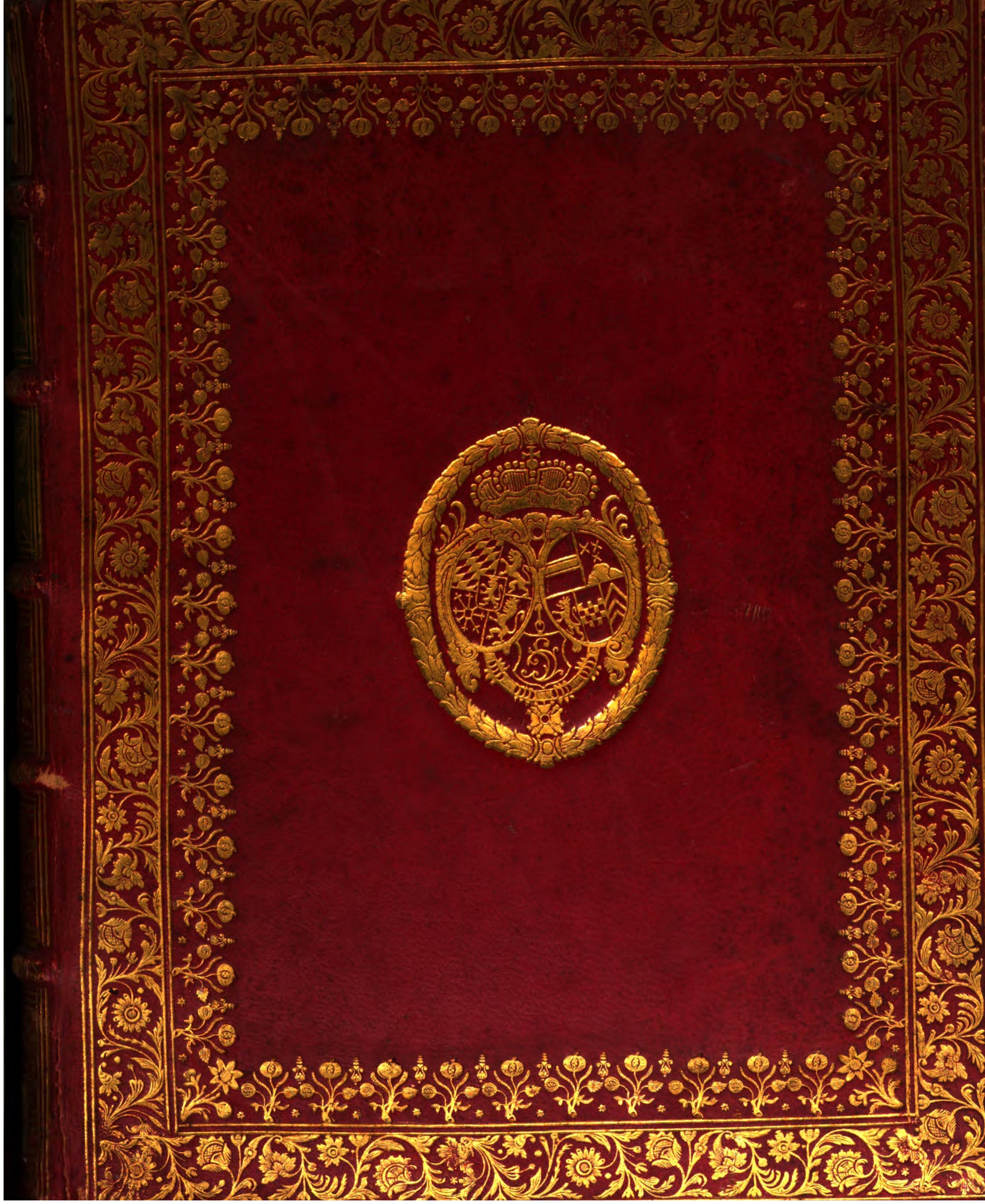








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L E T T E R S

PRINTED AT THE PRESS

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DUBLIN.

NEWLY CORRECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

CORRECTED AND REVISSED

BY DEANE BURTON, ESQ.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW.

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L E T T E R S,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN;

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

FROM THE YEAR 1710 TO 1742.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

COLLECTED AND REVISED

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

OF GOODRICH, IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

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MDCCLXVIII.



C O N T E N T S

OF THE

F O U R T H V O L U M E.

Letter I.	DR. Swift to Mrs. Jane Swift	-	-	-	Page 1
II.	Mrs. Long to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	2
III.	Judge Nutley to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	4
IV.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	6
V.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	7
VI.	Lady Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	8
VII.	Peter Ludlow, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	9
VIII.	Dr. Swift to [Stella] Mrs. Johnson	-	-	-	11
IX.	Edward Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	12
X.	Edward Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	13
XI.	Edward Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	14
XII.	George Rochfort, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	15
XIII.	Edward Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	ib.
XIV.	From the Prince of Lilliput to Stella	-	-	-	16
XV.	Edward Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	17
XVI.	Mrs. Martha Blount to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	18
XVII.	Francis Geogeghan, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	19
XVIII.	— Flower, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	20
XIX.	Lady Johnston to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	22
XX.	The Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	23
XXI.	The Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	24
XXII.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	-	-	-	25
XXIII.	Dr. Swift to Lady Acheson	-	-	-	26
XXIV.	Lady Acheson's Answer to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	ib.
XXV.	Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	27
XXVI.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	-	-	-	28
XXVII.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Pilkington	-	-	-	29
XXVIII.	Dr. Swift to the Earl of Orrery	-	-	-	30
	A 2				XXIX. Miss

Letter	Page
XXIX. Miss Kelly to Dr. Swift	31
XXX. J. Barber, Lord-Mayor of London, to Dr. Swift	32
XXXI. Countess of Kerry to Dr. Swift	34
XXXII. Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	36
XXXIII. Miss Kelly to Dr. Swift	37
XXXIV. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	38
XXXV. Miss Kelly to Dr. Swift	39
XXXVI. Miss Kelly to Dr. Swift	41
XXXVII. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	43
XXXVIII. Lord-Mayor of London to Dr. Swift	45
XXXIX. Miss Kelly to Dr. Swift	47
XL. Dr. Swift to the Earl of Orrery	ib.
XLI. Mrs. Donnellan to Dr. Swift	49
XLII. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	51
XLIII. Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	53
XLIV. Mrs. Pratt to Dr. Swift	55
XLV. Late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderm. Barber] to Dr. Swift	56
XLVI. Mrs. Conduit to Dr. Swift	58
XLVII. Charles Coote, Esq; to Dr. Swift	59
XLVIII. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	60
XLIX. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Pilkington	61
L. The Bishop of Clogher to Dr. Swift	ib.
LI. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	62
LII. The Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	64
LIII. Lady Howth to Dr. Swift	66
LIV. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	ib.
LV. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	68
LVI. Pickle Herring to Mr. Faulkner	69
LVII. Sir William Fownes to Dr. Swift	72
LVIII. The Reverend Marmaduke Philips to Dr. Swift	73
LIX. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	75
LX. * * * * * to Dr. Swift	77
LXI. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	ib.
LXII. Mrs. Donnellan to Dr. Swift	79
LXIII. An unknown Gentleman to Dr. Swift	81
LXIV. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	82
LXV. Mrs.	

Letter	Page
LXV. Mrs. Pratt to Dr. Swift	82
LXVI. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	83
LXVII. Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift	85
LXVIII. Mrs. Pratt to Dr. Swift	86
LXIX. Mrs. Donnellan to Dr. Swift	87
LXX. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	89
LXXI. Lady Betty Brownlowe to Dr. Swift	90
LXXII. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	91
LXXIII. Lord Oxford to Dr. Swift	92
LXXIV. Dr. Swift to Dr. Sheridan	93
LXXV. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	96
LXXVI. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	98
LXXVII. Lord Howth to Dr. Swift	100
LXXVIII. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	101
LXXIX. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	102
LXXX. Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift	104
LXXXI. Mr. Motte to Dr. Swift	105
LXXXII. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	108
LXXXIII. Lord B—— to Dr. Swift	110
LXXXIV. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	112
LXXXV. Dr. King to Dr. Swift	114
LXXXVI. Mr. Motte to Dr. Swift	115
LXXXVII. Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	116
LXXXVIII. Dr. Sican to Dr. Swift	118
LXXXIX. Rev. Mr. Donnellan to Dr. Swift	120
XC. Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	121
XCI. Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	123
XCII. An unknown Lady to Dr. Swift	125
XCIII. Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	126
XCIV. Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	127
XCV. Mrs. Sican to Dr. Swift	129
XCVI. Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	130
XCVII. Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	132
XCVIII.	133
XCIX. Lord B—— to Dr. Swift	134
C. Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	137

Letter		Page
CI.	Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	139
CII.	Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	140
CIII.	Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	142
CIV.	Dr. Swift and Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	143
CV.	Mrs. Whiteway to Dr. Swift	145
CVI.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	147
CVII.	Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift	149
CVIII.	Mrs. Pendarves to Dr. Swift	ib.
CIX.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	150
CX.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	151
CXI.	The Bishop of Kilmore to Dr. Swift	152
CXII.	Dr. Swift to Miss Harrison	ib.
CXIII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	153
CXIV.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	154
CXV.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	155
CXVI.	The Honourable Thomas Carter to Dr. Swift	ib.
CXVII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	156
CXVIII.	Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Alba Via	ib.
CXIX.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	157
CXX.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift and Mrs. Whiteway	158
CXXI.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	160
CXXII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	162
CXXIII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	164
CXXIV.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	165
CXXV.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	167
CXXVI.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	169
CXXVII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	171
CXXVIII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	172
CXXIX.	Lady Howth to Dr. Swift	173
CXXX.	Thomas Carte, Esq; to Dr. Swift	174
CXXXI.	Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	176
CXXXII.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	177
CXXXIII.	Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway	179
CXXXIV.	Dr. Sheridan to Mrs. Whiteway	180
CXXXV.	Dr. Dunkin to Mrs. Whiteway	182
CXXXVI.	Dr. King to Dr. Swift	ib.
	CXXXVII. Earl	

Letter		Page
CXXXVII.	Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift	183
CXXXVIII.	Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	185
CXXXIX.	William Richardson, Esq; to Dr. Swift	186
CXL.	The Hon. Miss Davys to Dr. Swift	187
CXLI.	Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift	188
CXLII.	Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift	189
CXLIII.	Dr. King to Dr. Swift	190
CXLIV.	Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway	191
CXLV.	- - -	193
CXLVI.	Erasmus Lewis, Esq; to Dr. Swift	194
CXLVII.	The Earl of Oxford to Dr. Swift	196
CXLVIII.	Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift	197
CXLIX.	Thomas Farren, Esq; Mayor of Cork, to Dr. Swift	198
CL.	Lord M———y to Dr. Swift	199
CLI.	Charles Ford, Esq; to Dr. Swift	200
CLII.	Dr. Swift to Dr. Clancy	202
CLIII.	Lady Howth to Dr. Swift	203
CLIV.	Dr. Clancy to Dr. Swift	ib.
CLV.	Earl of Orrery to Mrs. Whiteway	204
CLVI.	Miss Richardson to Dr. Swift	205
CLVII.	Dr. King to Deane Swift, Esq;	206
CLVIII.	Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift	207
CLIX.	Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; to Dr. Swift	209
CLX.	Dr. King to Deane Swift, Esq;	ib.
CLXI.	Miss Richardson to Mrs. Whiteway	210
CLXII.	Lord Orrery to Dr. Swift	211
CLXIII.	Lord Orrery to Dr. Swift	212
CLXIV.	Alderman Barber to Dr. Swift	ib.
CLXV.	William Richardson, Esq; to Dr. Swift	214
CLXVI.	The Bishop of Ferns to Dr. Swift	215
CLXVII.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	216
CLXVIII.	Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway	217
CLXIX.	Miss Richardson to Mrs. Whiteway	ib.
CLXX.	William Richardson, Esq; to Dr. Swift	218
CLXXI.	Dr. King to Dr. Swift	220
CLXXII.	Deane Swift, Esq; to Dr. Swift	221
	CLXXIII. Dr.	

Letter	Page
CLXXIII. Dr. King to Dr. Swift - - -	222
CLXXIV. Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	223
CLXXV. Dr. King to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	225
CLXXVI. William Richardson, Esq; to Mrs. Whiteway -	227
CLXXVII. William Richardson, Esq; to Dr. Swift -	228
CLXXVIII. William Richardson, Esq; to Dr. Swift -	229
CLXXIX. Dr. Dunkin to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	ib.
CLXXX. Mr. Secretary L—— to Dr. Swift - - -	230
CLXXXI. Dr. Scott to Dr. Swift - - -	231
CLXXXII. Reverend Mr. Throp to Dr. Swift - - -	233
CLXXXIII. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	234
CLXXXIV. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	ib.
CLXXXV. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	235
CLXXXVI. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	ib.
CLXXXVII. R——t N——, Esq; to Mrs. Whiteway -	236
CLXXXVIII. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	237
CLXXXIX. Mrs. Whiteway to Alexander Pope, Esq; -	ib.
CXC. Mr. Pope to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	239
CXCI. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	240
CXCII. Dr. Swift to Mrs. Whiteway - - -	241
CXCIII. Earl of Orrery to Dr. Swift - - -	ib.
CXCIV. Earl of Orrery to Deane Swift, Esq; - - -	243
The Answer of the Right Honourable W——y P——y, Esq; to the Right Honourable Sir R——t W——e - - -	245
To the Count de Gyllenborg - - -	253
The Reign of William the Second, surnamed Rufus - -	255
The Reign of Henry the First - - -	270
The Reign of Stephen - - -	291
The Reign of Henry the Second. A Fragment - - -	316
Henry the Second's Character. Extracted from the Monks -	320

Dr. S W I F T's
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JANE SWIFT*.

1696.

I RECEIVED your kind letter from *Robert* by word of mouth, and think it a vast condescension in you to think of us in all your greatness: now shall we hear nothing from you for five months but *We Courtiers*. *Loory* is well, and presents his humble duty to my lady, and love to his fellow-servant: but he is the miserablest creature in the world; eternally in his melancholy note, whatever I can do; and if his finger does but ake, I am in such a fright you would wonder at it. I pray return my service to Mrs. *Kilby*, in payment of hers by *Robert*.

Nothing grows better by your absence but my lady's chamber-floor, and Tumble-down *Dick*. Here are three letters for you, and *Molly* will not send one of them; she says you ordered her to the contrary. Mr. *Mose* and I desire you will remember our love to the king, and let us know how he looks.

Robert says the Czar is there, and is fallen in love with you, and designs to carry you to *Muscovy*; pray provide yourself with muffs and fable tip-pets, &c.

* The Doctor's sister.
VOL. IV.

Æolus has made a strange revolution in the rooks nests; but I say no more, for it is dangerous to meddle with things above us.

I desire your absence heartily; for now I live in great state, and the cook comes in to know what I please to have for dinner: I ask very gravely what is in the house, and accordingly give orders for a dish of pigeons, or &c. You shall have no more ale here, unless you send us a letter. Here is a great bundle and a letter for you; both came together from *London*. We all keep home like so many cats.

L E T T E R II.

Mrs. LONG * to Dr. SWIFT.

November 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you, without murmuring I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantick strain, and designed to have surprized me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and if telling you that I am at *Linn* will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at *Christmas*; however, I shall still continue to be Mrs. *Smyth*, near *St. Nicholas's* Church in the town aforesaid; so much for my affairs.—Now as to my health, that was much out of order last *Summer*; my distemper was a dropfy or asthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest whilst they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that, I applied myself to doctor *Inglis*, by whose advice I am now

* Thus indorsed by the Doctor; Poor Mrs. *Long's* last letter, written five weeks before she died.

well

well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but censuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a *Miscellany* Mr. *Steele* put out last year; miss *Heffy* promised it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of *George Smyth's* family of *Nitly*, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to *Moll* (who I suppose was at the *Bath*) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, sir, and handle a needle very prettily; see miss *Heffy's* scarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miss *Heffy* keeps company with the eldest *Hatton*, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. *St. John* is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at any body; I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent. I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit: may I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord *Fitzbarding*, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.

L E T T E R III.

Judge NUTLEY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1713.

I CAN'T help telling you that I think you do me great wrong in charging me with being too civil, and with want of plainness in my letters to you. If you will be abundant in your favours to me, how can I forbear thanking you? and if you will call that by a wrong name, that is your fault, and not mine. I hope I shall be able to convince you of your mistake, by putting you in the place of the party obliged; and then I will shew you, that I can be as ready (as you are) in doing good offices for a friend, and when I have done them, can treat you as you do me, as if you were the benefactor, and I had received the favour: I am sorry I did not keep a copy of my letter to you, that I might compare it with that which I shall have from you, whenever I shall be so happy as to receive one from you upon that subject; for I am thoroughly persuaded, you will then as much outdo me in civility of expression, as you do now in the power of conferring favours.

By this time, I hope, I have satisfied you, that it is fit for me (and I am resolved) to express the sense I have of your friendship in as high a manner as I can, until I have an opportunity of making a better return: but to shew you, that it is as uneasy to me to write civil things, as it can be to you to read them, I will, as often as I can, do you services, that I may not be at the trouble or bear the reproach of being complaisant.

I am so much a philosopher as to know that to be great, is to be, but not to be thought, miserable; and I am of the opinion of those among them, who allow retaliation; and therefore since you have declared your intention of loading me with cares, I will, as far as I can, make you sensible of the hurt you do me by laying a like burthen upon you.

I thank you most sincerely for the clear and full information you have given me of your grand church affair. It entirely agrees with my judgment; for I do think that what you propose will be the best service that has been done to this church and kingdom since the restoration, and the doing it soon will be
of

of great advantage to the queen's affairs at this juncture. For, it has been given out among the party, that the ministry have an eye towards the *Whigs*, and that, if they now exert themselves, they will soon have an open declaration in their favour: we have a remarkable proof of this; for Mr. *Brodrick* has engaged a considerable number of the parliament-men (many of them not of his party) to promise him their votes for speaker, by telling them he has the approbation of the ministry and lord lieutenant; and since his grace has made known her majesty's pleasure, a new word is given out, that the liberties of the people are in the last danger, and that the crown is attempting the nomination of a speaker. I own I am no politician; but I think I understand the posture of affairs here, and I am assured that the church party is so strong, that if any thing be done on your side to excite their zeal, and discourage their adversaries, there will be but a short struggle here. But if the *Whigs* are permitted to hope, or what is as bad, to boast of their expectations, and nothing is done, to enable others to confute them, they will, 'tis probable, be able to give trouble to the government; and what is now easy to be effected, will become difficult by delay; and I fear, the want of doing this in time will occasion some uneasiness to the duke of *Shrewsbury*; for to this is owing the doubtful dispute, who shall be speaker.

I have shewed your letter to the gentleman chiefly concerned in it: this I did, because I knew it would produce a full expression of his sentiments; and I can assure you, whatever occasion may have been given you to think what you say in your letter, he has a true sense of your friendship to him. I will be guarantee that according to the power he has, he will be ready to serve you, and that in kind.

My lord chancellor will send you his own thanks. I am, most truly and sincerely,
Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT*.

London, July 15, 1714.

YOU see I was in the right; but I could wish the booby † had not convinced me by naming my lord *Bolingbroke*, and then I should have dealt well enough with him. Since it has happened so, the best remedy I could think of, was to write him a very civil answer; in which, however, I have desired to see the alterations: this is mentioned with great respect to my lord. Though he is promised to have it again to-morrow, it is probable he may be disappointed, and there may be time enough for me to receive your directions what I shall do, when I get it into my hands. If the alterations are material, shall I send it to some other printer as it was first written? ‡ Reflect upon every thing you think likely to happen, and tell me beforehand what is proper to be done, that no more time may be lost. I hate the dog for making his court in such a manner.

I am very sorry you have had occasion to remove your premier minister. We are told now, we shall have no change in ours, and that the duke of *Shrewsbury* will perfectly reconcile all matters. I am sure you will not believe this any more than I do; but the *Dragon* § has been more chearful than usual for three or four days; and therefore people conclude the breaches are healed. I rather incline to the opinion of those who say he is to be made a duke, and to have a pension. Another reason given why there is to be no change is, because the Parliament was not adjourned to issue new writs in the room of those who were to come in upon the new scheme, that they might sit in the house at the next meeting. But I can't see why an adjournment may not do as well at the beginning as at the end of a session; and certainly it will displease less in *January* or *February*, than it would have done in *July*. The *Whigs* give out the duke of *Marlborough* is coming over, and his house is actually now fitting up at *St. James's*. We have had more variety of lies of late than ever I remember.

* Dr. Swift was at this time in *Berkshire*.

† Barber.

‡ This was a pamphlet entituled, *Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs*. The queen's death prevented the publication of it in those times. It never appeared until the year 1741.§ The earl of *Oxford*.

The history we were formerly talking of, would swell to a prodigious size, if it was carried on. There was a fire last night on *Tower-Hill*, that burnt down forty or fifty houses. You say nothing of coming to town. I hope you don't mean to steal away to *Ireland* without seeing us.

L E T T E R V.

C H A R L E S F O R D, Esq; to Dr. S W I F T.

London, July 17, 1714.

A SECOND to-morrow is almost past, and nothing has been yet left at *St. Dunstan's*. *B.* * will lose by his prodigious cunning; but that is nothing to the punishment he deserves. Had it been only his fear, he would have chosen somebody else to consult with; but the rogue found out it was well written, and saw the passages that galled. I am heartily vext at the other person †, from whom one might have expected a more honourable proceeding. There is something very mean in his desiring to make alterations, when I am sure he has no reason to complain, and is at least as fairly dealt with as his competitor ‡. Besides, a great part of it is as much for his service as if he had given directions himself to have it done. What relates to the Pretender is of the utmost use to him; and therefore I am as much surprized at his delay, as at his ungenerous manner of treating an unknown author, to whom he is so much obliged. But perhaps I may wrong him, and he won't desire to turn the whole to his own advantage. If it had come to me yesterday, or to-day, I was resolved to have sent it to some other printer without any amendment; but now I shall wait till I have your directions. I wish you had employed somebody else at first; but what signifies wishing now? After what *B.* § writ in his last, I can hardly think he will be such a — as not to let me have it: and in my answer I have given him all manner of encouragement to do it. He has as much assurance as he can well desire, that the alterations shall be complied with, and a positive promise that it shall be returned to him the same day he leaves it at *St. Dunstan's*.

* *Barber.*

† *Lord Bolingbroke.*

‡ *Lord Oxford.*

§ *Barber.*

I can't imagine why we have no mischief yet. Sure we are not to be disappointed at last, after the bustle that has been made. It is impossible they * can ever agree, and I want something to make my letters still entertaining. I doubt you will hardly thank me for them, now the parliament is up; but as soon as any thing happens you shall know it.

The queen has not yet appointed the time for removing to *Windſor*. My lord chief baron *Ward* is dead, and we have already named seven ſucceſſors, among whom is our lord chancellor *Phips*. *Frank Anneſley* was to have had his place under my lord *Angleſey*, ſo that it is well for him we have provided him with another for life.

L E T T E R VI.

Lady BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN.

London, May 5, 1716.

YOUR letter came in very good time to me, when I was full of vexation and trouble, which all vaniſhes, finding that you were ſo good to remember me under my afflictions, which have been not greater than you can think, but much greater than I can expreſs. I am now in town; buſineſs called me hither; and when that is finiſhed I ſhall retire with more comfort than I came. Do not forſake an old friend, nor believe reports which are ſcandalous and falſe. You are pleaſed to enquire after my health; I can give you no good account of it at preſent; but that country, whither I ſhall go next week, will, I hope, ſet me up. As to my temper, if it is poſſible, I am more inſipid and dull than ever, except in ſome places, and there I am a little fury, eſpecially if they dare mention my dear lord without reſpect, which ſometimes happens; for good manners and relationship are laid aſide in this town; it is not hard for you to gueſs whom I mean. I have not yet ſeen her grace †, but deſign it in a day or two: we have kept a conſtant correſpondence ever ſince our miſfortunes, and her grace is pleaſed to call me ſiſter. There is no body in the world has a truer reſpect and value for her than myſelf. I ſend this to my friend *John*, and beg you, when you do me the favour of an answer, to ſend it to him, who will take care to

* Lords *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*.

† The duchefs of *Ormond*.

convey it to me in the country ; for your letter lay a long while, before it came to my hands. I beg you to look with a friendly eye upon all my faults and blots in this letter, and that you will believe me what I really am, your most faithful humble servant,

F. B.

LETTER VII.

PETER LUDLOW, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the inclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence (as I take the inclosed to be) that way. But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For, your friend Mr. *Manley* † has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened, that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets (that one would by no means let Mr. *Manley* know) might have been discovered; besides a thousand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to shew all they had to Mr. *Manley*. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at first) of blunders, and a silly Tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at *Ratcliff-highway*, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be sunk or drowned, but in all probability will rise again. Then the man who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed

† Post-master general of *Ireland*, whom Dr. *Swift* had greatly befriended in queen *Anne's* time.

at. He could not tell (the ingenious author says) whether she was dead: true! but may be he will tell soon. But then the author goes on (who must be supposed a high-church-man) and enquires of a man riding a horse-back upon a mare. That's preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very preposterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a Robber, or *Tory*, and ran from him, but you find he persued him furiously. Mark that: and *The Horse*. — This is indeed carrying a figure farther than *Homer* does: he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I don't remember; by which we often say, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the Gown is often meant particular Parsons. Well then, you find the Horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound respect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only enquires after the welfare of the church. — Ah! Dear Sir, this is the true character of the *Tories*. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendship, and asks the question with a *Pray inform me*.

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to shew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole; which I am confident you won't refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned Sir, your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious enquiry into the arcana of this piece) to consider whether, by Sir *John Vangs* (who you find lives by the water-side) must not be meant the *Dutch*; since you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may seem a paradox,

paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many *Winters* in *Holland*, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir *John*, the *Dutch* must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer *Vangs* had an old woman to her son. That's a bob for Glorious*. — But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence past upon poor *Swift*, because he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

L E T T E R VIII.

Dr. SWIFT to [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON †.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; 'tis none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning; but you must blame yourselves. *Delany* says he will come in the evening; and for aught I know *Sheridan* may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray don't serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

Deanry-house,

Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

Margoose, and not *Mergoose*, it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon ‡ got home safe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose, I told *Delany* I would.

* The common appellation in *Ireland* for king *William III.*

† Indorsed by Mrs. *Johnson*; An answer to no letter.

‡ Archdeacon *Wall*.

L E T T E R IX.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,

Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness, as my having so long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your most kind letter, and to assure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wish me to do: I must say, that amidst my grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a great addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did delay writing some time, because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to your question, "*If he had left any Memoirs behind him;*" I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not yet been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with some others affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I assure you, if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I shall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow no body to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be supplied elsewhere; but give me leave to say, That if you do not come into *England*, nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do any thing to purpose. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than yourself, you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you: I have houses enough, you shall take your choice: I must with earnestness repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father say, That he did design to fit for you, but did not: I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what size you would have it of: if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your

Your sister *, as you used to call her, is much your servant; she has been at the *Bath* for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. *Pope*: he has taken another voyage into *Homer-land* †, as *Gay* calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will say, That since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you what I am with great truth, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
OXFORD.

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it you?

L E T T E R X.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, July 26, 1725.

MR. *Clayton* going to *Ireland*, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe: you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond *Edinburgh* fifty miles.

I enquire of you sometimes of dean *Berkeley* †: I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper, the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations.

I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into *England*. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the

* Lady *Oxford*.

† Translation of the *Odysssey*.

‡ Dr. *Berkeley* was then dean of *Derry*.

thoughts of seeing you under my roof, where you shall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since — Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better: she presents her humble service to you. *Peggy* is very well.

Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever *Jarvis* painted. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant and brother,

OXFORD.

LETTER XI.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Aug. 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe: I have ordered them to the care of *Erasmus Lewis*, Esq; our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. *Ford*, and my lord *Arran's* chaplain, Mr. *Charleton*; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might shew the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. *Jarvis* drew of you in *Ireland*, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. *Jarvis* is honoured with the place of his majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the dean of *St. Patrick's*.

My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

L E T T E R XII.

GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you t'other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt * to *Belcamp* this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots: the weather may perhaps look gloomy at the Deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in this parish †, where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours: to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE ROCHFORD.

Wednesday morning,
Sept. 9, 1725.

L E T T E R XIII.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Oct. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the dean of *St. Patrick's*, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am with great respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

* Dr. Grattan's, about five miles from *Dublin*.† *St. Mary's* parish, about a mile from the Deanery.

L E T T E R XIV.

From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

†**†. *

In *European* characters and *English* thus ;
 The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the most puissant empire of the *East*,
 Unto STELLA, the most resplendent glory of the *Western* hemisphere,
 sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

1727.

THAT invincible heroe, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of *Blefusca*, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have sent our able and trusty Nardac KOORBNIOB, requesting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terrestrial globe, you, in compassion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And, lest any apprehensions of famine amongst us, should render Nardac MOUNTAIN averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would compleat our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country ; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the address in the *Lilliputian* tongue.

In

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the
2001 year of the *Lilliputian* æra.

LETTER XV.

EDWARD Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Oct. 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanery till the *Spring*. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen *Pope* but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation, although he might have seen it with little trouble.

I came last night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuse of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present majesties, since *Nottingham* at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the *Spring*, which will be a very great pleasure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the *Oxford Marmora*: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are some corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. *Clayton*, who is in *Ireland*, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

VOL. IV.

D

I must

I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you.
I am, with true respect, Sir, your most humble servant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad.

Mr. *Clayton* will call upon you before he comes to *England*; I have written to him to that purpose.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleased with your letter, but I should have thought myself much more obliged, had you been less sincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour intirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I mistrust you think even that as much as I deserve. If so, you really are not deserving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my constant good wishes and concern for your welfare; which merits some remembrance without the help of another. I can't say I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at least not enough to support me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wish you.

I am sorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, since *Christmas* (at which time I had my fever and rash) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a scoured white one, have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for *Petersham*, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire * I had last year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new

* Dr. Swift.

danglers;

danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at *Court*, I will tell you where the royal family design to pass their *Summer*: two months at *Richmond-Lodge*, the same time at *Hampton-Court*, and six weeks at *Windsor*. Mrs. *Howard* is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction.

Dr. *Arbutnot* I am very angry with: he neglects me for those he thinks finer ladies. Mr. *Gay*'s fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminishing: he is gone to the *Bath*: I wish you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. *Pope*, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himself. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is so likely to do him good.

My illness has prevented my writing to you sooner. If I was a favourite at *Court*, I would soon convince you that I am very sincerely your faithful friend and very humble servant,

M. B.

L E T T E R XVII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

March 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on *Monday*, (viz.) that is to say, the 10th of this instant *March*, 1728, his excellency *Thomas Wyndham*, Esq; lord high-chancellor of *Ireland* pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of *Stewart v. Stewart*, on *A. Powel* to this effect: He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. *Stewart*, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. *Nutley* * be a lawyer for Mrs. *Rebecca*

* Mr. *Nutley* had been a judge in queen *Anne*'s time.

Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let *Powel* chuse another lawyer for himself; though by the bye, Mr. *Nutley* would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what *Powel* makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

Ovid, 'tis true, successfully imparts
The rules to steal deluded virgins hearts;
But oh! ye fair ones, pious *Nutley*'s skill
Instructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuse this liberty in one, who, to resent the indignity offered to you by *Ram*'s coachman *, made him drunk soon after at *Gory*, which so incensed the aforesaid *Ram*, that he discharged him his service, and he is now so reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, *Ha' you any dirt to carry out?* I am, Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

LETTER XVIII.

— FLOWER, Esq; † to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Ashbrook, March 18, 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with some of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my sorrow not intimately so, I trust you will pardon this presumption. Perhaps you may be at a loss to guess what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as several little accidents make indelible impressions upon the minds of school-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from *Sheene* to *London*: we took water at *Morelake*, the commander of the little skiff was very drunk and insolent, put us ashore at *HammerSmith*, yet insisted, with very abusive language, on his fare, which you courageously refused; the mob gathered; I expected to see your gown stript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

* Vid. *Intelligencer*, No. 2.

† Afterwards lord *Castledurrow*.

*Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
 Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant :
 Ille regit dictis animos, & pectora mulcet.*

Virg. Æn. I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you saved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old story, which persuades me to write. A friend from *Dublin* lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled *The Intelligencer*, it is number 20, a posthumous work of *Nestor Ironside*; a correspondent mentioning these papers in a letter raised my curiosity, with the specimen I had of them, to read the rest. For my part, I have buried myself in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you, who live so much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am satisfied are acquainted with the *Intelligencer*. I wish his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miseries of the North, as represented, demand the utmost compassion, and must soften the malice of the most bitter enemy; I hope they, whose interest it is, if they rightly considered it, to relieve those miserable wretches, will redress so publick a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, some of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed; they deserve as great censure, as a certain dean, who lends several sums without interest to his poor parishioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be sure, have crept in, and are of that sacred and learned order; the blackest of crimes, forgery, treason and blasphemy recently prove this: such should be spued out of it with utmost contempt, and punished according to their demerit with severe justice. If this allegation be true, I hope to see them censured by the *Intelligencer*, and recommend to him the words of *Jeremiah* to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer *, is in danger of punishment; she suffered very cruelly for the *Drapier's Works*; I hope several contributed to ease her misfortunes on that occasion; I confess I am sorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I shall by the first safe hand send one; in return I expect the *Drapier's Works* entire.

* Mrs. Harding.

I am forry, that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the *English* of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura Virgo.

Not having *Greech's Horace*, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt translating of it in a couple of distichs; the science, which the compound *English* and *Greek* word signifies, little concerns a widower; but I should be glad to see it improved by good proficients in the *Ionick* jig. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a passage on the *Thames*. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. *Flower*, his wife and mine, and parson *Dingle*, one day made the tour of the city: we saw *Bedlam*, the lions, and what not? and finished with a view of that noble engine under *London Bridge*: then we took water for *Whitehall*; rowed very silently to opposite the glass-house, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor *Jack* unfortunately asked, addressing himself to our waterman, What that man was fishing for? The wag answered very brisk, For —, Master, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleased with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am sure need not describe the scene to you. He is since called in our family by the name of *Jack Fisher*.

L E T T E R X I X.

Lady JOHNSTON* to Dr. SWIFT.

[March 30, 1729.]

To The Revd. The Dean of St. PaTricks.

H O N D S R

I AM a Huckster and Lives in *Strand Street* & has Dealings with Several familys, a *saterday* Night a Case of Instruments † was sent me in pawn by a Certain person in *Marys Street*, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of strong Watters, My foster brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he want saw it in your hand, fearing

* Thus endorsed by Dr. Swift; "The best letter I ever read."

† It is not unlikely this was a present of a case of instruments from lady *Johnston* to the Dr.
Hawkins's

Hawkins's ‡ whip I fend it to you, and will take an Other Course to gett My Money, so I Remain your Honrs

ye 30

Humble Sarvt to Command
MARTHA SHARP.

LETTER XX.

The EARL of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

Dover-street, March 4, 1729-30.

IT is now above a whole year and six months since I have had the favour and pleasure of a line from your own self, and I have not troubled you with one from myself; the answer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. *Pope* in recommending the person concerned in the enclosed proposal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be so good as to promote his interest. I have not sent you any of his receipts; but will when you will please to let me know what number you can dispose of: I believe that your bishops have more learning, at least would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; so I hope they will all subscribe. The person concerned is a worthy honest man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him some years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his house being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but small preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himself out of the difficulties these accidents have brought upon him. Three sons he has bred up well at *Westminster*, and they are excellent scholars: the eldest has been one of the ushers in *Westminster* school since the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to study many hours in a day. This, in short, is the case of an honest, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation should have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. *Pope*.

‡ *Hawkins* was keeper of *Newgate*.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had such an humble servant in being, that often remembers you, and wishes to see you in this island. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, last summer, the small pox really, and in the natural way, and she is not marked at all. My wife and daughter desire that you will accept of their humble services, and say that they want much to see you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. *Whalley* all the little service I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us soon after *Easter*: he seems to be in great hopes, I wish they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to release you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may say repeat to you, that I have a house for you, or house-room, come when you please, provided you come soon. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most obliged and most humble servant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deserves it better than *Bulkeley*.

LETTER XXI.

The EARL of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, July 15, 1730.

MR. *Clayton* telling me he was going for *Ireland*, I could not forbear sending you a few lines by him, although I may punish you; yet it is so great a pleasure to me to think of you, and to converse with you even in this manner, that I must expect you will be so good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here; I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: this is my thought, that devoured we certainly shall be; but only this will be the difference, we shall have that great favour and instance of mercy, that we shall have the honour to follow you, and be the last devoured; and though this is so plain, and that demonstrable, yet we have so many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing seems to go well as it should do; and are so pleased

pleased with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to say any thing to them. This is a very disagreeable subject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well : her stomach is rather better than it was ; *Peggy* is very well : both desire you will accept of their humble service. You mention your law affairs : I know so much of that sort of people called lawyers, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them : if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands.

I suppose Master *Whalley* is, by this time, got safe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietness. I believe he has enough of law, of lawyers, and of lords both spiritual and temporal. I hope he is well : if you see him, my service to him.

I wish you would come over here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing you. Why should you not pass the winter here ? I should think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord *Bathurst* has had a fever ; but he is now well again. *Pope* I saw yesterday : he is pretty well. I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

LETTER XXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28th, 1730.

YOU might give a better reason for restoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the superscription that your letter was written by a man ; for you have neither the scrawl nor the spelling of your sex. You live so far off, and I believe are so seldom at home, and I am so ill a visitor, that it is no wonder we meet so seldom : but if you knew what I say of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination : I mean what I say of you as I knew you formerly ; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wishes of the season ; and am, with true esteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady ACHESON.

An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A Gentleman called here last night upon some business, who took Mr. —'s house yesterday at dinner, in his return from *Wicklow*. He tells me that Mrs. — was brought to-bed yesterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, just as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a nose and mouth, one leg, and so from top to bottom. They could see it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but she is very well. It was thought that this was the cause of all her cholics. Mrs. *Brent* tells me she has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and sister with her.

Are you not undone for want of *Monky*? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We shall see you no more at church until *Monky* returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

Saturday morning.

L E T T E R XXIV.

Lady ACHESON's Answer to Dr. SWIFT.

1732.

I AM greatly surprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. —; but since it was so, I am heartily glad she has got rid of it. Mrs. *Morris*'s gout seized her all over on *Thursday*, so that she keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they sent a boy yesterday to *Delginney* (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know she was not able to go to the country. I am sorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has increased my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

Saturday morning.

L E T T E R XXV.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. *Delany* had complied with your request sooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. *Pilkington*. I could have been glad also, that he had acquainted you, as I desired him, with the particulars how I stood circumstantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myself that your usual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my request, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. *Pilkington*; which would have given me a good excuse for my refusing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council-men had recommended to me above six months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I sent him, which, by mistake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he seen in time, would have prevented some little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I must get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I shall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occasion to shew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your request, make Mr. *Pilkington* my chaplain, when mayor. I wish it may answer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if so much, as I am told. He constantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of state. For your sake I will shew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to *Jo.* (Dr. I mean) *Trapp*. The mayor's day is the 30th of *October*; so that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the spring, and see a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am persuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-shew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. *Pope* and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-press, author, publishers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a satirical poem printed and thrown from the press to the

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mob,

mob, in publick view, but not to give offence; but your absence spoils that design.

Pray God preserve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and satisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to subscribe myself, with great sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23, 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the constant concern you shew for me. I am ashamed to trouble you so much, and so often, in my own affairs; and your great kindness makes me almost ashamed to ask pardon for it. * * * * *

I am very glad to hear the character you give of lord *Orrery*. He was extremely applauded for a speech he made against the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing the Test. The *Court* has taken the usual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much against the grain of the body. It is said, the bishop of *Salisbury* is the chief encourager of them; that the queen spoke to him, and that he answered, He had promised, and would not fail them. He can be besmeared, although they would not suffer him to go the dirty road to *Durham*. That was the excuse they made him upon the last vacancy of that see. I am extremely proud that lady *Acheson* does me the honour to remember her humble servant. I heartily wish she could be persuaded to keep good hours, having observed, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health so much as sitting up late. I often hear from my sister: she writes in quite another strain than she talked, with chearfulness and good nature. I fancy *Arfalla* * has cured the lady of her spleen.

* The seat of *Peter Ludlow*, Esq; father to the present lord *Ludlow*.

I heartily wish you many new years, with health and happiness; and am, most entirely, &c.

I am told poor *Gay's* play is now in rehearsal, and will please. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

M A D A M,

Deanery-house, Jan. 1, 1732-3.

I SEND you your bit of a news-paper with the verses †, than which I never saw better in their kind. I have the same opinion of those you were pleased to write upon me ‡, as have also some particular friends of genius and

† *Mrs. Pilkington*, when she was about sixteen, having been teased by her brother to write some verse as a school exercise for him, asked him what she should write upon: Why, said he pertly, what should you write upon but the paper? So taking it for her subject, she writ the following lines; which, four years after, were printed in one of the *London* news-papers. Vide *Pilkington's* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 88.

O spotless paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, constrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to destroy
Thy purity, to please a boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuse
The fairest servant of the Muse.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choicest secrets of my heart;
Ah, what atonement can be made
For spotless innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didst thou show,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling snow!
But now, alas! become my prey,
No floods can wash thy stains away;
Yet this small comfort I can give,
That which destroy'd, shall make thee live.

‡ *Mrs. Pilkington* having heard that Dr. *Swift* had received a paper book, richly bound and gilt, from the earl of *Orrery*, and a silver standish from Dr. *Delany*, sent him an eagle quill with the following verses upon his birth-day, Nov. 30, 1732.

Shall then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To Music, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.

and taste, to whom I ventured to communicate them, who universally agree with me. But as I cannot with decency shew them, except to a very few, I hope, for both our sakes, others will do it for me. I can only assure you I value your present, as much as either of the others, only you must permit it to be turned into a pen; which office I will perform with my own hand, and never permit any other to use it. I heartily wish you many happy new years; and am, with true esteem, Madam, your most obliged friend and servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of ORRERY.

MY LORD,

January, 1732-3.

IT is some time since Mrs. Ball gave me, inclosed and directed to me, your lordship's verses, in your own hand, with the alterations you were pleased to make, for which I have long deferred my acknowledgements; and if I were to follow the course of my own nature, the delay should be longer: because, although I believe no man hath a more grateful sense of a real honour done them than myself, yet no man is in more confusion how to express it. Although I had not the least hand in publishing those verses (which would have ill become me) yet I will not be so affected as to conceal the pride I have in seeing them abroad, whatever enmity they may procure against your lordship, for publickly favouring one so obnoxious to present powers, and turning their hatred into envy; which last, as it is

'Tis I celestial harmony inspire,
 § When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling wire.
 I to the faithful canvas have consign'd
 Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
 Behold from *Raphael's* sky-dipt pencils rise
 Such heav'nly scenes as charm the gazers eyes.
 O let me now aspire to higher praise!
 Ambitious to transcribe your deathless lays:
 Nor thou, immortal Bard, my aid refuse,
 Accept me as the servant of your Muse;
 Then shall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
 And all mankind your matchless Pen revere.

§ Quills of the barbsichord.

more

more tormenting to the owners, will better gratify my revenge. And of this advantage I shall make the proper use, leaving your lordship to shift for yourself, without the least grain of pity for what you may suffer.

In the mean time, I beg you to accept my most humble thanks for the honour done me by so excellent a performance, on so barren a subject; by which words I wisely anticipate the censure of all those who love me not: in spite of whom it will be said, in future ages, That one of lord Orrery's first essays in poetry were these verses on Dr. *Swift*. That your lordship may go on to be the great example, restorer, and patron, of virtue, learning and wit, in a most corrupt, stupid, and ignorant age and nation, shall be the constant wish, hope, and prayer, of, My Lord, your most obedient, obliged, and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER XXIX.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jarvis-street, six o'clock, Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1732-3.

IDANCED so long last night, that I have not been able till this moment to thank you for the goodness you shewed me this morning. Be assured the favours you bestow on me are received with the greatest pleasure, and I only am sorry that it is not in my power to convince you that no body can set a higher value on your friendship than I do.

Indeed I have an implicit faith in your medicine; for if only despising the poets can hinder its proving effectual, I must certainly receive from it all the benefit I desire; for really I am quite of the other side, and am a sincere admirer of all the good poets; but am more particularly attached to the best. What I shall do to convince you of the truth of this I cannot determine: but surely the care I shall always take to mend upon your reproofs, will, in time, let you know that nobody can desire more sincerely to please you than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

I am half asleep, so don't be angry at these blots.

Being out of cash at present, I send you my note, which I hope will satisfy you.

I acknowledge to be indebted to the Reverend Doctor *Swift*, Dean of *St. Patrick's*, the sum of 0 *l.* 1 *s.* 1½ *d.* per value received, this 2d day of *Feb.* 1732-3.

FRANCES ARABELLA KELLY*.

LETTER XXX.

J. BARBER, Lord-Mayor of London, to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Feb. 6, 1732-3.

Queen *Anne's* Birth-day:
The bells all ringing.

BELIEVE me, Sir, and it is with great truth I speak it, that there is not a person in the world I would sooner oblige than yourself; and I should be glad to have it in my power to serve Mrs. *Barber* in the way you mention; but it is odds it may not be in my power, for many things may fall, that her spouse is not fit for; as, all places relating to the law, he can have no pretensions to. There are a dozen persons in my house, called Lord-mayor's Officers, who wear black gowns, and give from eight to nine hundred pounds for their places, which at first they make about sixty pounds *per annum* of, and rise in time to three or four hundred pounds; but they are generally young men. These places, I suppose, should any one fall, would not be thought good enough. There are many other places in my gift. We have had mayors gone through the office who have not got one hundred pounds, and others have got ten thousand pounds: it is all chance. I have gone through the fourth part of my year, and have got only about two hundred guineas, by the deaths of one of the city-musick, and a porter to *Guildhall*.

But suppose a place should fall worth fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, that he may be fit for, one-third of the purchase goes to the city, and must be paid before his admission; the other two-thirds are

* This promissary note is pinned to the letter. It certainly is an answer to some whim or other of the Doctor's.

mine : but I cannot put a less price than was paid before, because the last price is entered in the city books.

I know you love particulars, and thus you have the case as it stands.

You will give me leave to add a word or two, which I do in confidence, That I have been, for many years, plagued with a sett of ungrateful monsters, called *Cousins*, that I tremble at the name ; and though I give yearly pensions to some, and monthly and weekly to others, all won't do, and I am insulted and abused by them, and can't help myself.

Now, as Mrs. *Barber* and her family design to settle here, and she has done me the honour in most places to call me *Cousin*, I hope it will not be expected I should have the care of them. I have very ill health ; and any additional care that way would hurt me very much ; but for doing her and her family any good offices, I shall never be wanting.

I must now beg leave to return you my thanks for your affectionate and kind wishes. The honour, I own, is very great I am in possession of, and I am sensible I am placed aloft, and that all my words and actions are scanned ; but I will not be discouraged, and hope I shall get through with honour. One motive for making me think so, is the great pleasure and satisfaction I have in the hopes of seeing you here, where your advice and example will be of great use ; and therefore I hope you will lose no time, but come away, and I will fit up an apartment for you in *Queen's-square*, and another at *Sheen* (which I hope you will accept) places that I shall hardly be able to see this year.

Mr. *Pilkington* gains daily upon us, and comes out a facetious agreeable fellow. I carried him t'other day to see her grace of *Bucks* in the *Park*. Her grace seeing him, asked Who he was ? I answered, He was a present from you from *Dublin*. She smilingly reply'd, He is no fool then, I am sure.

I shall conclude a long dull letter, with my sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and that you would not delay one hour coming to bless your friends here with your company ; which by none is more desired than, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. BARBER.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Countess of KERRY to Dr. SWIFT.

Lixnaw, March 4, 1732-3.

THE kind concern and friendly remembrance of the most esteemed dean of *St. Patrick's*, has raised in me a satisfaction and pleasure that I had almost given up, having been resolved a good while humbly to content myself in a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life, I so long and vainly pursued: but you have invaded my tranquillity in a manner I must not only forgive, but pay my acknowledgments for, since at the same time that you make a melancholy representation of my misfortunes, you strike a light for me from another quarter from whence to raise hope. I most heartily rejoice in what you tell me of Mr. *Fitzmaurice*, who has indeed given me an undeniable mark of taste, by the sense he has of the honour you do him in letting him into your society, from whence it is impossible to come without some good influence. For my part, I grieve at the interval that necessity seems to call for, to interrupt such advantage, and it is my study to find an occasion indispensable that he may return*; and, as I think, to be a member of our senate house is the best way to lead a young man into the world, I have been watching a good while for some gap in that body, that he might step into. There seems now to offer one on the death of Sir *Ralph Gore*, that may not be impracticable, since it is a very small borough intirely belonging, as I am informed, to the bishop of *Clogher*, who, I dare say, is above disposing of it for *Court* favour only, or to the highest bidder; practices much in fashion of late. Might I not then presume upon your friendship with the bishop, to recommend this young man as an honest one at present, and whom he might devote to his service by so great and seasonable an obligation, besides paying an acknowledgment that, in gratitude, is due, although the person were never so well qualified: thus much sure I may say without censure. If I have taken

* It is presumed, from his travels.

too great liberty in recommending this matter to you, forgive me, and impute it to my zeal in endeavouring to take all opportunities to turn this lad into the world, that I may see what figure he will be likely to make hereafter. But if I don't succeed in this, or any other attempt, I thank Providence sincerely, I can now boast I have attained philosophy enough to take every thing with patience as it comes, by no means thinking myself too good to be the sport of higher powers; and my christian duty will not permit me to look for reasons. As little wisdom as I have bought, I wish I had had it sooner; now it is too late, *La farce est jouée*, and my curtain almost drawn; so that if I could, I would no more traffick with the world upon my own account: friendship only is what I still must always value; yours, surely, is more than comes to my share.

You are very good to enquire after my eyes: they are, indeed, well beyond my expectation; but are to me like the miser's gold, hoarded up as imaginary treasure that one wants, at the same time that one possesses; for so much as this letter I have not taxed them a long time. I shall, with attention, observe all you recommend to me in the way of passing my time; and do daily see reason to respect *la bagatelle*; yet are there some places where that is too insipid to be made any use of. I have an excellent chaplain, that I employ in reading, and my domestick. Handicrafts and gardening do the rest. As for quadrille, it is a part of entertainment only for strangers. What shall I say for taking up so much of your time? Forgive, dear Dean, your most real and faithful humble servant,

A. KERRY.

L E T T E R XXXII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, April 14, 1733.

I AM extreamly concerned to hear the bad state of your health. I have often wished that you would be more moderate in your walks; for though riding has always been allowed to be good for a giddy head, I never heard walking prescribed for a strain, or any ailment in the leg; and the violent sweats you put yourself into, are apt to give colds, and, I doubt, occasion much of your other disorder. I am confident you would find yourself better here; and even the journey would be of great use to you. I was vastly pleased to hear my lord-mayor talk of the delight he should have in seeing you this year, that he might shew you a creature of your own making. He has behaved himself so well in his publick capacity, that, whether it be his humility, or his pride, he deserves to be gratified. I could heartily wish your other complaints were as much without foundation, as that of having lost half your memory, and all your invention. I will venture to pronounce you have more left of the first than most men, and of the last than any man now alive. While the Excises were depending, you were expected every day; for it was said, Why should not he shew as much regard for the Liberty of *England*, as he did for the Money of *Ireland*? I wish you had been here, though the affair, in my opinion, is happily ended. Many people are offended that the bills were dropt, and not rejected, and the authors of the scheme left unpunished. It was absolutely impossible to have carried it otherwise. You have heard Sir *Robert Walpole*, and one or two more coming out of the house, were insulted. A few of that rabble have been seized, with the ringleader, who proves to be a *Norfolk* man; no enemy to Excises, but an entire dependant upon the outraged person. Though the rejoicings were as great, and as universal as ever were known, there was no violence, except the breaking a very few windows, whose owners had shewn an untimely thrift of their candles. I foretold *Henley* what his joking would come to; but the mayor of *Southampton* immediately printed his real letter, which was short, and extreamly proper. His designed opponent at the next election, having voted for the excise, will not dare

dare to shew himself in the corporation; and *Henley*, after the division, thanked him for having, by that vote, bestowed him fifteen hundred pounds.

* * * * *

I have great hopes this fine mild weather will set you right, and long to hear you are preparing for your journey. I am most entirely, your grateful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Jarvis-street, May 4, 1733.

I AM sure if you knew what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, Sir, my uneasiness cannot be expressed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, Sir, how unhappy I now am; and, for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me.—I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but, as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, Sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and, methinks, it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into your favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour was the real occasion of it.—What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any

any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good Sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope too, Sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and, for God's sake, Sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to *Bristol*, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and, if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, Sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, May 29, 1733.

YOU will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my lord *Bathurst's* hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the *Fosset* affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked.

talked of your vineyard : he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me ; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all ; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, Sir, you will forgive me, and let me know if I have * *behaved myself* right : I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. *Donnellan* is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

LETTER XXXV.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bristol Hot-well, June 2, 1733.

I HEAR my agreeable fellow-traveller has been beforehand with me in paying her compliments to you ; but I cannot be surprized at that, for she was formed to get the better of me in every thing, but respecting and esteeming you. That, indeed, nobody can do ; for both gratitude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend and servant.

I have been, since I came here, very low spirited ; the companions I had some part of my journey lessened my illness, or at least I felt not with them the same weight that I did upon their leaving me : and I have often wished myself again in *Ireland* to enjoy conversation ; for I really believe it is one excellent cure for most disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was known : there is not above half a dozen families, and those are cits with great fortunes, or *Irish* impertinents : the former despises one because their cloaths are finer than yours ; and the latter has no view in

* Dr. *Swift* never could endure to hear any one say, Such a one *behaved* well, &c. *Behaved*? *Behaved* what? he used to ask with some kind of emotion. I remember his giving me an account, How he rebuked my lord *Carteret* for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The *italick* mark under these words in the original, proves that Mrs. *Pendarves* refers to some rebuke of this kind.

keeping

keeping you company but to report your faults. This makes me avoid all communication with them, and only in the morning I go to the wells : and, I thank God, I can spend my time far better ; for either writing to my friends, reading, walking, and riding, find me full employment, and leave me not a wish for such company as the place affords. Doctor *Lane* (who, by character, is a second *Æsculapius*, and can raise people from the dead) is my physician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amendment : and, as I take his medicines regularly, and am up at six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some benefit : nor does either the ass's milk or waters disagree with me ; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here ; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in : it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it ; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes ; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to *Tallow* * makes a very fine figure in print ; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us ; for, if *Dublin* be in danger, the deanry house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send *Barber* here ; for I was at the *Bath* to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do : her name is *Rooke*, admiral *Rooke*'s son's lady.

* The country seat of the archbishop of *Dublin*.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

Miss KELLY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Bristol, July 8, 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the Gods must take care of *Cato*; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole Club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their Society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me; and of all our little set none remained unblest but myself; but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I am grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and, except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. *Rooke's* being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to compleat our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. *Cleland* to enquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to *England*: surely if you were you would tell me so; for few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship, increases my esteem for you, and makes me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed the cause of my complaints is

of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating of it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a colonel *Chartres* must to a rational being give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a *Dulcinea del Toboso* is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen-maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which spight of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, has brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but whilst I saw how lavish *he* was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and, as she could not live here upon such an income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in *France*.——His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto he has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till *September*.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the Club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not; for I must still pursue this cruel God * that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for *Lane* only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow *Holling's* advice, and remove to *Kensington* or *Hampstead* with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to inclose your letters for me to *William Cleland*, Esq; commissioner of taxes, in *St. Stephen's Court, Westminster*. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again: so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

E. A. KELLY.

* The God of Health poetically expressed.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. *Pendarves* is gone down with lady *Weymouth*, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pin-money.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mrs. P E N D A R V E S to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Glocester, July 21, 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and don't call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to me, but I don't repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I don't wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad *English*; you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, don't give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of *St. Patrick's*. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company;

for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left *London*: I attended lord and lady *Weymouth* down to *Long-Leat*, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will continue. My lord and lady *Carteret* are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my lord *Weymouth*; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady *Dr. Delany* can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from *Long-Leat* last *Saturday*, and am now at *Glocester* with my mother and sister. My lord *Bathurst* was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at *Oakly Wood*, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a forcerefs, I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to *England*, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The Syren * has lately been at *Oxford*; we parted very unwillingly: she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. *Donnellan* pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My lord *Lansdown* is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, and sparkling as your wit. Lord and lady *Carteret*, and my lady *Worsley*, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. *Granville's*, *Glocester*.

* Perhaps this was Miss *Kelly*.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Lord-Mayor of London * to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Goldsmiths-Hall, Aug. 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country : and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us ; and when he comes over, *your loss will be our gain*, as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. *Pilkington's* affairs or expences ; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year : I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty ; which sum has but one precedent : generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. *Barber*, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man ; but this year *fortune has been my foe*, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fidler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues ; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable

* Alderman Barber.

things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay, I don't despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Don't start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the lords *Bolingbroke*, *Carteret*, *Winchelsea*, *Gower*, and Mr. *Pulteney*; and among other things your name was mentioned, and lord *Carteret* instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I shewed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, That they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age. The conversation turning on another subject, Lord *Carteret* pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a —.

I dined yesterday with lord *Bolingbroke* only; he complains you don't write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of *Dublin* to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well *, I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. *Pilkington* of my speaking disrespectfully of the *Irish* is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the *Irish*.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

* This was Alderman *French*, an iron-monger, supposed by Dr. *Swift*, and all others, to be the greatest magistrate that ever lived in any age or nation.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Miss K E L L Y to Dr. S W I F T.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear Sir, that I have not heard from you so long ; but am much more concerned with *Barber's* account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends ; but if that won't do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit ; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, Sir, illness is not to be trifled with : I can speak on this subject as an experienced person ; and I earnestly intreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence ; and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. K E L L Y.

L E T T E R XL.

Dr. S W I F T to the Earl of O R R E R Y.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Aug. 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. *Barber*, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship ; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators : and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she hath already received, and which she hath been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article : yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she hath of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons ; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her : and, God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men : and in due time, if Mrs. *Barber* can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man : I confess the number is not great ; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topicks she intends to insist on ; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this : the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension ; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings : perhaps she may be so weak to add the regularity of your life ; that you believe a God and Providence ; that you are a firm Christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topicks, I imagine Mrs. *Barber* designs to insist on, in the dedication of her Poems to your lordship ; but I think she will better shew her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron ; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserveth your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems ; and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topicks, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end ; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known

to fail. In short, she seemeth to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she hath acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business. Poetry hath only been her favourite amusement; for which she hath one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of, I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her intreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it publick: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon: but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my Lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER XLI.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Sept. 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for miss *Kelly*, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I can't forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me amongst her female acquaintance, and to shew more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to *London*: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach, and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I can't but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shews

any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love : I really think that is not miss *Kelly's* case : I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I can't find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her : but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and can't bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses ; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it ; and at the same time she has reason to fear from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it : she has not heard from him these two months ; and the letters she had from him at *Bristol* were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to publick places, and, above all, to spend little money ; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, Sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any one that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger ; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, Sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed ; her spirits are low ; and, upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high : you know, Sir, how best to apply to these. She is at *Hampstead* quite alone ; and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it ; she desires to be alone : even Mrs. *Rooke* and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. *Anne Shuttleworth*, at Mr. *Jourdain's*, in *Conduit-street*. I should beg pardon, Sir, for troubling you with this long letter ; but I hope my friendship to miss *Kelly* will

will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject and that I am sure must give you uneasiness; but pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R XLII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Glocester, Oct. 24, 1733.

I CAN'T imagine how my lord *Orrery* came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

If I were writing to a common correspondent, I should now make a fine flourish to excuse myself for not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter; but I must deal plainly with you, Sir, and tell you (now don't be angry) that the fear of tiring you stopt my hand. I value your correspondence so highly, that I think of every way that may preserve it, and one is not to be too troublesome.

Now I can't guess how you will take this last paragraph; but if it makes me appear affected or silly, I will endeavour not to offend in the same manner again. Some mortification of that kind is wanting to bring me to myself: your ways of making compliments are dangerous snares, and I don't know how to guard against the pleasure they bring: to be remembered and regretted by you, are honours of a very delicate kind. I have been told, that unexpected good fortune is harder to bear well than adversity.

The cold weather, I suppose, has gathered together Dr. *Delany's* sett: the next time you meet, may I beg the favour to make my compliments acceptable? I recollect no entertainment with so much pleasure as that I received from that company; it has made me very sincerely lament the many hours of my life that I have lost in insignificant conversation.

I am very much concerned at the disorder you complain of. I hope you submit to take proper care of yourself; and that the next account I have of your health will be more to my satisfaction.

A few days before I had your last letter, my sister and I made a visit to my lord and lady *Bathurst* at *Cirencester*. *Oakly* wood joins to his park; the grand avenue that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long: the whole contains five thousand acres. We staid there a day and half: the wood is extremely improved since you saw it; and, when the whole design is executed, it will be one of the finest places in *England*. My lord *Bathurst* talked with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and shewed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt; for the day you left it, it fell to the ground; conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride. My lord *Bathurst* has greatly improved the wood-house, which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an *Irish* cabbin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king *Arthur's*, "with thicket overgrown grotesque and wild." I endeavoured to sketch it out for you; but I have not skill enough to do it justice. My lord *Bathurst* was in great spirits; and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour: we did not forget to talk of *Naboth's* vineyard* and *Delville*†. I have not seen him since, though he promised to return my visit.

All the *Beau monde* flock to *London* to see her royal highness‡ disposed of; whilst I prefer paying my duty to my mother, and the conversation of a country girl my sister, to all the pomp and splendour of the *Court*. Is this virtue or stupidity? If I can help it, I will not go to town till after *Christmas*. I shall spend one month in my way to *London* at *Long-Leat*: I hear that the young people there are very happy.

It is a little unreasonable of me to begin a fourth page; but 'tis a hard task to retire from the company one likes best. I am, Sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

* *Naboth's* vineyard belonged to Dr. *Swift*.

† Dr. *Delany's* beautiful villa about a mile from *Dublin*.

‡ The late princess of *Orange*.

LETTER XLIII.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 6, 1733.

I HAD the favour of your letter in *Derbyshire*, from whence I came last week. I am extremely concerned to hear the ill state of your health. I was afraid of it, when I was so long without the pleasure of hearing from you. Those sort of disorders puzzle the physicians every where; and they are merciless dogs in purging or vomiting to no purpose, when they don't know what to do. I heartily wish you would try the *Bath* waters, which are allowed to be the best medicine for strengthening the stomach; and most distempers in the head proceed from thence. Vomits may clean a foul stomach, but they are certainly the worst things that can be for a weak one.

I have long had it at heart to see your works collected, and published with care. It is become absolutely necessary, since that jumble with *Pope*, &c. in three volumes, which put me in a rage whenever I meet them. I know no reason why, at this distance of time, the *Examiners*, and other political pamphlets written in the queen's reign, might not be inserted. I doubt you have been too negligent in keeping copies; but I have them bound up, and most of them single besides. I lent Mr. *Corbet* that paper to correct his *Gulliver* by; and it was from it that I mended my own. There is every single alteration from the original copy; and the printed book abounds with all those errors, which should be avoided in the new edition.

In my book the blank leaves were wrong placed, so that there are perpetual references backwards and forwards, and it is more difficult to be understood than the paper; but I will try to get one of the second edition, which is much more correct than the first, and transcribe all the alterations more clearly. I shall be at a loss how to send it afterwards, unless I am directed to somebody that is going to *Ireland*. All books are printed here now by subscription: if there be one for this, I beg I may not be left out. Mr. *Crosthwaite* * will pay for me.

* Mr. Ford's steward.

The dissenters were certainly promised, that the Test Act should be repealed this session in *Ireland*; I should be glad to know whether any attempt has been, or is to be made towards it; and how it is like to succeed.

We have lost miss *Kelly*, who they say was destroyed by the ignorance of an *Irish* physician, one *Gorman*. Doctor *Beaufort* was sent for when she was dying, and found her speechless and senseless.

Our late lord-mayor has gone through his year with a most universal applause. He has shewn himself to have the best understanding of any man in the city, and gained a character, which he wanted before, of courage and honesty. There is no doubt of his being chosen member of parliament for the city at the next election. He is something the poorer for his office; but the honour he has got by it makes him ample amends.

For God's sake try to keep up your spirits. They have hitherto been greater than any man's I ever met, and it is better to preserve them, even with wine, than to let them sink. Divert yourself with Mrs. *Worral*, at backgammon. Find out some new country to travel in: any thing to amuse. Nothing can contribute sooner than cheerfulness to your recovery; which that it may be very speedy, is sincerely the thing in the world most wished for by, your ever obliged, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Mrs. P R A T T to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, Nov. 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. *Barber*, whose turn seems to confirm the good impresson you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming amongst us? Is not Mr. *Pope* a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the publick, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure; which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like *Pitt's* diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprize me greatly in telling me that my lord *Shelburne* and you have not met, although he has been some time in *Dublin*, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why don't you send to my lord *Dunkerin*, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you. You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. P R A T T.

L E T T E R XLV.

Late Lord-Mayor of London [Alderman BARBER] to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

AS I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from *Goldsmiths-Hall* to *Queen's-Square*, is hardly credible; for in one view, to imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet, and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. *Pilkington*, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, *viz.*

		<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Of the city ———	Salary - - - -	20	0	0
	Gratuity - - - -	25	0	0
	Gratuity extraordinary	21	0	0
		66	0	0
From my lord-mayor - - - -	- - - -	50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor	- - - -	10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed	- - - -	04	0	0
		£. 130	0	0

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the *Summer* for two months, when the mayor went on *Sundays* to his own chapel at *Guildhall*, and his chaplain read prayers for eight *Sunday* mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I can't tell; but if he had
 2 pleased

pleased to have lived near the Hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man, (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest into that of Mr. *Edward Walpole*, from whom he has great dependences.

I recommended him to Mr. alderman *Champion*, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of *Colerain's* being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord *Bolingbroke* complains you don't write to him. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next *Summer*. We rejoice much at my brother *French's* success. I know you don't deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. *Pilkington* should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his council.

L E T T E R XLVI.

Mrs. CONDUITT to Dr. SWIFT*.

S I R,

George-Street, Nov. 29, 1733.

MRS. *Barber* did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. *Conduitt* has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore when you return to *England*, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord *Harvey* has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. *Sherwin* for publishing (as 'tis said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother *Pope*'s spirits all a working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of 2000 lines, deducing Liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of *Parnassus*, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. *Barber*, whom I had sent to to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

* Thus endorsed by the Doctor, " My old friend Mrs. *Barton*, now Mrs. *Conduitt*."

L E T T E R XLVII.

CHARLES COOTE, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, Dec. 13, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the duke and duchess of *Queensbury*, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at *Spa* this *Summer*, where they were; I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in *England*, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you with a walking-stick, the manufacture of *Spa*, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered it two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at *St. James's Coffee-house*. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT*.

D E A R S I R,

Dec. 20, 1733.

YOURS I received, and if it *was* not that I have a good deal of company to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins*, I would go and play a game of backgammon with Mr. *Worral's* tables, and be after winning some of Mrs. *Worral's* coin; I would not fear to win a crown-piece of her money by playing six-pence halfpenny a time. She is a very good body, and one that I have a great value for: I wish my spouse were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till meeting. I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the mending hand, for they tell me she has been lately much out of order. She is as good a woman as ever breathed, and it is a thousand pities that any thing should ail her. God Almighty wish her well; for I am sure if she went off, the doctor would not meet with her fellow. I hope nothing ails her but a brush.

To-morrow I eat a bit with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gwyre*: if you will make one, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their own father; for no body speaks better of you than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O SULLIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-Street*.

* Indorsed, " Dr. *Sheridan's* insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent *Hybernicisms*."

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. PILKINGTON.

MADAM,

1733.

YOU must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather chuse to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband * of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER L.

The Bishop of CLOGHER † to Dr. SWIFT.

Mr. DEAN,

Clogher, June 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date ‡, and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the

* This Letter was occasioned by some accounts from *London*, relative to Mr. *Pilkington*, which Mrs. *Pilkington* has given us at large, vol. i. p. 105.

† Dr. *Sterne*.

‡ That Letter of Dr. *Swift's* was dated in *July* 1733, and printed by *Johnston* in 1765, No. 57. As I have had occasion to refer to this collection of Letters, I shall embrace this opportunity of acknowledging an *erratum* which escaped my observation in the hurry of transcribing them for the press. The second paragraph, No. 69, begins thus, "Lord *Bath*, &c." read Lord *Bathurst*, &c.

same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent *Joe Beaumont*, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion; and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on *Joe's* execution *, so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

L E T T E R L I.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN

June 28, 1734.

I EXPECTURE anser an da fullone abo ut mi monito de. Times a re veri de ad nota do it oras hi lingat almi e ftate. Mire se ver cannas vel res ad e villas a peni. Cursim I se fora prime minis ter. Cantu res a Sum at ab an curfu de an. Atri do. Uno mi de arde annuo me agro at. Itis hi time tot hinc ope in it. I ama non est manicæ, ac nave is mi averfio ni de clare.

Ad unis at mi do ore fora Sum îo on da nat urnæ, ab umbelicum in at his ars, as redi as ac at is at amo use, ora rati se, orabat.

Iambicum as mutas a Statu; as lænas ara que; as de a fas an ad aris; as hæ a vi as an affis; as quæras a duc; ast emas alam; as de ad as a do orna ilis; as infipidas de ad vi negaris; ora potato in me. I re membri vas o na time as qui casa fleat a lædis belli; as meri as a Philli; as fullo pleas ac id; as fullo meretrix as ac it en is, oras ab a boni na capis. I rite si miles use e, cantu ritum. Udi ne at urse de at mi o use. I vah belli fullo meato en ter tenus fit fora nil ordinis equi page. Uva stomachi me ope. Here is ab

* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. *Beaumont*, who had died several years before the date of this letter.

illo fare. Ago use. A paro dux. Sum fis his, as a paro soles. A paro places. Apud in. Afri casei. Arabit astu in. Neu pes. Neu beans. Alam pij fit fora minis ter o state. Acus tardis ast it abit as at artis. Afri teris mi de lite. Mi liquor istoc que, it costus api Stola quarti a verrit. A quartos ac. Margo use claret as fine as a rubi. Graves. Lac rima Christi. Hoc. Cote rotæ. Sum Cyprus. As fine Sidera se ver Id runcat at averne.

Præbe specus a Superaturus. Summas par a gusto eat. Sum colli flo ures, ac ab age lætis fora Sal ad. Invita lædito ac cum pani ure verens, nota præter, nota coquet. A grave matronis pro per fora grave de an, an da doctor, an das cole mas ter.

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
 Asta lassâ me pole, a lædis o fine,
 I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is,
 A manat a glans ora sito fer diis,
 De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
 As fer a fal illi, as reddas aro fis,
 Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite,
 Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

I figo imus te cato tum an dumus trans ac ure pense exceptive illuc. I fi ple in gestitis fora negat eas ter. Notabit fora cardami, norabit fora di se i, as migra num has sed forti times.

I nono nues offa ni momento ritu buttabata ilis o ver at Dans fic. In Itali an in Germani merce nari es desertum e veri de. O ne gener alis de ad ac an non bullit huc offis hæ ad. A fle et is præ par in fora se fite. Me ni Si eges ara carri in o nat his time.

Mi Magis as meri as an apis. Hæ do es se a quæ cur a quæ cur a cur. Hæ is caper in in ac age me do Sali. Abit ob re ad is gener ali his super, ora livor offa lambis.

Miser visto alat o me, excuse mi has te ; Fore ver an de ver ures

TOMAS SER ID AN.

Afri de at en ac locat mi Studij.

L E T T E R LII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,

Dover-street, Aug. 8, 1734.

IT is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any further to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. *Pope*, &c. It was an extream great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than yours; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of —.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father to detain you so long as to give a sincere friend some account of the compleating a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient towards our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in *England*, I believe when you see the duke * you will be pleased with

* The late duke of *Portland*.

him,

him, and you will not disapprove of our choice ; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharpening, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to ; such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family ; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. *Pope* has been upon the ramble above these two months : he is now with my lord *Peterborough* near *Southampton*, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died *Willis* bishop of *Winchester* ; and is to be succeeded by *Hoadley*, and further I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. *Jebb* got any preferment ? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion : I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. *Faulkner* from sending over your Works * ? he promised to send them over the end of last *May* at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

* These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by *Swift* himself, as indeed were afterwards the two subsequent volumes, printed by *Faulkner* in the year 1738 : and, what is very surprizing, these six volumes, as far as they run, are still by many degrees, notwithstanding they want at present many illustrations, the best edition of the Dr.'s Works now extant. If any one doubt this, let him compare *Cadenus* and *Vanessa*, or the poem on the *South-Sea Project*, as printed by *Faulkner*, with the *English* edition ; especially the latter.

L E T T E R LIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Kilfane, near Kilkenny, Aug. 15, 1734.

TO shew you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can, as yet, give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on *Monday* night; and this day was the fair of *Bennet's Bridge*, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I don't know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

L E T T E R LIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DR DAY ANN

Aug. 16, 1734.

EYE mash aimed off knott wry tin two yew bee four Butt may knee
bees knees sees hind red sow Inn trick Kate Eye cud knot. Ewer Ink ly
nation Eye no two wards ewer fry ends Toby o there wife. Ha! view
Spoak a knee Prop hose awl too Dock tore Cocks comb Eye may Ann
White comb a bout they Dean a wry off Kill mower a shit. I few heave,
right two Their ever end Dock tore She rid Ann Inn cast ell Ham ill tunn
knee are Kill ice and draw inn they Count eye Caw van. Eye a mag
owing two Bell turbet two meet they ten Ants off Drum lean too race heave

mow knee butt Eye fare Ice hall me taw a par fell off M T Pock heats.
 Cap tinn Ham ill tunnn mad dumb Ham ill tunnn Ann dye ware a beau. tinn,
 Ann dye Ned inn a gaze ay beau a pun a past Eye maid off any Sun. Oui
 mun See your Ann very tea—Cant yew right all a mode a France hay?

The upper part of this letter must be read by my mistress to you, who has a key for it, I mean her tongue; but you must have patience with her, for she cannot see well without spectacles; and when she has them on she cannot read well; and when she does read, she cannot speak well, as having an impediment in her speech, which was occasioned by a fright in the nursery. A little before I go to *Dublin* I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. *Hamilton* has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted; and the finest boat, and the finest situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living, I ever met. You live in *Dublin* among a parcel of rabble; I live at *Castle Hamilton* among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink *Beni-carlo* wine, I drink right *French Margoux*: you hear nothing but noise; With ravishing musick my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach, and to bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, & choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon gout. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I chuse to end with this *French* maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends. Eye am ewers to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LV.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Little Brook-Street, Sept. 9, 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale ; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring : I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of enquiring after your health, your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion ; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect : could I find out the means of being revenged, I would most certainly put it in execution ; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from *Glocester*, about a twelvemonth ago ; after that I went to *Long-Leat* to my lady *Weymouth* ; came to town in *January*, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir *John Stanley's* at *North-end*, the *Delville* of this part of the world. I hope *Naboth's Vineyard* flourishes : it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull : to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My lord *Carteret* is at *Hawnes* ; my lady *Carteret* is in town, nursing my lady *Dysart*, who is brought to-bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my lady *Weymouth's* being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my lord *Bathurst* since I was at his house in *Glocestershire* : that's a mischief I believe you have produced ; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the Dean, he was glad to see me ; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. *Donnellan* sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to *Dublin*, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly : her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not,

not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, Sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R LVI.

PICKLE HERRING to Mr. FAULKNER*.

SIR H A †,

AREN'T you the rascal, that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant *Kite* ‡ was my brother, and, however marr'd in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself. Had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?—Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour, and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the *Pickles*?—Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad?—More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of a whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but, alas, my brother!—But however provoked, are your scribbling spit-fires never to be satisfied? one should think, that, by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparallel'd graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary

* Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper."

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift.

‡ *Bettesworth*, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of *Serjeant Kite*.

religion, strict virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth in general past finding out; I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court-sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them! Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit-cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a—, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt-flinger?—O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about *Idler's Corner*, looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O Fortune, Fortune, cruel are thy sports!—Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that, for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: oh the comfort of an easy conscience!—Is it not sufficient to see him at *Ballyspellan*, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to shew his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications, he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustick and corrosives must be ply'd, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fætid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I'll make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with
 envy,

envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom so long they beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and, after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action (which now are the subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyrick. O ye dogs you, I'll set him over all your heads! I'll advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill-bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, *Faulkner*, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee out-right? No, but, Sirha, if our brother Doctor *Anthony* * were alive,——rot you, in spite of your rascally *Keven-Bail*, and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin-bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipe-stoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

Cork, Sept. the 24th, 1734.

* A whimsical odd kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the school-boys and populace with his harangues and pleasantries, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter.

L E T T E R L V I I .

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT*.

S I R,

T H E R E are a sort of gentlemen who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles may have the like proportion of good effect: As for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expence in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it may be object, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, Which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, That generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed *Thomas Turner* the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in cloathing, and other parts of good œconomy; and they shall be communicated to you by, Sir, your most humble servant,

P H I L O M Æ.

From my observatory in the Parliament house,
Oct. 18, 1734.

* Endorsed, "A humorous project."

LETTER LVIII.

The Reverend MARMADUKE PHILIPS to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Marlton in Somersetshire, Nov. 2, 1734.

YOU may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting of corresponding with you whilst I staid in *England*, but that I waited to give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiations for me in the letter you were so good to give me to lord *Orrery*, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befall me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. *Taylor's* giving my mother and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him yet to say; which surely was as much as any conscientious and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at *Marlton*, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself towards me in every particular since I came to him, has been like lord *Orrery* himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of *St. Patrick's*, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to me, let it be more or less? No! *agnosco fontem*; for without controversy,

you have been the means of bringing all this about : for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum*. His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon ; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from *Ireland* of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness ; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are ; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it all off ; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you ; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not like one of *Gulliver's Struldbrugs*, immortal ; but alas ! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man ; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past, we know, and what's to come, must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me ;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold ! I believe I begin to preach ; and it's well if you don't think by this time that I imagine myself in *Rathenny* * pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you ; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you ; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to lord *Orrery*, at *Marston*, near *Froome* in *Somersetshire*. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours lady *Acheson* and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. *Helsham* and his lady, and with

* Mr. *Philips's* benefice about three miles from *Dublin*.

my very affectionate love and service to all my *Sunday* companions at the deanry †.

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence ; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life : but when I get to *London* (which I believe will not be till after *Christmas*, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of *Bath*, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place ; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of shewing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, Sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

I have seen your friend Mrs. *Cope* at *Bath*, and she desired me to send her compliments to you.

L E T T E R LIX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

St. Mary's-Square, Gloucester, Nov. 20, 1734.

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order : I most heartily wish you constant health and happiness, though that's of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by shewing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter ; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you ; we all love honour and pleasure : were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity

† It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on *Sunday* afternoons, and spend the evening with him ; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company.

would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of *St. Patrick's*? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and furthermore I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *Boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting-days you talk of *, they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets, according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and can't move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother *Lansdown*, and spoke to him about the duke of *Chandois*. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have put it however into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. *Donnellan*, behind me in *London*, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the *Dublin Thursday Society* than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I can't have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

* i. e. Dining upon two or three dishes at the deanry; which in comparison of magnificent tables the Doctor used to call fasting.

L E T T E R LX.

* * * * * to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

Montrose, Dec. 17, 1734.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way : I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty well received ; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges ; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place ; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your most humble servant,

* * * * * †.

L E T T E R LXI.

Dr. S H E R I D A N to Dr. S W I F T.

D E E R S O A R,

Dec. 25, 1734.

EYE ray moved mice elf too May jor Par rots yes stair day morn in Two mete they ten ants off Drum lean, two pea me sum Mow knee dew off Michael Mass and March Gale. Eye sup hose Eye shall race heave a bout to hundred pounds, or they raw bouts. Eye am fore Eye two here ewer health is knot bet her. Eye wood heave yew take sum ray maid Eyes first, and then go in ash hays two week low, where Eye no yew will bee as well!

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we chuse to suppress the name at present, especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterwards he applied himself with success to *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

come

come as a knee i † in ire land. Yew no eye promiss said too right yew a Nun inn tell liege eye bell Let her. He writ is. Eye main afs crop off it.

Duglidge gravelfon meltronimon bagaron refonfa fore monra pe nos fatas epronfa car filomen fezindo crapenter forami danfa prezina mentre foga ni fon im contra ferez imilo fsik mitigan naffico dna cifa melifnot dlor calica doen ap fagen gefonda refilo namis fendo.

I fuppofe by this time thofe laft fix lines have given you amufement enough; and to put you from farther labour, I tell you honeftly, that they have no meaning at all. So let them pafs for a *Chriftmas* trick——But I defire that doctör *Helsham*, and fome other friends, may take a turn at them; for it is not reasonable that you fhould be at all the trouble.

Mr. *Hamilton* is glad the venifon got fafe to you; it was carried by a County-*Cavan* man in the 75th year of his age, who went off on *Wednesday* morning, was back with us on *Saturday* night, in all 104 miles.——He was much affronted that a young fellow was propofed for the expedition——There's a County-*Cavan* man for you.

As for myfelf, I am grown thirty years younger, by no other method than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this *Elyfium* of the univerfe. Happy will it be for you (if I mifjudge not, and very feldom I do, as you yourfelf can witnefs, who have known me above fixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reafon to think it does; for I do not find it in the leaft impaired) to convey yourfelf into the fineft apartment of our *Elyfium*, I mean to *Caftle Hamilton*, where you will find a moft hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give——But you muft take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent fubjects of the *Kevin Bayl* * efaped the gallows, in fpite *Bettifworth* † and all his add hay rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it fhould make one for me and my boys likewife.

Sunday we had a very hard froft——Yesterday morning fair——The afternoon,

† i. e. One.

* Dr. *Swift* ufed to call the people who lived in the liberty of *St. Patrick's* his fubjects: and without difpute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him.

† The right fpelling of this name is *Bettesworth*, constantly pronounced as a word of two fyllables, until fome poems had come out againft him, and then Mr. *Bettesworth* affected to pronounce it as three fyllables, to which this fpelling by Dr. *Sheridan* alludes.

all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowring.

We are just now going to dinner at captain *Perott's*, where your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier—I forgot to tell you that there is a Drapier's Club fixt in *Cavan* of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of *Ireland*. Vid. *Grierſon's* new map.—There is another *Cavan-Bayl* for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wiſhes for your long health and happineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your ſtrong box with *Jane* †, that I may put my money among yours.

LETTER LXII.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, January 19, 1734-5.

MY brother tells me you are ſo good to enquire after me, and to ſpeak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greateſt pleaſure, ſo it raiſes in me the higheſt gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconfiderable; I dare believe people ſincere when they profeſs themſelves my friends; I conſider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why ſhould I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myſelf upon, and thoſe are ſo much out of faſhion, that I make no parade of them: I am very ſincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have juſt ſenſe enough to diſcern ſuperior merit, and to be delighted with the leaſt approbation from it. My brother, ſome time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill ſtate of health has made writing uneaſy to you. I grieve much at my loſs, but more at the occaſion of it; and I write now only to return my beſt thanks for your good

† Dr. *Swift's* cook-maid.

opinion

opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next *Summer* to be in *Ireland*, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun with its usual blessings shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health that all those who have the happiness of knowing you either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see *Ireland* this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver or their breaking tenants put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in *Dublin* to all the diversions of *London*, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupees at *St. James's*. What has kept me seven years in *London*, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. *Pendarves* has been for some time at *Glocester*: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother in a dull country-town to *London* in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving *London* is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in *Ireland* she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country, I must leave her. But whilst I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, Sir, your most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good to give my best wishes and services to Dr. *Delany* and Dr. *Helsham*.

L E T T E R L X I I I .

From some Unknown Gentleman to Dr. S W I F T *.

REV. SIR,

Jan. 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of *Parnassus*. Every body knows that *Louis* the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we in imitation have our *Greenwich*, *Chelsea*, and *Killmainham*; and 'twas but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence †. The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide; viz. Whether *Homer* or *Tacitus* deserves most praise on the following account; *Homer* makes *Helen* give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in *Ulysses*, the hero of his second poem, he makes *Antenor*, the wisest of all *Troy*, interrupt her. The passage in *Tacitus* is as follows, viz. On this year died *Junia*, being the sixtieth after the *Philippi* battle, wife to *Cassius*, sister to *Brutus*, niece to *Cato*, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus & Cassius, eo ipso quod imagines eorum non visebantur*. These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory. Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

Be pleased to direct To the Reverend Mr. *Birch* at *Roscrea*.* This letter is endorsed, *Whimsical, and little in it*.† The writer seems to allude to *Swift's* then designed hospital for idiots and lunatics.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 25, 1734-5.

RAVE E'ER END DAY ANN,

Fy brew Harry 25, 1734-5.

EYE fan see they Rake order is a deel a tory jant ill man, bee cause he mite heave scent his o pin eye on beef o'er this. Yew no eye heave sum mow knee too pea miss tear Hen a wry, Ann damn inn hay east tub ring Matt Eyrs twack on clue shun. Eye maid a nap point meant two Bee at they Dean a wry tun eye't, butt am pray vent head buy a ten ant in Jew red buy Ann at Urn I, buy home eye must and. Eye am ewer mow stob ay dy ant Ann dumb bell serve aunt,

Tom asf She rid Ann.

L E T T E R LXV.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, April 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguishing talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; and my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind enquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the *Court*, nor am likely to have any; I have to my lord *Shelburne*, whose house in *London* is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired; and so perhaps

may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my lord *Shelburne's* favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of *Buckingham*, whose table is my constant one, and her coach much oftener mine than I ask for it; besides, fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in publick amusements without expence; and in *Summer* the variety of change of air, which her station impowers her to take, and more her inclination, to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it. I am, Sir, your sincerely obliged and affectionate humble servant,

H. P R A T T.

L E T T E R LXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 5th, 1735.

AMONG all the rest of Mrs. *Sheridan's* diabolical proceedings, she is at this juncture carrying on an intrigue of marriage between her daughter — and a finical thorough fop * * * * *

For Heaven's sake, as you have been my best friend, talk to the monster upon this occasion (for it is the town talk) she will not know how you came to know it; and among other questions desire her to produce her daughter's work for these two years past, and you will find not the fourth part of a poor spider's day labour. This I have been from time to time pressing for to no purpose, because prevented out of spight to me; yet every b——h in town are advocates against me, as I cannot drink mountain, snivel, complain, and out-lie the father of lies. I beg you will only observe her damnable hypocritical countenance when you charge her with this, and if you do not see it transformed into a mask in one instant, I will forfeit all title to your friendship. Thus have I been linked to the Devil for twenty-four years, with a coal in my heart, which was kindled in the first week I married her, and could never by all my industry be extinguished since.

For this cause I have often been charged with peevishness and absence among my best friends. When my soul was uneasy, every little thing hurt it, and therefore I could not help such wrong behaviour. You were the only one who had an indulgence for me. And now I earnestly ask this last friendship; (for I shall be ashamed to ask any more) that you will interpose your authority to prevent what may prove a greater affliction, if possible, than my marriage. Mrs. ——— was so charitable as to give me a hint of this affair, and at the same time her advice to hurry away that girl as soon as I possibly could. I did not know what method to take before this instant that Mrs. *Perott* has invited my two eldest daughters to her house till such time as I may be settled at *Cavan*. She is a lady the best housewife in *Ireland*, and of the best temper I ever knew. Her daughters are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice; for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. *Lingen* whether the duke of *Dorset's* letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to *Dublin*; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of *Killmore* can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R L X V I I .

Alderman B A R B E R to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R ,

Queen-square, April 22, 1735.

I T was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. *Richardson*, agent to the *Irish* society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can do him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity, and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance how the œconomy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abroad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, That if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. *Pope*, who is very well: so is the lord of *Dawley* *.

* *Bolingbroke*.

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good queen *Anne's* time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor lady *Masbam* among the rest. Our friend the Dr. † I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Doctor *Garth* said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, Sir, just to congratulate you on your publick spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. *Delany*.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mrs. PRATT to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, April 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my lady *Savile's* acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do amongst your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My lord *Shelburne*, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next *June* to an empty town

† *Arluthnott*.

house,

house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come amongst your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most faithful humble servant,

H. PRATT.

LETTER LXIX.

Mrs. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. *Pendarves* hath, as you say, forsaken us: by my lord *Lansdown's* death, her brother Mr. *Granville* is become possessor of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled that my lord *Lansdown* could not touch it. Mr. *Granville* is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister miss *Granville*, whom Mrs. *Pendarves* is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for lord *Lansdown's* death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married
and.

and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in *Ireland*; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, Sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving *London* this month. Poor Mrs. *Barber* has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shewn in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. *Delany* has given up his house in *Dublin*; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at *Delville*. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter, and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, Sir, with the highest gratitude, your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. *Delany*, and Dr. *Helfham*.

L E T T E R LXX.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 16, 1735.

YOU have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to chuse out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. *Donnellan*, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination: it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy *Hibernians* that are to reap the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable *Thursdays*, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. *Delany's*, are broke up: though *Delville* has its beauties, it is more out of the way than *Stafford-street*. I believe you have had a quiet winter in *Dublin*; not so has it been with us in *London*. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony,

have reigned with great impetuosity. The news-papers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of diffention. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and fingers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two *Latin* lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, Sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. *Donnellan*, she will entertain you with a second edition of *Fauset*, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

LETTER LXXI.

Lady BETTY BROWNLOWE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

May 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. *Brownlowe*. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expence, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay or business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order;

order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than guerkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both lady *Acheson* and Mrs. *Acheson* do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at *Seaford*, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to *Cashel*: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. *Brownlowe* desires you will accept of his compliments; and I am, Sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DRDN

May 26th, 1735.

YEW mare aim Ember, a bout Ann our Ah go, Ire it Sum Ann glow
Ann Glee, I nim it ay shun off Ewers. Butt If here they rare mist eaks.
I few fine day nigh, Eye may Kit mire eak quest Tom end dumb. They'll
aid Eyes Name Lee Mad damn Harry Son, White Whey, Sigh Cann air
ray dye Two join new, Sow add Yew Too Ale even, Ewer Mow Stumble
Add my rare

THOUGH MASS SHE RID ANN.

Meath ay two went he Sick't,
Wan thou Sand Say vain Hun dread &c.

Tooth ay Revere End Dock tore Jo Nathan Dray Peer, Gull Liver,
Inn They Dane a wry.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

Lord OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,

Dover-street, July 19, 1735.

I COULD not suffer Mr. *Jebb* to pass into *Ireland* without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to enquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. *Pope*. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well; but as I know you to be a truly good-natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to-bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service: she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long: his son has, this spring, put to *Westminster-school* two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. *Thomas Harley* has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in *Herefordshire*. The duke of *Leeds* is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has past through. My nephew *Robert Hay* travelled with the duke, and is come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to *Oxford* to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at *Westminster-school*. Lord *Dupplin* has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in *Yorkshire* with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c.

Now

Now I ask your pardon, dear Sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master *Pope* is pretty well: he is under persecution from *Curl*, who has, by some means, (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of *Pope's* private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to lord *Orrery*.

LETTER LXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

June, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle *ling* with your tack *ling* in a purr *ling* stream or pad *ling* and say *ling* in a boat, or sad *ling* your stum *ling* horse with a sap *ling* in your hands, and snare *ling* at your groom, or set *ling* your affairs, or tick *ling* your cat, or tat *ling* with your neighbour Price; not always Toy *ling* in your school. This Dryes *ling* weather we in Dub *ling* are glad of a Dump *ling*, and Bab *ling* is our dare *ling*. Pray do not look as cow *ling* at me when I come, but get a fat *ling* for my dinner, or go a fowl *ling* for fill *ling* my belly. I hope none of your Townsfolks are Bub *ling* you: Have you a Bow *ling* Green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old Ay *ling*, and yet you see I am now as crib *ling*. Can you buy me an am *ling* Nag? I am bat *ling* for health, and just craw *ling* out. My Breakfast is cut *ling* sand sugar to cure the Curd *ling* of my blood. My new Summer coat is cock *ling* already, and I am call *ling* for my old one. I am cob *ling* my riding shoes* and cur *ling* my riding periwig. My maids hens

* As Dr. *Swift* was, on all occasions, fond of walking, he always wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion, to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots.

keep

keep such a Cack *ling*, and Chuck *ling*, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe *ling*, for which my Groom is grumm *ling* and grow *ling*, while the other servants are gob *ling* and gut *ling*, and the maids Gigg *ling*, and the dogs how *ling*. My Bung *ling* Taylor was tip *ling* from morning to night. Do you know Drive *ling* Doll with her Drab *ling* tail, and drag *ling* petticoat, and gog *ling* eyes; always gag *ling* like a goose, and hob *ling* to the ale-house, hand *ling* a Mug and quarry *ling* and squab *ling* with Porters, or row *ling* in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle *ling* Pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip *ling* boy, in his sham *ling* gait, as cuff *ling* for the wall, and just *ling* all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop *ling* gown, Pill *ling* oranges, and pick *ling* cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer Spark *ling*, you may find her twat *ling* with the neighbours, her nose trick *ling*, and spawl *ling* the floor, and then smug *ling* her husband.

A Lady whose understanding was fang *ling* me out as a Wit *ling* or rather a suck *ling*, as if she were tick *ling* my fancy, tang *ling* me with questions, tell *ling* me many stories, her tongue toe *ling* like a clapper; says she, an old man's dare *ling* is better than a young man's War *ling*. I liked her dad *ling* and plain deal *ling*: she was as wise as a goes *ling* or a duck *ling*, yet she counted upon gull *ling* and grave *ling* me. Her maid was hack *ling* flax and humm *ling* her mistress, and how *ling* in the Irish manner: I was fool *ling* and fiddle *ling* and fade *ling* an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is pufs *ling* the Curates, or mud *ling* in an ale-house, or muff *ling* his chops, or rump *ling* his Band, or mum *ling* songs, though he be but a mid *ling* versifyer at best, while his wife in her Mac *ling* lace is mull *ling* claret, to make her husband Maud *ling*, or mill *ling* chocolate for her breakfast, or rust *ling* in her silks, or net *ling* her spouse, or nurse *ling* and swill *ling* her grandchildren and a year *ling* calf, or oyl *ling* her pimple *ling* face, or set *ling* her head dress, or stif *ling* a f— to a fizz *ling*, or boy *ling* sowins for supper, or pew *ling* for the death of her Kit *ling*, or over rue *ling* the poor Doctor. As to Madame votre femme, I find she has been coup *ling* her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a Cod *ling* or a Chit or *ling*. She has as mile *ling* countenance, which is yet better than as well *ling* belly: I wish she were to go a bull *ling* and begin with a bill *ling*, and then go to hick *ling*. She hath been long as cram *ling* for power, and would fain be a fond *ling*, and delights in a Fop *ling*, when she should be fur *ling* her
fails,

fails, and fill *ling* her belly, or game *ling* about Cavan, or Gall *ling* her company. Why do not you set her a truck *ling* with a vengeance, and use her like an under *ling*, and stop her ray *ling*, rat *ling* rang *ling* behaviour? I would cure her ram *ling* and rum *ling*; but, you are spy *ling* all, by rig *ling* into her favour, and are afraid of ruff *ling* her. I hear you are fell *ling* your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee *ling* of money, which is a grove *ling* temper in you, and you are for shove *ling* it up like a Lord *ling*, or rather like a Star *ling*. I suppose now you are vail *ling* your bonnet to every Squire. I wish you would grow a world *ling*, and not be strow *ling* abroad, nor always shake *ling* yourself at home. Can I have stable *ling* with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table *ling* for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz *ling* cloth and reel *ling* yarn, and unravle *ling* thread without stay *ling* it. Set the boys a race *ling* for diversion; set the scullion a rid *ling* the cinders without rise *ling* them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell *ling*, and the cow-boy to draw small beer without spill *ling* or pall *ling* it: have no more pifs to *ling* lads: Employ yourself in nay *ling* your broken stools. Whip all the libel *ling* rogues who are loll *ling* out their tongues, and kind *ling* quarrels, and rave eye *ling* their school-fellows, and stick *ling* with their seniors, and snuff *ling* in a Jeer, and scraw *ling* on the school walls, and scut *ling* to the pye-house, and yawl *ling* and yell *ling* to frighten little children, and fowl *ling* the house for mischief sake, and grape *ling* with the girls. Pray take care of spy *ling* your younger daughters, or sty *ling* them *Pets* *.

* The term *Pet*, which is a contraction of the French *Petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation.

L E T T E R LXXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

Ah Miss cell a knee.

D E A R S I R,

Cavan, June 23, 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter with the formidable accounts of your *Lings*, no less than 160 in ash hole, enough to bear down awe hale. What a Change *Ling* was I to prove oak yew by Grove *Ling* in the dark as I did? I should rather have minded the Cop *Ling* of Timber for an old house, which I am two reap air. I am now dale *Ling* with a March aunt for boards, a Droll *Ling* Logg or he add. His nay miss $\Phi\omega\varsigma$ ter, It hinc. Buy these aim to ken his toll a fat *Ling* lamb from our Butt chair. This sent hence I feris ad I fi culti an dume me quit o ut buy awl it ell studij. Now fora new e fi style. 'Eu νῶ "Ivω ευρ μῆνιν ἄς τὸ Dye a blefs Inn Fern ale, bee cause ^{stand} eye *French*. A very good name for sue chaw help meet.

Mice cool encreases and wood faster, butt that Eye will not a bait of my rates. Eye heave Ralph used a bove as core all ray dye. I do not yet hear of Master *Lucas* from *Castle Shane*, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. *Coghill*, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sayle commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, our pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from *Dublin*, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of *Arabia Felix*, you draw in nothing but balsamick aromatick air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley.

Every

Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits. Mrs. *Sheridan* began her athletic gambols by cuffing and kicking one of the maids; for which I gave the wench money before her mistress, with instructions to kick and cuff again; which had the effect intended. We have been quiet ever since.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rolling-stone; so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of *German* shoes. To my great grief I hear that my lord *Orrery* is landed, and I fear will not be in *Dublin* at my *August* vacation. You are too happy while he is in *Dublin* for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our *Elysium*. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at *Cavan* upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my *Mullan's* wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss; for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at *Virginia*; and be pleased to be there on a *Saturday*.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as *Tasso* did in a letter to his friend *Antonio Constantini*, Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' eseguire lo.

Doctor — was a fool to trouble himself about his rampant daughter; for he may be assured, although he secures her from the present lover, since the love-fit is upon her, she will try either his butler or coachman. And poor sprig of *Asb* I pity. He may now mourn in sackcloth and *Asbes*. I suppose he is so much *Asbaimed*, that he is worn away to *Asb* add dough: *Vesey*, it seems, was *Asb* Harper, and played him *Asb* bitten trick. He must have been *Asb* allow fellow, to lose that beautiful Trollop so easily; I beg pardon, I should have said so Veasily. If he had been *Asb* hay rid Ann, he would not have lost her so easily.

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the Drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not Ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come Plea meant to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and tell her no one in *Ireland* shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 5th, 1735.

I RECEIVED your two receipts, *i. e.* race eats, or ray seats, and as soon as I can hear of *Higinbothom*, he shall get you the money. The bishop of *Killmore* has ordered him to get up all he can for him in the first place; for you must know that the bishop has my bond for the rent due to him, together with the fine, when I renewed with him the last *February*. This made me two hundred and eighty pounds in his debt.—The moment I can raise the Devil among the tenants, I will *secure your poor* money. At present I have not a souse but a guinea and an half, till some bird of passage brings me some. You must know that I have lately been be-Sheridan'd. A damnable rogue, one *William Sheridan*, cousin to counsellor *Sheridan*, has run away threescore and six pounds in my debt. He was tenant to *Drumcor* and *Bleny-cup*, part of the lands which I sold you. I writ to counsellor *Callaghan* about him, and he tells me that I must eject him legally before I can set to another, although I have no distress on the land, but two acres of growing wheat. The villain keeps within six miles of this place, and will not give up his articles. One *Smyth*, a rich grafier, would

would pay most of his arrear to get into the lands now. I sent to Mr. *Hale* for an ejectment and a writ, but hear nothing of it. I beseech you to let him have *Sheridan's* article and *Carter's* bond, which you have among the papers I gave you, that he may shew them to counsellor *Robert Callaghan*; for it was to him I writ. Be pleased to send me a letter of attorney to receive your rents of *Marabills*, *Drumcor*, and *Bleny-cup*; and to set the two latter at forty-two pounds a year, which was the rent payable by that run-away villain. You cannot lose, but I must be content to lose forty-six pounds. Now a pox of all losses.—To business more material.

Eye rage hoise X C Dingley tuff Hind mile Order or Eyes top Afs awe interr inn Dubb Line ann damn well play said two fine dimn inn afs teat off Mare he meant: All afs Ice he knot afs mile inn knack wart her These Quires he rare sow stow eye call. Ann they par Suns sow dam nab lye inn sup port able Eye cann knot bay rum. O'er ay Rum (Sea dye two wan) ay rue awe vye car, O raw pray bend Harry, O rack Yew rat. Know sea see, butt adge, use't is sack woe rum. Ho! Rum! Hah! Rum! Ho! Rum! say dye.

I have no news from *our parts*, but that my man *Pat* (upon desiring him to silence our dog) said, By my soul, Sir, he would bark if his head were cut off. He presents his humble service to your *Yo*. For God's sake come as soon as you can possibly, while our weather and every thing is good. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

Lord HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

Killfane, July 6th, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean of *St. Patrick's* for the honour he did me in fitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. *Grattan* to give Mr. *Bindon* strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but don't in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of *Cashel* told me he would wait on you the day after he went to *Dublin*; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the Baboon * is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant † will use her endeavours to make lord *Bacon* a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. *Acheson* is so much out of order: she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's service and mine to her, and lady *Acheson*, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this Summer I design drinking *Ballispellin* waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here: only the Baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler *Sikes* how long they have been coming? So long, says *Sikes*. Aye, replies the Baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and

* The bishop of *Offory* so called.

Could you see his grim, for a pound to a penny,
 You'd swear it must be the Baboon of *Killkenny*.

Vid. *Swift's* Poem on the Bishops.† Miss *Rice*, an exceeding tall young lady. and niece to my lord *Howth*.

away.

away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the Drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

H O W T H.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DE ARMIS TER DE AN,

Julij 15, 1735.

URIT tome sum time ago an diam redito anser it thus. A lac a de mi illinc, ducis in it, is notabit fit fora de an; it is more fit fora puppi. I lusit toti. Irritato ripam flet an Dicti toral e ver ibit. Dic is abest. Dic is a serpenti se. Dic is a turdi se. Dic is a fartor. Dic is pisti se. Dic is a vix en. Dic is as qui ter in nasti fusti musti cur. Dic is arantur. Dic is ab a boni se. Sed Ito Dicti cantu cum in as a dans in mas ter an dans ab ori ora minuet. Da me I fido sed Dic. Quis mi ars se diu puppi. Ure as turdi rufi an sed I. Ure a tori villa in sed Dic. Ure fit fora gallus sed I; an dume dia dans in. Ure aras calli cur sed Dic. Dicti sed I ure regis a farto me.

Tanti vi sed I tanti vi

Hi fora Dic in apri vi.

Ime Dic as te mas amo use foralis angor. I re collecta piper, sed I, an dat rumpetur, an da fume cur, an ad rumor, an das qui re, an ab lac a more in ure cum pani, an da de al more me ac in a gesto uti. It is ali ad a me sed Dic, as furas istinc. Sensu cæso I cæno more.

I cum here formo ni. Itis apparent I canta ve mi mærent, mi tenentis tardi. I cursim e veri de nota peni cani res. I ambit. Mi stomachis a cor morante ver re ad ito digesta me ale in a minute. I eat nolam, nôram, no dux, I generali eat a quale carbone dedat super an da qualis as fine abit as arabit. I es ter de I eat atro ut at abit. De vilis in mi a petite. A crustis mi de lite. (I neu Eumenides ago eat tuenti times more) As unde I eat offa buccas fatas mi arsis. O nam unde I eat sum pes. A tu es de I eat apud in migra num edit. A venis de I eat sum pasti. Post de notabit. Afri de abit ab re ad. A Satur de sum tripes.

Luis is mus ter in an armi an de fines carri in it as far as I tali, sum
se germani. It do es alarum mus ; De vel partum. I fani nues is fito
ritu me directo me at cava ni Virgini a. Miser vice tomi da ter an, Capta
in Pari, Doctor de lanij, Major Folli ut ; an mi complemento mi de armis
treffes, e speciali W R L L.

I amat ure re verens his cervice
fore ver an de ver.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 16th, 1735-

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from lord *Lanesborough's* agent
yesterday, and it travels to you from this on *Saturday* next, by one *John
Donaldson*, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on *Monday*.
You have nothing to say to the 280*l.* you mention. That is, as I told you,
the fine and rent of *Drumlane*, which I owe the bishop, and which will be
paid him *August* 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your
purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I
am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy ?
But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long ?
Can I oversee my workmen and a school too ? If you will not come and
take your charge in hand, I must employ some body else. There is a long
walk begun : stones a drawing home for an addition to my house : the
school-house repaired at the charge of the county : a gravel walk from
the market cross to my house, at the town's expence : *item*, a gravel walk
by the river, which will all require your attendance. As you were a good
and faithful overseer of my improvements at *Quilca*, I am willing to employ
you rather than another ; therefore I expect your answer immediately, for
the summer is flying off apace. My lord *Orrery* writ to me, that he would
come from *Munster* to see me soon ; if you will but have the prudence to be
here, you may have a fair opportunity of recommending yourself to him ;
and I shall, perhaps, give you the character of a vigilant overseer, if I find
you be not altered since you were last in my service.

Now to be serious. I shall send you some venison soon. You shall know next *Monday* when it sets out; and you are to dispose of it thus:

To Dr. *Helfham*, four cuts.

Dr. *Delany*, four.

Mrs. *Helfham*, one and a half.

Mrs. *Whiteway*, ditto.

Lady *Acheson*, because of her good stomach, three scruples.

Mr. *Worrall*, a pound and a quarter.

Pray let them be all wrapt up in clean paper, and sent to the several above-mentioned persons. Dine upon the rest with your own company.

I have got you a mare, a very easy trotter: she shall go up with the venison. Whether she will be shy at your city objects, I know not: here she is not in the least. Your best way will be to let your servant ride her. She is one of my own rearing, sprung of a good-natured family. If you like, she costs you nothing but a low bow when you come to *Cavan*. I have a chaise just finished to the lining, in *Dublin*, made by a man so much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to clubb and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (free-stone) are in my own fields, and building is dog-cheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkies! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such rasp-berries! such bill-berries! and such a boat as Mr. *Hamilton's*, were never yet seen in any one country yet!

Owe for tune a toes knee me 'um bone gnaw sigh shoe awe knower in't Cave Ann eye.

God Almighty blefs you, and send you safe to our *Elyfium*. My service to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and to every body in *Dublin*, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXX.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

Limerick, July 18, 1735.

OFF break to forced and, interrupted! Alas! alas! *Bays* quoth i'faith simile good a. *Paris* at *Victoire de Place* the round driving Berlin a of noise the like, brains my round rowl that head my in words of jumble of kind a have I so and: sex or person of distinction either without, about promiscuously ears his lent nineteenth the but, noisy very were which of eighteen, table at day to people nineteen were we.

Strong get cannot I when beer small with myself contenting ever, moon the with satisfied be to learn will I but: again sun the see never shall we believe I; summer than winter like more much and, indeed weather terrible is this O. Physician a other the, divine a one, doctors two the to fashion and invention own my communicate will you hope and, *English* writing of sample new a you offer here I, *Latin* writing of method new a me teach to kind so been have you as but. Honour and atchievements of search in far thus come am and, *Mancha la* from out set am I that know you let to is this. You to inconvenient be may writing that imagine I when it curb always will I, Dean Mr. Good,

great so ever be
you from hear to desire

My Let.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelve-month, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. *Lancelot's* business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I don't doubt but you have heard before now, that Mrs. *Barber* was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. *Hyde* * to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. *Pilkington* had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the *Life and Character* was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterwards convinced by many circumstances : one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand ; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterwards with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about *Norton's* will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterwards by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. *Gilliver* about the copy of verses for which we were all brought into trouble ; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faithful soever, to answer for

* Widow to Mr. *Hyde*, bookseller in *Dublin*.

its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named *Gilliver* as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over-night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern, to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in *Cork-street*, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to *Westminster*, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp fluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. *Yalden's*, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. *Pilkington* first, and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary: only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expences. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what past three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. *Barber*. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. *Pilkington's* hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. *Faulkner's* impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive.

passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you'll please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in *England*; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in *Ireland*, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing stock to the whole trade.

Mr. *Pope* has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprized to see he owns so little in the four volumes; and speaks of these *few* things as *inconsiderable*. I am a stranger to what part of the copy-money he received; but you who know better, are a competent judge whether he deserved it. *I always thought the Art of Sinking was his; though he there disowns it.*

Curll's edition of Letters to and from Mr. *Pope*, I suppose you have seen. They were taken notice of in the house of lords; and *Curll* was ruffled for them in a manner as, to a man of less impudence than his own, would have been very uneasy. It has provoked Mr. *Pope* to promise the world a genuine edition, with many additions. 'Tis plain the rascal has no knowledge of those *Letters of yours that Erwin of Cambridge* has. Few as they are, he would tack some trash to them, and make a five or six shilling book of them.

The Persian Letters have been well received, so I chose to send them; besides that, they make a convenient cover for this letter.

Mr. *Tooke*, who desires me to present his most humble service to you, acquainted me some time ago of your intention to erect an Hospital for Lunatics and Idiots. I am glad to find, by the news-papers, that so noble a design proceeds; for besides the general benefit to mankind that is obvious to every body, I am persuaded there will be a particular one arise by your example; namely, that you will lay down a scheme which will be a pat-

tern for future founders of publick hospitals to prevent many of the vile abuses which, in process of time, do creep into those foundations, by the indolence, ignorance, or knavery of the trustees. I have seen so many scandalous instances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the publick, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

London, July 31, 1735.

Upon second thoughts, I have inclosed Mr. *Pilkington's* two notes; for I don't see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

August 13, 1735.

BECAUSE of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On *Saturday* se'nnight, the 23d, I set out for *Dublin* to bring you home: and so, without Ifs, Ands, and Ors, get ready before our fields be stript of all their gaiety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. *Belturbet* fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end——

Regis

Regis Opus, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at *Quilca* are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugar-loaf to an *Egyptian* pyramid. We had a county of *Armagh* rogue, one *Mackay*, hanged yesterday: *Griffith* the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a chearful manner, Hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then turning to the people, Gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, Did he know any thing of a grey mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? I, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villainies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office: and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your *Englishmen*, if you can. I have no more news from *Cavan*, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest, if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all friends. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Lord B———— to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R D E A N,

Cirencester, 13 Sept. 1735.

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an *Irish* cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one *Butler* a shooting parson be true or not; secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off. In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of *Ireland*, such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he won't venture into *England* when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in *Holland*, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he will soon find out, that Doctor *Swift* (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In *France* he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into *Spain*, he would find that Don *Suifto* is in the highest estimation, being thought to be lineally descended from *Miguel de Cervantes* by a daughter of *Quevedo's*. Perhaps he may think to be safe in *Poland* during the time of these troubles; but I can assure him, from the mouth of a *Polish* lady, who was a lately in *London*, by name *Madam de Monmorancy* (for she was married to a *French* gentleman of that great family) that Dr. *Swift* is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a *Stanislaist* or not, she being a zealous partizan for that cause.

Now

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in *Europe*, and therefore slip into the *East Indies* in some *Dutch* ship, for a *Dutchman* may be found who would carry the Devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprized to find that *Dr. Swift* is known in *China*, and that next to *Confucius* his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several *European* books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the *Chinese*, who are a very ingenious people, reckon *Sif* the only author worth reading. It is well known that in *Persia* *Kouli-Can* was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a *Scotsman*, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read *The Battle of the Books* the night before he gave that great defeat to the *Persian* army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at *Constantinople*; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an *English* renegado slave translated *Effendi Soif* for them, and told them it was writ by an *Englishman*, with a design to introduce the *Mahometan* religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the *Effendi*, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem amongst them. If he goes into *America*, he will not be received into any *English*, *French*, or *Spanish* settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalpt by the wild *Indians*; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill-nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipt through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid further trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stript off his back, and the boys of *Dublin* have drawn him through a horse-pond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

Cavan, Sep^r. 17th, 1735.

E^t καν not butt reap rhyme and εὔ for wry tinn fow long an ape is till a bout bees knees, when Tom eye Noll edge εὔ cool das eas i lyre eye't a pun no thing. Μυστήρ Δὴν. what ἵς εὔρ μῆνιν τὸ πλέονος in e veri epistolas εὔδω Inn Angle owe Law Tigh no. Cann knot yew right in nap lean met hood as I do εἰ νὼ εὔ αῖ πονηρον all o key shuns. But cantu gay tann other subject tofs at her eyes bis eyed my wife? The woman is grown good for nothing. However I would not have her so much abused, but when she deserves it. I no use itis e veri de of her life, but I sea it is not rue; for itis only e veri our o fit. She swears if heu come tuck have Ann, she will give you ἀ δούς Inn the chops.

I beg pardon for troubling you so long with business, and therefore I will now be as merry as I can. The devil a farthing I can get among my tenants but cows, bullocks and sheep. Will you let me know whether such coin can pass in *Dublin*? that I may pay you some money which I owe. My purse, God help me, is grown as slender as a famished weezle. I long much to see it have an alderman's belly; but Quando, Mr. Dean, Quando. We cannot say that our weather is the Devil here; for it is all water. If it continues, I must have thoughts of building an ark; but I shall not, like *Noah*, let any unclean beast enter. Eat pone linck waiter conjux. My mutton is growing too fat, and I want you much to eat of it, while it is in its prime. I hear of no cadger going to *Dublin*, or I would send you a basket full of it. All I can do now is to send a fine roasted shoulder in my wishes, and pray invite Mrs. *Whiteway* to share of it. I wish you both a good stomach to it, with all my heart. Pray do not chide her for asking you to eat, as you used to do. I assure you (if I may be allowed to judge) she presses you to her victuals out of pure good nature and friendship.

I am sorry that the shortness of my last letter gave you cause to complain. This shall may cup for that deaf he she An she, for I have laid in a good stock of learning this last week; and therefore quoniam tu inter literatos primaria sedes in classe, quorundam decanorum nomina (minime nostratium)

tium) qui scientiis omnigenis inclaruerunt tibi mittam. This part I mention in *Latin*, for fear the letter should fall into Dean *Crosse's* hands.

Having lately read a very entertaining book, whose title-page runs thus—*Histoire generale Des pais-bas*, I met with accounts of several great men, whose names I never read before, and every one of them were deans, some became bishops, others cardinals: All of them on account of their great learning and merit. Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. How the world is altered since! But you must know, that *Charles the Great* lived in that age, alias *Char Lay Main*. Now for the great scholars I promised you. Among those, who became bishop of *Antwerp*, you will find *Philip Nigri*, *Aubert Vanden Eade*, *Jean Ferdinand de Benghem*, *Pierre Joseph Franken-Sierstorff*. Among those of *Bois-le-Duc*, *Clement Crabeels*, *Gisbert Masins*, *Michel Ophove*, *Joseph de Bergaigne*. In the same town you will find among the Vicaires Apostoliques, *Henry Van Leempute*, *Josse Houbraecken*, *Martin Steyaert*, *Pierre Govaerts*, &c. &c. &c. The next place you dine you may make a figure with these names, and silence even *Robin Leslie* *. But a pox upon learning, I say. It is enough to turn a man's head. I have a great mind to have done with it; for the devil a thing is to be got by it. Idcirco libris valedico.

I cannot, now my memory serves me, omit an account of some learned physicians, which I read of in other authors, viz. *Hermannus Conringius*, *Lucas Schrochius*, *Melchior Sebizi*, *Sebastian Schefferus*, *Guernerus Rolfinckius*, *Hoffmannus Altorfi*, *Seb. Jovius Lugani*, *Petrus Dapples*, *Theodore Kerckringius*, *Regnerus de Graef*, *Swammerda*, *Antonius Scarellius*, *Hieronymus Copelazzi*, *Jacobus Gonzato*, *Bernardinus Malacreda*, *Johannes Petrus Lotichius*, *Christianus Keekins*, *Julius Richeltus*, *Joan. Christoph. Vaganseilius*, *Jacobus Kerschelus*, *Antonius Magliabechius*, and many others. Pray ask *Grattan* how many of these he has read.

You say (I thank you for that) That you know nobody. No matter for that; so much the better for me, because I know every body knows you, and therefore more likely to succeed in subscriptions for mice cool. Pray is this letter long enough? If it be not, send it back, and I will fill

* Mr. *Leslie* was the most incessant talker, one of them, in the world. However, he had a great variety of learning, and talked well.

the other side. In the mean time I remain your most obedient and very humble serve aunt,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Mice or vice two awl my if rends.

Send me word what a clock it is, that I may set my watch by yours.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

Dr. K I N G to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

London, 20th Sep^r. 1735.

SOON after I came into *England* I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into *France*, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of 21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in *Ireland*, I shall expect the *paper* with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you enquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left *Oxford* about the time I came from *Dublin*, to spend the *Summer* vacation in *Herefordshire*. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall: and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I don't know whether my law-suit will force me into *Ireland* again the next term: as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next *Spring*, for *Dublin* is not a very good winter abode for a water drinker. However,

ever, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention *. It is now in such forwardness, that as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations, which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest Doctor † hath good success in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he hath no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots*? and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Mr. MOTTE to Dr. SWIFT.

HONOURED SIR,

London, Oct. 4th, 1735.

MRS. *Launcelot*, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, shewed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. *Fenton*'s money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. *Hyde* delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. *Launcelot*: and as to Mrs. *Fenton*'s annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of *Nov.* and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. *Fenton*, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprized to find by Mrs.

* This alludes to *The Toast*, a satirical Poem, to which Dr. *King* was instigated by some monstrous usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit.

† *Sheridan*.

Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of *July*, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of *September*.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. M O T T E.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

Dr. S H E R I D A N to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

October 5th, 1735.

IN the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next *Saturday*; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on *Thursday* next, and then I shall go as far as *Virginia* to meet you. Leave *Dublin* on *Wednesday*; ride to *Dunshaglan* that day, 12 miles. From thence to *Navan* on *Thursday*, 11 miles. A *Friday* to *Virginia*, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in *Ireland*, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A *Saturday* morning we set out for *Cavan*, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg. Ralph Eye, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from East to West. First with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can fir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Are I ease, Tower us,

Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the *Scotchman*) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and pifs is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in *Europe*, I shall only mention some of lord *Peterborough's* rambles. He had like to break al *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain: he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant* in a pull among the Turks: he met with his name fake *Peter's burgh* in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the King of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolick to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was *Cope in Hag in*. Pray *Dean* mark that. In Holland he met with a G—*amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the *Low Countries*, and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the Devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, That we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The Devil take all the D's in *Chriften-dom*, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to sponge upon me for any thing but meat, drink and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on *Monday*, which is the next day after *Sunday*, the very day you will receive this, the day before *Tuesday*, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be an happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Dr. S I C A N to Dr. S W I F T.

HONOURED SIR,

Paris, Oct. 20, 1735.

MR. *Arbutnot*'s absence from *Paris* was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and enquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at *Paris*, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any *English* gentlemen, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at *Paris*, or should proceed to the south of *France*; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the chevalier *Ramsay*, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. *Arbutnot*'s friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I can't mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shooes and cottages like those in *Ireland*, before you lose sight of *Versailles*. I am persuaded, Sir, you will find a particular pleasure in taking a view of the *French* noblemen's houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the *Hoyneims* meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that *Lewis* the fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of *St. James's*: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of *Bourbon* at *Chantilli*, which lies in a strait line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses,

with

with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of *Naboes* are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of *Marly*, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to *Versailles*, to supply the water-works. *Lewis* might have saved this vast expence, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading *Boileau's* account of the *Petit Maison*, or *Bedlam* of *Paris*, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hospital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of *France*, since they have been so excellently painted by *Julius Cæsar*, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the taylor and peruke-makers. The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, Sir, that Mr. *Arbutnot* enquired very kindly after Mr. *Leslie*; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

Rev. Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Cloyne, Oct. 31, 1735.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it, as it has been the occasion of your shewing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, Sir, you have heard what an handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of *Cloyne's* favour, and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300 *l. per annum*; and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was t'other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantick. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills, that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to *Corke* (being within four miles of it) would make the deanry of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I can't say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them.

The

The bishop of *Cloyne* desires you will accept of his best services ; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R XC.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Paradise, Nov. 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind, I would rather be chid by you for my silence, than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination : I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it : I left you at a critical moment ; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies ? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship ; which loss cannot be repaired in *England* or *Ireland*. If Mrs. *Donnellan* is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. *Donnellan* for her character ; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I can't help lamenting Dr. *Delany's* retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company : if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. *Donnellan* is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in *Dublin* than in *London* ; as much convinced of it as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty ? My lot is thrown on

English ground ; I have no pretence to fly my country : furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country ; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning ; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* works : they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, *Derham's* lectures : many things are too abstruse for me in that study ; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you don't approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. *Donnellan* does not see you often : she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often ; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion : he very well deserves good fortune ; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit : if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another : I know you pay me a great compliment in writing ; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble ; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

L E T T E R XCI.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Those parts of the letter marked thus “ and concluding thus ” were written by Dr. *Sheridan*.

M A D A M,

Nov. 8, 1735.

Nov. 3, to *Dunshallan*, twelve long miles, very weary; *Nov.* 4, to *Kells*, sixteen miles, ten times wearier; the 5th, to *Cross-keys*, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to *Cavan*, five miles, weariest of all: Yet I baited every day, And dined where I lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at *Cavan*, the Doctor's *Canaan*, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side *Scotland*. Let the Doctor do his part. “ Not quite so bad, I assure you, “ although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that “ the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk “ dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of “ complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to “ them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope, when the “ weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before “ mentioned. Now the Dean is to proceed.” In short, but not literally *in short*, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and fore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it *Spanish* liquorice, enough to serve this whole county who had coughs for nine years. My Beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanry, and see how the world goes there. The Doctor is philosopher above all æconomy, like philosopher *Webber*. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it *Well* roasted. The Doctor, since his last illness, complains that he hath a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother *Helsbam* this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading. “ Dear

R 2

“ Madam,

“ Madam, I beg you may rather think me like the Devil, or my wife,
 “ than *Webber*. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean
 “ in *Potentia*. If you do not understand so much logic, Mr. *Harrison* *
 “ will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing any
 “ thing wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a
 “ post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to
 “ one of the club. The Dean may say what he pleases of my Ay Con O
 “ my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat
 “ beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, besides some fowl
 “ in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the Dean if I have not fine
 “ ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the
 “ Dean.” It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the Doctor
 last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master
 and miss? with your clerk and school-boy? So God bless you all. If the
 Doctor hath any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assur-
 ance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for
 me at Doctor *Sheridan*'s, in *Cavan*; but let a club-man frank it, as I do
 this. Mr. *Rochfort* is my franker: yours may be general —, or some
 other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole jour-
 ney, overpupped their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing
 but wet turf. “ The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my
 “ life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all
 “ good wishes and affection, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

“ You were plaguy faucy who did not like my nuts: I do assure you
 “ my dog *Lampey* cracks them; the Dean is my witness.”

* Mrs. *Whiteway*'s eldest son.

L E T T E R X C I I .

From some unknown L A D Y to Dr. S W I F T.

H O N. S I R,

Castletown, Nov. 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the inclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen*. I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself; yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The Muse is my best companion; and if you compassionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must entreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, Honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. *Mary Moran*, at *Castletown*, near *Gorey*, in the County of *Wexford*.

* The Poem is lost.

L E T T E R X C I I I .

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov^r. 8th, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, Pox on all *Irish* writers, and *Irish* letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lye? How does Dr. *Sheridan*? How do you like *Cavan*? And how do all the good victuals Dr. *Sheridan* promised you *turn out*? * And now, Sir, I beg you will be pleased to suppose that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. *Sheridan* would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and *uncover*, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. *Waller* has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. *Throp*. I don't know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanry, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a great deal of method; but however I am afraid of *Curl*. Dr. *Sheridan* has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from *Molly* † never to have done with my de-

* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed.

† Miss *Harrison*.

mands on you : therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a week from, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Moly is just come from the Deanry : every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs. *Ridgeway* there. Young *Harrison* and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

L E T T E R XCIV.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, Nov. 15, 1735.

* * * * *

I WRIT the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle : what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I inclosed it in a cover to Mr. *Rochfort*, in which I desired he would send it to your house : the Doctor had his share in the letter : although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to some. My leg is rather worse ; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger : but I ventured to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My puppy butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must enquire where *Skale* my wine merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packt up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left *Dublin* : for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and *Kenrick* and *Laud* must assist ; and the carrier

carrier must take them from *Shale's* cellar, ready packt up. My service to miss *Harrison*. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen-pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay three-pence, and the Doctor intends to pay another penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Doctor *Shift*. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the *Summer House*, and make the way passable to it; whereupon *Boreas* was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The Doctor is at school; when he comes I will enquire who is this romantic chevalier —. As to *Waller's* advertisement, if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My service to miss *Harrison* and the Doctor *, and my love to the two boys. I shall still inclose to *John Rochfort*, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. *Morgan*; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the Doctor.

“ Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You f———hall not beg, but com-
 “ mand. The Dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can
 “ assure, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst
 “ in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of
 “ him, for I can never get him out of the dirt; and that my stairs, and
 “ the poor cleanly maids, know very well. You know that he talks ironi-
 “ cally. My wife and I are perfectly easy; for we never see one another
 “ but by chance, &c.”

* Young Mr. *Harrison*.

L E T T E R XCV.

Mrs. SICAN to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

Nov. 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from *Paris*, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the inclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of *Canaan*. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor *Throp* has justice done him in *College-Green*. The trial lasted till midnight, and two thirds of the house were for him: he is now going to petition the house to oblige Col. *Waller* to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady *Acheson* came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord *Orrery* is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our *Irish* ladies made a fine appearance the birth-day at the castle; nothing about them *Irish* but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw filk are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the filk, sold it, and drank the money. I beg you will give my service to Dr. *Sheridan*, who I hope is recovered. His old friend lord *Clancarty* drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his law-suit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. *Whiteway* and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

L E T T E R XCVI.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the Doctor's *Canaan*. The latter I am sorry is not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with *Venice* turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk: if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray, Sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, Doctor *Sheridan*, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: no wonder I am so bad a listner, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice-tea in the morning, and ride every day. Sir, I know nothing of the *Spanish* liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. *Sican*: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. *Sheridan* take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the Deanry two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. *Ridgeway* to get the great chair covered, and *Jane* to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing-room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the inclosed papers Mr. *Kenrick* desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstock'd with them; but I send you Col. *Waller's* case, that came before the house on *Thursday*. I believe you will wonder that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. *Throp* so justly by the Col. that

that he was not ordered into custody ; but to the surprize of every body the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Col. *Waller's* account and Mr. *Throp's* in the serving of a subpœna ; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logic and compliments ; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay Con O my's ? I am no more a lyar than yourself ; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects : so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I am sure *Rochefaucault's* maxim never fails : I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My He olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us ; his body suffers as well as his mind ; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies : in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all the morning ; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of *Glubbddubdrid*, you would find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance *. My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects ; says, she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. *Dunkin's*, that was sent to the deanry, and this letter that I inclose.

* Mr. *Harrison* was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution.

L E T T E R XCVII.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, Nov. 18th, 1735.

WE were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. *Rockfort* was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from *Dublin* until it was cured. It hath prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called præcipitate (an like you) was put on this morning to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a *Grattan* in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health, our house, and shoes, and streets are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanry conveniences. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. *Harrison's* countenance. I hope he hath no return of illness, nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from

from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth ; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, *Kenrick*, and *Laud* must find out *Sbele* the wine merchant : a carrier will go next week to the deanry, be taught to find out *Sbele* with *Kenrick*. *Sbele* must, as he promised, pack up 12 dozen of his claret which hath been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by *Sbele*, and ready put up in some trampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. *Rockfort* will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours, and my love to the girl and boys.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ **T**O say the truth, I am not concerned for the Dean's accident, since
 “ my friend *Jacob* says there is no danger in it ; because it keeps him from
 “ his long walks, by which means I see he is gathering flesh, and I hope
 “ will gather health and wealth by being here ; for, as the *Scotchman* says,
 “ Where there is Muck, there is Luck. I have no news but too much
 “ plenty of guttables ; if we had agreeable companions as plenty as wood-
 “ cocks, ducks, snipes, *cum sociis*, this would be a Paradise. I am, dear
 “ Madam, with all services aforesaid, your most obedient and very humble
 “ servant,

“ T. S.

“ Pray write to the Dean to behave himself better to me. I want you
 “ to stand by me.”

L E T T E R X C I X .

Lord B—— to Dr. S W I F T .

S I R ,

Bath, Nov. 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom ; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the *Bath*, where there are at present many *Irish* families, and though I have enquired of them all, if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions ; but they would, every man of them, be turned out, if a letter of mine to you, should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping ; why if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things ; one is, that I have a very great regard for you ; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them ; and in every thing I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are very welcome to find out now ; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament ; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. *Faulkner* delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. *Pope*) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Besides this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution

stitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid, I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chuses above half in the other. Four and twenty bishops and sixteen *Scotch* lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, besides the west of *England*, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious Driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs; the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others; and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended. Besides all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself, and I may truly say, that the many mortifications

tions he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. *Merril*; he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and in this respect he was of singular use to me: it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You enquire after *Bolingbroke*, and when he will return from *France*. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about œconomy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to dye*. I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend *John Gay* (who needed them not) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made: if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of the negotiation: the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected,

* Lord *Bolingbroke's* father, lord *St. John*.

but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army. I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of *Wells* the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself; so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterwards affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of my letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am, your most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R C.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But since I have your licence, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet

even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mending my errors: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word *faults*. When you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear Sir, not to trust any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do, till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on *Tuesday* last in a hoghead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. *Kenrick* and *Laud* were by all the time: they and Mr. *Shele* were here with me that night: they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. *Shele* desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Doctor *Sheridan*, when the Dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings. My son is greatly obliged to you, Sir, for your care and advice; and assures me your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. *Morgan* have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, Sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. *Sheridan* hate writing the word *November*; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Left I should do the same now, be pleased to remember I write this *Nov. 22, 1735*. I am, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. *Morgan*, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. *Rockfort* may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

L E T T E R C I.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

D E A R M A D A M,

Nov. 22, 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the Doctor's * additions, I now tell you that a *Monday* next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. *Sbele* has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. *Kenrick* and *Laud* and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by *Wednesday* night or *Thursday* morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Mean time, I dare neither walk nor ride, and yet I think my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your He and the brats. Let *Kenrick*, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and *Laud* and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entirement vous*.

Cavan, Nov. 22d, 1735.

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown hath sent me a manuscript of 200 pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto; for the Doctor hath swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

“ I can assure you, dear Madam, with pleasure, that the Dean begins to
 “ look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day.
 “ But to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach,
 “ though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not
 “ know how far this may increase my family expences. He pays me but

* Mr. *Harrison's*.

“ two crowns a week for his ordinary : and I own, that I am a little
 “ too modest to grumble at it ; but if you would give him a hint about
 “ wear and tare of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would
 “ make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in
 “ the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours
 “ as the Dean aforesaid.”

I desire you will hint to the Doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him ; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all *Dublin* cries shame at him for it.

L E T T E R CII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Nov. 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known, for some years, the pleasure of a post-day, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour ; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. *Apollo* hath always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now ? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime ; to punish you, he confines you to a chair, and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more : if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers : I wish you were safe out of their hands. Mr. —, Dr. —'s curate, last week committed another fine exploit : he way-laid his wife, who was going home from a neighbour's, about eleven at night, with two servant maids with her, and would have persuaded her to have gone to his lodging ; she refusing,

fusing, he called the watch, and put her and her maids into the watch-house as strollers, with orders to keep them there till morning. Mrs. — got off by some means or other, but the women were kept all night. Mrs. *Sican* told me the news, and withal that the Dr. is at last very angry with him. Mr. —'s great fondness to get his wife home, was to stop a prosecution she had begun against him in the bishop's court, for cruel usage; and if he had prevailed on her to have gone with him, the affair must have dropped. I was at the deanry on *Saturday*, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday, and I would have been there to-day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. *Kenrick*, or Mr. *Laud*, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the inclosed to Dr. *Sheridan*, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now intreat you to think of coming to town; I trust in God your shin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the *Winter* evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all *Summer* at the deanry. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants. I am, Sir, with the highest respect, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

L E T T E R CIII.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Nov. 29th, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to-day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. *Kenrick* at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to *Cavan*. The inclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of *Cavan* man. I desire Dr. *Sheridan* will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. *Sbele* and Mr. *Kenrick* to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the Doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birth-day; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at *Cavan*, and have left it on *Monday* morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birth-day, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health and happiness to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? the most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. *Morgan*'s heathenish name is *Marcus Antonius*; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of *Ossory* of an inflammation

inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on *Sunday* at the Castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for doctor *Marlay*.

I am told by some people that lord *Orrery* intends to make you and doctor *Sheridan* a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from doctor *Sheridan*, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written that it needs no apology for a bad pen.

I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. WHITEWAY.

L E T T E R C I V.

Dr. SWIFT and Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. *Donaldson* was one. My whole journey hath been disappointed by this accident; for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle: the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the Devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the Doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study) there finishes the meal, and hath share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. *Price*, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the Doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat, we are hard put to it. 'Tis true, our beef and mutton are very good; but for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver eels, and such

such trash; which although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined *Dublin* dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on *Tuesday*, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. *Sican*, and another from her *French son* *, an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If *Apollo* hath intirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the Muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal — to doctor *Delany*, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the Doctor will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. —, when he comes to town, about my *Laracor* agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach — for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and — another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. *Sheridan*, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market day; and that Mrs. *Donaldson* understands it very well. “To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b——h, the fire-maker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the Dean had her lugged this evening by the cook-maid; for which he paid her a three-pence †, and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough, he gave her a lugging, to shew her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is,” — (Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up

* The Dr. calls young Dr. *Sican* her *French son*, because he was then travelling in *France*. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in *Italy* in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post-chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way.

† A little silver piece current in those days, but the species has been long worn out.

any more of this paper. Is it true that the Legion Club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with *England*, and are putting 4*l.* a hoghead more duty on wine? The cursed vipers use all means to increase the number of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now *Nov.* 29th; I fear the Doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. *Morgan's* heathenish Christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. *Sican*: I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. *Donaldson* about the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the Doctor conclude. I am ever, &c.
 “Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or
 “13th of *Decr.*) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and”

L E T T E R C V.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Dublin, December 2d, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the Deanry; but I place no more to your account than from *High-Street*. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the woman in good humour, and Mr. *Kenrick* and Mrs. *Ridgeway* on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on *Sunday*. The Drapier's birth-day was celebrated by Mr. *Laud* with a dinner of wild-duck, plover, turkey, and pullet; two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. *Kenrick* gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making Gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprized you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of *The Ladies' Dressing-room*, and

Strepson and Chloë, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry again: I think I will go down, and take the other slice *. I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you shew it at *Cavan*; I suppose your excuse will be at the expence of the poor carman; but if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. *Sheridan* says, you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to sponge on him. I own I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the Doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo *Socrates* in every thing; let not this keep you, for I promise to provide one for 3s. 4d. that shall outshine *Solomon's* brawler.

Molly and young *Harrison* are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son intreats you will finish your *Latina Anglia* treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor *Sheridan's* last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either Esq; — or Mr. — for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favourite. But I hope you will allow me to term you my Oracle, and to acknowledge myself, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

* Here Mrs. *Whiteway* is merry with the Doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. *Whiteway* liked hers so fresh, that Dr. *Swift* used pleasantly to say of her, That she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow.

L E T T E R C V I.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

D E A R M A D A M,

Cavan, Dec. 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of *Nov.* the 29th. The Doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least if he would leave off inviting young Mr. *Price*, Parson *Richardson*, Mr. *Nash*, Mr. *Jacob*, Surgeon of the troop, Squire *Fleming* of *Balhaynockbye*, Doctor *O Neil*, Doctor *Fludd*, Parson *Charlton* of *Evackthonyeul*, beside the rest of our *Cavan* gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expence: but we will wait until a further opportunity by *Marcus Tully*, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to shew the Doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that *Tully* is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry it was on account of some scrub *Drapier*, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack-surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expence, I thankfully submit. The Doctor will be with you on *Friday* next: he goes to see the *Grand Monde*, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies dinners. In spite of all

I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on *Thursday* last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night-fall, on the worst road in *Europe*, or county of *Cavan*. The Doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lye in may be often aired. The Doctor will not lye at the deanry, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never fit in the club. I will not pay the three shillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. *Donaldson* is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss *Harrison* gives me a general discharge. I desire to know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is back-gammon. Dr. *Sheridan* is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. *Price* is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The Doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous* I will not stay when the Doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entierement a vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer* and his lady. God ever blefs you and your fire-side.

* Mr. *Morgan*, to whom this letter was enveloped.

LETTER CVII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on *Saturday*, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold continues still bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *& notas audire & reddere voces*. I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way towards recovering your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

LETTER CVIII.

Mrs. PENDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Bath, 7th Jan. 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I don't think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write in all haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the *Bath* waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; that is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from *Paradise*, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling towards me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing

to

to you at all, and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well. Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

LETTER CIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Cavan, Jan. 17, 1735-6.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * * * *

As for my *Quondam* friends, as you stile them, *Quondam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me towards the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * *

Now to think a little for myself. The duke of *Dorset* does certainly owe me a small living for the expensive entertainment I gave him from *Terence* *. I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my

* This was a play of *Terence*, acted by the Dr.'s scholars for the entertainment of the duke.

lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord lieutenant.

* * * * *

I wish you as much happiness as I have plague, which is enough for any honest man. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Feb. 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting; but I pity not him †. I count already that you and I and the world must lose him; but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments: I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from Christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

† *Theophilus Harrison*, Esq; a young gentleman of three and twenty, who was then upon his death-bed.

L E T T E R CXI.

The Bishop of KILMORE* to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

February 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece †, such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the Ands and Thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying. I am your very faithful and obedient servant,

J. K.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

L E T T E R CXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON,

February 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother *Whiteway* would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother *Whiteway* write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. *Josiah Harte*, afterwards archbishop of *Tuam*.† A satire on *Quadrille*, for which Mr. *Faulkner* the printer was sent to *Newgate*. Vide *Johnston's* edition of *Swift's* works printed 1765, letter N. 65.

L E T T E R CXIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

February 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. — cannot be so unjust as to let me be above — pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally *Irish* solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady *Betty Tattle* and *John Solemn* (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a law-suit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may encrease, and once more put me out of a miserable dependance upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the *Cyclades* in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. *Harrison* is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off *Drumcor* last year.

L E T T E R CXIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

DEAR MADAM,

February 25, 1735-6.

I N the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on *Monday* to Miss *Harrison*, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harrassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest calamity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care shall be taken of you, and Dr. *Robinson* will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. *Ridgeway* shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss *Harrison* return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear Madam, your most obedient servant and cousin,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. *Harrison*, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother*; for none else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. *Price* cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum: if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear Sir, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R CXVI.

The Honourable THOMAS CARTER to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Henrietta-street, March 11, 1735-6.

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. *Jarvis*.

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS CARTER.

* Mrs. *Whiteaway*.

L E T T E R CXVII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

March 27, 1736.

I HAD a pleasure and grief at once in your letter, to find you had not forgotten me, and to find you uneasy at a thing which God only can mend. The dream, which I had before the receipt of yours, was so odd and out of the way, that if *Artemidorus* were living, he would confess it to be out of all methods of interpretation; yet I cannot avoid imparting it to you, because if you be not much changed, no man ever could sift a matter to the truth beyond you. Thus it was;

Imprimis, I fell asleep (or I could not dream) and what was the first thing I saw, but honest *Cato* in a cock-boat by himself, engaging not only a large fleet of foreigners, but now and then obliged to tack about against some dirty shattered floats, filled with his own countrymen. All were his enemies, except a very few, who were pressed and carried on against their will by the arbitrary power of the rowers. I would give a shilling, as low as money is reduced, to know the meaning of it. * * * *

L E T T E R CXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. ALBA VIA.

DEAR MADAM,

I THANK my dear friend the Dean and you for your kind warning against a cold, which, I thank God, is not among us, as I told you in my last. Whiskey, of which I take half a pint in the twenty-four hours, with an agreeable mixture of garlick, bitter orange, gentian-root, snake-root, wormwood, &c. hath preserved me from the asthma for three weeks past to any violent degree. I am happy when my gaspings are no quicker than those of a very quick walker. So much for myself.

Now for your jewel of a son. I never met with any boy of his age of such thorough good sense, and so great a thirst for improving himself. I thank God, he is as you and I could wish. The Dean will have pleasure to examine him. Adieu.

L E T T E R CXIX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

April 3d, 1736.

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent head-ach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you, how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and therefore I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. *Whiteway*.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants blunders.
6. Take a chearful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly, and my life for yours we shall see better times in the next century.

I am now sowing some pease and beans, and writing a satire upon Mr. *Fairbrother*, whom I stile *Fowlbrother* the parish-boy. It begins thus :

Thou lowest scoundrel of the scoundrel kind,
Extract of all the dregs of all mankind.

And shall end thus :

I'll make thy dunghill reputation f——k,
Write thee to death with thy own pens and ink.

If you can think of any hints of a softer kind, I beg you may send them by the next post; for I am in haste to whip the rascal through *Dublin*. Present my very humble service to Mrs. *Whiteway*. May angels protect and keep you for the sake of your friends, is the sincere wish of your most obedient and very humble servant.

White

While footman like he waits in every hall,
 His ill-match'd wife is well receiv'd by all.
 Graceful and comely she, he scarce a man,
 A dire contrast of scald-crow with a swan.

L E T T E R CXX.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT and Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR SIR,

May 12th, 1736.

I SEND you an encomium upon *Fowlbrother* inclosed, which I hope you will correct; and if the world should charge me with flattery, you will be so good as to explain the obligations I lie under to that great and good bookfeller.

MADAM,

How the plague can you expect that I should answer two persons at once, except you should think I had two heads; but this is not the only giddiness you have been guilty of. However, I shall not let the Dean know it.

SIR,

I wonder you would trust Mrs. *Whiteway* to write any thing in your letter. You have been always too generous in your confidence. Never was any gentleman so betrayed and abused. She said more of you than I dare commit to this paper.

MADAM,

I have let the Dean know all the kind things you said of him to me, and that he has not such a true friend in the world. I hope you will make him believe the same of me.

SIR,

I wish you would banish her your house, and take my wife in her stead, who loves you dearly, and would take all proper care, if any sickness should seize you. She would as infallibly take as much care of you as ever she did of me: and you know her to be a good-natured, chearful, agreeable companion,

companion, and a very handy woman; whereas Mrs. *Whiteway* is a morose, disagreeable prater, and the most awkward devil about a sick person, and very ill-natured into the bargain.

M A D A M,

I believe it will not require any protestations to convince you, that you have not a more sincere friend upon the earth than I am. The Dean confesses that he had some little dislikings to you (I fancy he hears some whispers against you) but I believe his share of this letter will set all matters right. I know he has too much honour to read your part of it; and therefore I may venture to speak my mind freely concerning him. Pray, between ourselves, is he not grown very positive of late? He used formerly to listen to his friends advice, but now we may as well talk to a sea-storm. I could say more, only I fear this letter may miscarry.

S I R,

I beg that impertinent woman, who has unaccountably got your ear, may not interrupt you, while you read the encomium, and while you give it a touch of your brush; for I fear the colours are not strong enough. Cannot you draw another picture of him? I wish you would; for he is a subject fit for the finest hand. What a glorious thing it would be to make him hang himself!

As to business, I have nothing to say about money yet a while; but by the next post you shall have two scholars notes, which will amount to about fourteen or fifteen pounds; and if Mr. — can force himself to do me justice, it will put about twenty-five pounds in your pocket. But then you must remark, that you will put twenty of it out again, and send it to Mrs. —. I have nobody after that to gather for but you; and if money comes in as I expect, you may borrow from, fir, yours. My tenants are as poor as *Job*, and as wicked as his wife, or the dogs would have given me some money before this. Mr. *Jones* swears he will not pay you the bond which I gave you, except you come down to receive it; for he thinks it but reasonable that you should honour *Belturbet* as well as *Cavan*. Mr. *Coote* would give three of his eyes to see you at *Coote-hill*. All the country long for you. My green geese, &c. are grown too fat. I have twenty lambs, upon honour, as plump as puffins, and as delicate as ortolans. I eat one of
them

them yesterday. A bull, a bull; hoh, I cry mercy. As I return from the county of *Galway* next vacation, I intend to make *Dublin* my way, in order to conduct you hither. Our country is now in high beauty, and every inch of it walkable. I wish you all happiness till I see you; and remain, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, June 3d, 1736.

THOUGH you have left off corresponding with me these two years and a half, I cannot leave you off yet; and I think this is the sixth letter I have sent you, since I have heard one word of you from your own hand. My lord *Oxford* told me last winter that he had heard from you, and you were then well. Mr. *Cæsar* very lately told me the same. It is always the most welcome news that can come to me; but it would be a great addition to my pleasure to have it from yourself; and you know my sincere regard for you may in some measure claim it.

I have been engaged these five months in a most troublesome law-suit with an *Irish* chairman. Those fellows swarm about *St. James's*, and will hardly allow you to walk half a street, or even in the *Park*, on the fairest day. This rascal rushed into the entry of a tavern to force me into his chair, ran his poles against me, and would not let me pass till I broke his head. He made a jest of it that night; but the next morning an *Irish* solicitor came, out of profound respect, to advise me to make the fellow amends: he told a dismal story of the surgeon and the bloody shirt, and spoke against his own interest, merely to hinder me, whom he had never seen before, from being exposed. Neither his kind persuasions, nor the prudent councils of our friend Mr. L——, and a few more, could prevail on me. A few days after, the solicitor brought me a bill found by the grand jury, and a warrant under the hand of three justices against *John Ford*, without any other addition. To shew his good will, he would not affront me by executing the warrant; but desired I would go to any justice of

of peace, and give bail to appear the next quarter sessions. By my not doing it, he found out the mistake of the name, which he said should be rectified in a new bill, and if I would not comply with their demands, after they had tried me for the assault, they would bring an action of eighty or an hundred pounds damages. I threatened in my turn; at which he laughed, as I should do, if a little child should threaten to knock me down. As they proceeded against me, I thought it time to begin with them, and spoke to an acquaintance of mine, a justice of peace, who sent a warrant for the fellow, upon the waiter's oath, for assaulting me, and by a small stretch of power, committed him to the *Gate-house*, where he remained some days for want of bail. I believe his bail would hardly have been judged sufficient, if his *Irish* solicitor had not gone to another justice, and taken a false oath, that the gentleman who committed him was out of town. This perjury, it seems, cannot be punished, because it was not upon record. We presented bills against each other to the grand jury, among whom there happened luckily to be some gentlemen; and though I did not know them, by their means my bill was found, and his returned *ignoramus*. Then I indicted him in the crown-office, the terror of the low people, where they often plague one another, and always make use of against those of better rank. Still the fellow blustered, and refused to make it up, unless I would pay his expences; for his lawyer had persuaded him, that in the end he should recover damages sufficient to make amends for all. While he ruined himself by law, he lost his business; for no gentleman would take his chair. This brought down his proud stomach; he came to me two days ago, made his submissions, we gave reciprocal releases from all actions, &c. and I have already received the thanks of above forty gentlemen, for procuring them liberty to walk the streets in quiet. Thus this great affair has ended like the *Yorkshire* petition, which has been the chief business of the house of commons this session. Towards the end, indeed, they found a little time to shew their good will to the church. It is the general opinion, that the act for repealing the Test would have passed, if Sir *Robert Walpole* had not seen the necessity of his speaking, which he did in the most artful manner he had ever done in his life. Several courtiers voted against him, as well as most of the patriots, and among others, lord *Bathurst's* two sons. In the house of lords, next to the duke of *Argyle*, your friend *Bathurst* and lord *Carteret* have

shewn most rancour against ———. It is a melancholy reflection, that all the great officers of state, and the whole bench of bishops, joined to the *Tories*, could not prevent any one question in disfavour of the Church.

I am asked every day, if there be no hopes of ever seeing you here again; and am sorry not to be able to give any account of your intentions. I doubt my long letters quite tire your patience; and therefore conclude with assuring you, that nobody wishes you all happiness more than I do, who am most intirely yours, &c.

L E T T E R CXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 3d, 1736.

MR. *Lucas* is now in *Dublin*, who will pay that small bill on demand. I hope Mr. ——— will not disappoint us, and then poor Mrs. ——— will be relieved. I must set out soon for *Dublin*. At my return I will wait upon you to bring you home with me. The weather must and shall be good; and you must and shall be in your health; and you must and shall come with me.

My walk it is finish't,
My money diminish't;
But when you come down,
I'll hold you a crown
You'll soon make me rich,
Or I'll die in a ditch.

Pray think of things beforehand, and do not be giddy as usual. The walk is an hundred and twelve yards long: I hope that will please you. My rolling-stone cost me dear. If I should ever grow rich, as God forbid I should, I would buy two hogheads of wine at once. You must know I have bought turf for you, which burns like so many tapers. My son writes me word that Mr. *Vesey's* family are angry with me for inserting some lines in the *Legion Club* touching him. Upon my soul, I never inserted one line in it; and upon the whole, I care not whether they believe me or not. All

my

my garden things are in top order. Are not you sick of *Dublin* this hot weather? How can you stew in such an oven? My sheep begin now to fatten; I hope they will please you very well. You saw the king's speech, I suppose. I am glad to find by it, that he resolves to stand by us. Our breems here are exceedingly good and fat; we dress them with carp sauce. Doctor *Walmsley* writes me word by last post, that they are making way to bring me to *Armagh*. *Martin* is quite outrageous mad, and his relations are now taking out a writ of lunacy; so that if my lord *Orrery* would only mention me to the lord primate, it would do. I know my lord chancellor is so well inclined towards me, that he would willingly join in the request. Consider the lands are worth four hundred a year, and the situation much more advantageous. This must be a secret, upon several accounts. So much for business, and no more. My artichokes, I do not mean my hearty jokes, are in great plenty; so are my strawberries. I hear that the czarina, *Kouli Kan*, and the emperor will overrun *Turkey*. You will not know my house when you see it next, it will be so altered. Pray what says goody *Whiteway* to the world? I hear she gives herself strange airs of late in calling me nothing but *Sheridan*. This comes of too much familiarity. When I come next to your house, I shall make her keep her distance, especially when company is present; for she wants to be pulled down. My young turnips, carrots, beans, and pease are in fine order; you must pay half a crown a quart, if you eat any. I shall be very reasonable as to the rest of your diet.

You shall want nothing fit for mortal man.

To eat or drink, 'tis all that I do can.

And all that's expedient,

From your most obedient.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 5th, 1736.

I AM so tormented, and have been for eight days, with the p—s, that I lie stretched in my bed as I now write; however, I think they begin to be easier, and I have hopes that I shall be able to attend in my school on *Monday*. Surely no person can be so stupid as to imagine you wrote the panegyric on the *Legion Club*. I have seen and read it in various editions, which indeed makes me imagine every body to be its author; and what they have done to deserve such treatment, is to me a mystery.

I never writ in this posture before; and therefore wonder not if lines and words be crooked. My pains are likewise great; and therefore whether I will or not, I must take pains with this letter.

Now as to your coming down here, the weather will be good, the roads pleasant, and my company likewise, to set out with you from *Dublin* on *Thursday* fortnight, and to bring you here in three days. I have three deer-parks at my command; *Cooté's*, *Fleming's*, and *Hamilton's*. I have at present forty chickens, all fat; twenty sheep of my own, and sixteen lambs (for lamb will be in season a month longer) geese, turkeys, &c. My hens are hatching, my house is thatching, my geese a gagling, my wife a dragling, my corn a threshing, my sheep a washing, my turf a drawing, my timber sawing, my gravel-walk raking, my rolling-stone making, my ale a brewing, myself a stewing, my boys a teaching, my webs a bleaching, my daughter's reading, my garden weeding, my lime a burning, my milk a churning.

In short, all nature seems to be at work,

Busy as *Kouly Kan* against the *Turk*.

I do not wonder that Mr. *Towers* has discarded that graceless whelp; but I wonder more he kept him above a week. He has a genius for mischief would jade even the devil to attend him. If Mrs. *Whiteway* will prove false, I have willows enough to crown me, and ladies enough here to pick and chuse, where I like best. The *Summer* has brought them and the flies in great abundance into our county; the latter I think, indeed, less troublesome.

some. All of them long for your coming; but I know not whether you long for them. I am grieved to hear you have lost so much flesh, which indeed is my present case. If my skin were dry, my bones would rattle like a bag of bobbins. However, I make no doubt but to plump us both up by the help of some housewife's remedies. My poor dear wife has run mad for joy of your coming: she swears by all the dirt about her, which is a cart-load, that you are more welcome than a dram to her. Sure I have a gravel-walk finished twelve perches in length, eight gradations of pease, which will last you to *October*. You cannot imagine what a good housewife I am grown; my garden is well stocked; I have every thing but money: but that is neither here nor there. Mr. *Jones* will order the money by first opportunity. May all happiness attend you.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 23d, 1736.

IF you can believe me, I can assure you, that we have a great plenty of flies at *Cavan*; and let me whisper you in this letter, *nec desunt pediculi nec pulices*; but I beseech you not to speak of it. *Si me non fallit observatio*, we shall have more of the *Egyptian* plagues, *quippe multitudo militum die crastino adventura est in Cavanniam nostram*. I do not know what the devil they will do for meat. *De nostro cibo, nisi furtim, aut vi abripiant, uxor me capiat, si gustaverint*. The ladies are already bespeaking seats in my field upon the hill, *Speſtatum veniunt, veniunt ſpeſtentur ut ipſæ*. Ho, brave colonels, captains, lieutenants, and cornets, *adeo hic ſplendentes congregantur ut ipſis pavonibus pudorem incutiunt*, of which I am an eye-witness, *dejeſtis capitibus caudas demittunt*. Our bakers are all ſo buſy upon this occaſion, that they double the heat of the weather, *atque urunt officinas*. But when the army fires on *Friday*, *proh Jupiter! infernum redolebunt et ſpirabunt*. The noiſe of guns, the neighing of the horſes, and the womens tongues, *cælum atque terras miſcebunt*.

Grouſe

Grouse pouts are come in,
 I've some in my bin,
 To butter your chin;
 When done with our din—
 —ner, through thick and thin
 We'll walk out and in,
 And care not a pin
 Who thinks it a fin.
 We make some folks grin,
 By lashing their kin, &c.

I could not mention troop-horses, *quin Pegasus noster ludit exultim ut vides; sed jam stabulo inclusus de versibus nihil amplius.* You may be surprized at this motley epistle; but you must know that I fell upon my head the other day, and the fall shook away half my *English* and *Latin*, *cum omnia lingua Gallica, Hispanica, nec non Italica.* I would rather indeed my wife had lost her one tongue *totaliter, quoniam equidem nullus dubito nisi radicatus evelleretur tonitruum superaret.*

I wish your reverence were *here* to bear the trumpets;
 Mistake me not, for I mean not the strumpets.

Well, when will you come down, or will you come at all? I think you may, can, might, could, would, or ought to come. My house is enlarging, and you may now venture to bring your own company with you; namely, the provost, archdeacon *Wall*, the bishop of *Clogher*, and —, by way of enlivening the rest. Do not let my lord *Orrery* come with them; for I know they will not be pleased with his company. My love to my sweetheart Mrs. *Whiteway*, if she continues constant; if not, my hatred and my gall. Excuse my haste. I hope by the next post to make up for this short epistle. I am, dear Sir, with all affection and respect, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I send you a letter from Mr. *Carte*.

L E T T E R CXXV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 6, 1736.

I SUSPECT that some secret villain has prevented the lord chancellor to sign my commission; and therefore I intreat the favour of you to know the meaning of it from his excellency; for I had his consent by a recommendation from my lord chief baron *Marley*, and Mr. justice *Ward*. The summer is going off fast, so are my best fowl; and you are not yet come. Will you not come for your six hundred and sixty pounds? We have no way to carry it except you come for it yourself: and do not forget to bring the deed of sale with you for the *Marabills* and *Drumcor*. I wish you could sail with them hither to save you the trouble of riding, which I would rather see than fifty pounds which I would set my hand and seal to. Mr. *Jones*, as I told you before, will not pay any body but yourself; so that you must inevitably come *nolens volens*, right or wrong, whether you can or not. Our venison is plenty: our weather too hot for its carriage. We have not had two hundred drops of rain these six weeks past.

Our river is dry,
And fiery the sky;
I fret and I fry
Just ready to die:
Oh, where shall I fly
From *Phæbus's* eye?
In bed, when I lye,
I soak like a pye;

And I sweat, oh, I sweat, like a hog in a sty.

I know you love *Alexandrines*; for which reason I closed the above madrigal with one. I think it is of a very good proportion, which I hope you will set to musick; and pray let me have a bass, and second treble, with what other decorations and graces, you can better design than I can direct. To let you see you can want for nothing, if you come to *Cavan*, I write you the following catalogue :

I

Good

Good road,
A clean house,
A hearty welcome,
Good ale,
Good beer,
Fat venison,
Small mutton,
Green pease,

Good water,
Good wine,
Good bread,
Good bed,
Young turkeys,
Young beans,
Right bacon,
Cauliflowers,

Young chickens,
Young ducks,
Young lambs,
Grouse pouts,
Fine trouts,
Carrots,
Parsnips, *Item*

A L O N G G R A V E L W A L K —

I must trouble your Reverence with a small sample of some things, to let you see that all I have said is truth.

R E F E R E N C E S.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Artichoak. | 11 Red cabbage. | 20 Some of my gravel |
| 2 Carrot. | 12 Common cabbage. | walk. |
| 3 Parsnip. | 13 Turnip. | 21 Nasturtium. |
| 4 Raspberries. | 14 Cauliflowers. | 22 Cucumber. |
| 5 Gooseberries. | 15 Coss lettuce. | 23 Orange. |
| 6 Currants, red. | 16 <i>Silesia</i> lettuce. | 24 Spinage. |
| 7 Currants, black. | 17 Thyme. | 25 Onion. |
| 8 Purslain. | 18 Sweet marjoram. | 26 Pea. |
| 9 Kidney beans. | 19 A <i>Cavan</i> fly, and a | |
| 10 Common beans. | thousand things beside. | |

I would send you some of my canal, but the paper could not hold it.

I have nothing more to send but my best wishes, which you can only see in my face, when you come down.

Present my love 9678946846734056789897324 times to my dear Mrs. *Whiteway*, and all her chickens. I am, dear Sir, as I ever must be, your most obedient and very humble servant to command, Dumb Spur it us hofe rage it art us.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July 8, 1736.

YOU cannot imagine how much I was transported to see a superscription in your hand, after two years and a half intermission. The pleasure I had in not being quite forgot, was soon abated by what you say of your ill health. I doubt you live too much by yourself; and retirement makes the strongest impression upon those who are formed for mirth and society. I have not been these thirty years without a set of chearful companions, by herding with new ones as the old marry and go off. Why have not you a succession of *Grattans* and *Jacksons*? Whatever resentment the men in power may have, every body else would seek your company, upon your own terms; and for those in great stations, I am sure, at this time, you would be ashamed to be well with them. If they hate you, it is because they fear you, and know your abilities better than you seem to do yourself: even in your melancholy you write with too much fire for broken spirits. Your giddiness and deafness give me the utmost concern; though I believe you would be less subject to them, and as well taken care of here: nor need you sponge for a dinner, since you would be invited to two or three places every day. I will say no more upon this subject, because I know there is no persuading you.

My legs have been swelled many years: it is above twelve since *Beaufort* gave me a prescription for them, which I never took till last winter. My lord *Lichfield*, and other of my acquaintance, persuaded me to it; and they tell me it has had its effect, for I am no judge either of my own bad looks, or large legs, having always found myself perfectly well, except when I had my fever four years ago. I walk constantly every day in the *Park*, and am forced to be both temperate and sober, because my meat is so much overdone that I don't like it, and my dining acquaintance reserve themselves for a second meeting at night, which I obstinately refuse.

If your rents fall, I don't know what must become of us. I have considerable losses every year; and yet I think *Croftbwaite* a very honest man.

Rents for some time have been ill paid here as well as in *Ireland*; and farms flung up every day, which have not been raised since king *Charles* the first's time. The graziers are undone in all parts, and it is bad enough with the farmers. One cause is, their living much higher than they did formerly: another is, the great number of inclosures made of late, enough to supply many more people than *England* contains. It is certain, all last year a man came off well if he could sell a fat ox at the price he bought him lean. The butchers, by not lowering their meat in proportion, have been the only gainers.

I generally hear once a month or oftner from my sister. She writes to me with great affection; but I find she is still wrong-headed, and will be so as long as she lives. As she expected unreasonable presents, she makes them much more unreasonably; and, in my opinion, so ill judged, that I do not wonder more at her than at those who receive them. I see no difference in giving thirty or forty guineas, or in paying thirty or forty guineas for a thing the person you give it to must have paid. I have heard no reason to doubt lord *Masham*. I know nothing of his son, not even by sight. Our friend *Lewis* is in constant duty with his sick wife, who has been some years dying, and will not die. Unless he calls, as he does upon me for a quarter of an hour at most twice in a year, there is no seeing him. I heartily wish you health and prosperity; and am ever, most sincerely, your, &c.

My lord *Masham* was extremely pleased with your remembering him, and desired me to make his compliments to you.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

Dr. S H E R I D A N to Dr. S W I F T.

D E A R S I R,

July 20, 1736.

I RECEIVED yours some day or other this week, by the hands of Mrs. *Donaldson*, who has made affidavit before our town magistrate, that I never borrowed a fly of her in my life; and I have likewise deposed upon oath, that I caught the fly perched upon a rose tree in my own garden; and I would have you to know, that I have above four hundred thousand of the same species; for I counted them last *Sunday*. If you will not believe me, pray come down and see. Mr. *Jones* has your six hundred and sixty pounds ready, but can get no bills to remit it. I beseech you lose no time; for he is uneasy about it. * * * * *

If you put off the time of coming down longer, you will lose the best things our country can afford. The ladies are full of your coming; viz.

My wife †,
2 ladies *Lanesborough*,
Mrs. *Maxwell*,
Mrs. *Fitzmaurice*,
Mrs. *Hort*,
Mrs. *Hamilton*,
Mrs. *Sanderson*,
Mrs. *Nuburgh*,
Mrs. *Cromer*,
Mrs. *White*,
Mrs. *Nesbitt*,
Her 5 daughters,
Mrs. *Stephens*,
Mrs. and Miss *Clement*,
Miss *Tighe*,
Mrs. *Coote*,

Miss *Pratt*,
Mrs. *Fitzherbert*,
Mrs. *Jones*,
Beauty *Copeland*,
Miss *Brook*, 1, 2, 3, 4,
Ec. Ec. Ec.
All your *Cavan* mistresses.
News.

Doctor *Thompson*'s servant almost cud-
gelled him to death going from a
christening.

Colonel *Nuburgh*'s fine arched market-
house, quite finished with a grand
cupola on the top, fell flat to the
earth. It is now begun upon again.
Sic transit gloria mundi.

† Who, by the by, hated Dr. *Swift* above all the human race.

Grouse pouts,
 Fine trouts,
 Right venison
 For my benison.

Leave your st——g town in haste,
 For you have no time to waste.

Let me know what day I shall meet you. *Price* and I will stretch to *Virginia*. That all happiness may for ever attend you is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 31, 1736.

I WENT to *Belturbet* immediately upon the receipt of your letter, and found Mr. *Jones* ready for Mr. *Henry's* draught, and glad of it; and so am I—But you are a very fine lawyer in calling your deed of sale a mortgage—Instead of cancelling there is more to be done: you must not only cancel, but you must reconvey to me, in as formal a manner as if you sold to me—Pray ask advice, and *do not do* things hand over-head as you were going to *do* (observe my style*) like me. If I had not sworn never to set my foot in *Dublin*, except I were to pass through it for *England*†, I would go thither next vacation; but I have sworn solemnly I will not—If I had my few friends out of it, I would not care that all the rest were petrified.

Now you must know that I forbid you the town of *Cavan* as strenuously as I invited you to it; for the small-pox is the broom of death at present, and sweeps us off here by dozens—I never had it, which gives me some little palpitations, but no great fear.—As soon as I can get five hundred pounds in my pocket, to make a figure with, I may perhaps honour your metropolis with my presence; and that may be sooner than you imagine,

* This was exactly *Swift's* style to *Sheridan* upon many occasions; and now *Sheridan*, in his pleasant manner, returns the compliment.

† *Sheridan* never crossed the Channel to *England* in his whole life.

for I have a guinea, a moidore, a cobb, and two *Manks* pence towards it already——You may think I swagger, but as I hope to be saved it is true.

How grieved I am that I am out of the way while Doctor *King* is in *Dublin*. I wish with all my soul he would take a frolick to come hither, because he would cost me no wine, and I have the best water in *Ireland*.

My collection of witty sayings, &c. is finished, if I had any friends to recommend them. The best wares of that kind will not go off otherwise. Doctor *King* promised me his friendship at *Oxford*. If you would speak a kind word to the publick in their behalf, I know they would bring me in *L'argent*, which I now want as much as I formerly did the gift of retention, when I had enough. But—That—is—neither—here—nor there—

My son—I can affirm is thoroughly reformed; and, as an argument of it, I must acquaint you that his mother finds fault with every thing he does.

My son—is so far poisoned by the serpent his mother, that I cannot get him home, although I sent horses for him. * * * * *

* * * * * May all happiness attend you, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXIX.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

August 6, 1736.

I DON'T know how this letter may be received, since I never had the favour of an answer of my last. I impute it to the neglect of the post, or any thing rather than to think I am forgot by my old friend. I am now in *Connaught*, where I assure you I spend the least of my time at cards. I am on horseback almost every day to view the beauties of *Connaught*, where I am told you have been. I live greatly under ground; for I view all the places under ground. I make nothing of going down sixty steps. I really think, could you lend me a little of your brains, I should be able to come nigh *Addison* in several of his descriptions of *Italy*; for upon my word I think there are several very remarkable things. As you took a journey last winter to *Cavan*, my lord and I hope you will take one to the county

county of *Kilkenny* this winter, where we assure you of a hearty welcome. I must now be troublesome to you; but lord *Athunry* begged I would write to you in favour of a young gentleman, one Mr. *Ireland*, who was usher to Mr. *Garnett*, school-master of *Tipperary*. Mr. *Garnett* died lately: he has given Mr. *Ireland* a very good certificate, and most of the gentleman in and about *Tipperary* have recommended Mr. *Ireland* to succeed Mr. *Garnett*: as you are one of the governors of that school, I hope you will do Mr. *Ireland* all the service you can, which will very much oblige me. Since I began this there came in a trout; it was so large that we had it weighed; it was a yard and four inches long, twenty-three inches round; his jaw-bone eight inches long, and he weighed thirty-five pound and a half. My lord and I stood by to see it measured. I believe I have tired your patience; so beg leave to assure you I am your affectionate friend and humble servant,
L. HOWTH.

Direct to me at *Turlaghvan*, near *Tuam*. My lord begs you would accept of his compliments.

L E T T E R CXXX.

THOMAS CARTE, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

August 11, 1736.

HAVING at last, after a long application and in the midst of sharp rheumatic pains, the effects of a sedentary life, finished my history of *the Life of the first Duke of Ormond, and of the Affairs of Ireland in his Time*, I here send you a copy of that work, of which I beg your acceptance. I have endeavoured to follow the instructions you gave me, and hope I have done so in some measure. If it have your approbation in any degree, it will be so much to my satisfaction.

It hath been a long subject of complaint in *England*, that no history has yet been wrote of it upon authentic and proper materials; and even those who have taken notice of the military actions of our ancestors, have yet left the civil history of the kingdom (the most instructive of any) untouched, for want of a proper knowledge of the antiquities, usages, laws and construction of this nation. *Rapin de Toiras*, the last writer, was a foreigner,
utterly

utterly ignorant in these respects ; and, writing his history abroad, had no means of clearing up any difficulties that he met with therein. He made, indeed, some use of *Rymer's Fœdera* ; but his ignorance of our customs suffered him to fall into gross mistakes, for want of understanding the phraseology of acts, which have reference to our particular customs. Besides, *Rymer's* collection contains only such treaties as were enrolled in the *Tower*, or in the rolls of Chancery : he knew nothing of such as were enrolled in the Exchequer, and of the public treaties with foreign princes enrolled in this latter office. I have now a list of above four hundred by me. *Rymer* never made use of that vast collection of materials for an *English* history, which is preserved in the *Cotton* library : nor ever consulted any journal of our privy council, whenever he refers to any, still quoting bishop *Burnet* for his author. He never read the rolls of parliament, nor any journal of either house, where the chief affairs within the nation are transacted ; and did not so much as know there was such a place as the paper office, where all the letters of the *English* ambassadors abroad, and all the dispatches of our secretaries of state at home, from the time of *Edward* the fourth to the revolution (since which the secretaries have generally carried away their papers) are kept in a good method, and with great regularity ; so that he wanted likewise the best materials for an account of our foreign affairs. These defects have made several of our nobility and gentry desire a new history to be wrote, in which the above-mentioned, and other materials as authentic as they, may be made use of. They have proposed it to me, and my objections regarding the vastness of the expence as well as labour, that, to satisfy myself, I must have all materials by me, not only copies out of our records, journals, &c. in *England* ; but even copies of negotiations of foreign ambassadors at this court (*e. g.* of the *French* ; all the negotiations and letters of which, for two hundred years past, I knew where to have copied) they have proposed a subscription of a thousand a year, for as many years as the work will require, to defray this expence. The subscription is begun, and will (I believe) be compleated this winter ; and then that work will employ all my time. One advantage I already find from the very talk of this design, having been offered several collections and memoirs of particular persons, considerable in their time, which I did not know were in being, and which would else no part of them ever see the light :

light: and the manner of the history's being carried on, will probably make every body open their stores.

This is one reason, among many others, which make me very desirous of having your judgment of the work I have now published, and that you would point out to me such faults as I would fain correct in my designed work. It will be a very particular favour to a person who is, with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir, your very obliged and obedient servant,

THOMAS CARTE.

Mr. Awnshaw's, in Red-lion Court, in Fleet-street, London.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Cavan, August 14, 1736.

YOUR account of the Dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends fears, and his enemies hopes. Nothing can be a greater affliction to me than my distance from him; and, what is full as bad, my being so near to one who has been the occasion of it. Very rich folks in my debt have made such apologies for non-payment, that I now feel for *Ireland*, but much more for myself, because I was in hopes of being able to make my appearance in *Dublin* with a good grace—NAMELY, to pay some debts, which I can knot.

My poor lady *Mountcashell* has a right to a visit from me; and thither I will venture for a day and a night—and I will venture to the deanry for another. I could wish the best friend I had in the world (you may guess who I mean) and I am sure is so still, would take a little of my advice—You may depend upon this, it should be all for my own advantage.

Now I have done raving—I must turn my pen, which is my tongue's representative, against you for a while, because I am certain it might be in your power to paint my *Siberia* so agreeably to the Dean, as to send him hither while our good weather lasted—My new kitchen is disappointed; so is my gravel walk; but what is worse, his only favourite, my rib—who dreamed

dreamed with great pleasure, that he would never come. I am sorry she is disappointed; for I am certain she would run away if he had come—God forgive him for not doing it—I will make all the haste I can out of this hell; and I hope my friends, (I beg pardon, I mean my friend) will cast about a little for me—if he does not, I will try *England*, where the predominant phrase is, Down with the *Irish*. I will say no more, but tell you that you are a false mistress; and if you do not behave yourself better, I will chuse another. In the mean time God bless you and my dearest friend the Dean. I am, notwithstanding all your upbraidings, dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

LETTER CXXXII.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 15, 1736.

I RECEIVED a letter from Mr. *Henry* by the last post, wherein he tells me that the six hundred and sixty pound were short by eight pounds of your principal, and that you expected I should send you my promissory note for that, and the interest of your money, which I will do most willingly, when you let me know whether you will charge me five or six *per cent.* that I may draw my note accordingly. Indeed if you pleased, or would vouchsafe, or condescend, or think proper, I would rather that you would, I mean should, charge only five *per cent.* because I might be sooner able to pay it. Upon second thoughts, mine eyes being very sore with weeping for my wife, you may let Mrs. *Whiteway* know (to whom pray present my love and best respects) that I have made an experiment of the lake-water, which I sent for, upon myself only twice, before my optics became as clear as ever; for which reason I sent for a dozen bottles of it for Miss *Harrison*, to brighten her stars to the ruin of all beholders. Remember if she turns basilisk, that her mother is the cause. *Tully* the carrier (not *Tully* the orator) is to leave this to-morrow (if he does) by whom I shall send you a quarter of my own small mutton, and about six

quarts of nuts to my mistress in *Abbey-street**, with a fine pair of *Cavan* nut-crackers to save her white teeth; and yours too, if she will deign to lend them to you. I would advise you to keep in with that same lady, as you value my friendship (which is your best feather) otherwise you must forgive me if my affections shall withdraw with hers. Alas, my long evenings are coming on, bad weather, and confinement. O, that some friend would lodge me in *Dublin Marshalsea*!

Somebody told me (but I forget who) that Mrs. *Whiteway* rid your mare at the *Curragh*, and won the plate; but surely she would not carry the frolic so far. They say the primate's lady rid against her; and that Mrs. *Whiteway*, by way of weight, carried the bishop of *Down* and *Connor* behind her. Pray let me know the truth of this.

Mr. *Faulkner* writ to me for some poems of yours which I have. I am collecting them as fast as I can from among my papers; and he shall have them in a post or two, so please to tell him.

Three old women were lately buried at the foot of our steeple here; and so strong was the fermentation of their carcases, that our steeple has visibly grown forty foot higher; and, what is wonderful, above twenty small ones are grown out of its sides. What surprizes me most is, that the bell-rope is not one foot higher from the ground. Be so good as to communicate this to the provost of the college, or archdeacon *Wittingham*, or archdeacon *Wall*. I would be glad to have all or either of their opinions, as they are the chief virtuosi in this kingdom.

I wish you all happiness, and hope you will out-live every enemy, and then we may hope our church and kingdom will flourish, and so will your obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

* Mrs. *Whiteway*,

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

M A D A M,

Paris, Nov. 9th, O. S. 1736.

AS soon as ever you cast your eye on the date of this letter, you will pronounce me a Rambler; and that is a charge I will not deny. How I was transported from *Edinburgh* to this place, requires more room to inform you than my paper will allow me. But I will give you a small hint; you know I am a *Laplander* *, and consequently I have the honour to be well acquainted with some witches of distinction. I speak in the phrase of this country: for the first man I spoke to in *Paris*, told me, he had the honour to live next door to Mr. Knight's hatter. But to our business. I would not have you imagine I forget my friends, or neglect the great affairs I have undertaken. The next letter you will receive from me shall be dated from *London*, where I propose to arrive about the twentieth of this month. I will then put the little MS. to the press, and oblige the whole *English* nation. As to the history, the Dean may be assured I will take care to supply the dates that are wanting, and which can easily be done in an hour or two. The tracts, if he pleases, may be printed by way of appendix. This will be indeed less trouble than the interweaving them in the body of the history, and will do the author as much honour, and answer the purpose full as well. This is all I need say in answer to that part of your letter, which is serious: for I hope you are not in earnest, when you throw out such horrible reflections against my friends in *Scotland*. Will you believe me, when I tell you upon my word, that I was entertained with the greatest politeness and delicacy during my short stay in that country? I found every thing as neat and clean in the houses, where I had my quarters, as even you could desire. I cannot indeed much commend *Edinburgh*; and yet the f——ks, which are so much complained of there, are not more offensive, than I have found them in every street in this elegant city, which the *French* say is the mistress of the world; *Madame il n'y a qu'un*

* This alludes to the Doctor's fine satire called *The Toast*, which he pretends was written originally in *Latin* by *Frederick Scheffer*, a *Laplander*.

Paris. As to my own thoughts of this nation, you shall know them, when I am out of it ; and then I will write to the Dean, and give him some account of his old friend my lord *Bolingbroke*. When the Dean is informed of what that gentleman is doing, I am apt to believe it will be a motive to induce him to hasten the publication of his history. In the mean time, I beg of you to assure him, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to execute his commissions very faithfully. I am truly sensible of the great obligations I owe him, and of the *honour* he hath done me, not in the *French* sense of that word.

I desire my humble service to Miss *Harrison*, and tell Mr. *Swift* * I shall be glad of any opportunity to do him a real service. At the same time I assure you, with the greatest truth, that I am, Madam, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. KING.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dr. SHERIDAN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Nov. 21st, 1736.

I RECEIVED the vexatious account of your disappointment in the nuts and water, which were both in perfection when they left me, and for which I will make the carrier an example, as soon as I can lay hold of him. I do believe this same country, wherein I am settled, exceeds the whole world in villainy of every kind, and theft. It is not long since a pair of mill-stones were stolen, and carried off from within two miles of *Quilca* ; the thieves traced and pursued as far as *Killishandra*, and farther they were never more heard of, any more than if they had been dropt into Hell. I do believe this dexterity may challenge history to match it. It has made all our country merry, but the poor miller that lost them.

I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend the Dean. May he live long, to the joy of his friends, and the vexation of his enemies. I have been for a week past composing an *Anglo-latin* letter to him, which is not as yet finished. I hope it will make him a visit upon

* Mr. *Swift* was at this time in *Ireland*, but returned to *Oxford* the *Spring* following.

his birth-day, which I intend to celebrate with some of his own money, and some of his own friends here. Three tenants have lately run away with thirty pounds of my rent: I have by good fortune got one rich honest man in their place, who has commenced from *Sept.* past, and is to pay me their arrears the next *May*; so that I am well off. I will gather as fast as I can for the Dean; but indeed he must have a little longer indulgence for me. It is very hard that the Squire —— should keep my money in his pocket, when it is nothing out of his. I suppose he intends it shall keep him in coals for two or three years; for the devil a one he burns, except it be sometimes in his kitchen, and his nursery upon a cold day. I have this day written a complaint of him to my scholar —— of ——, who, I hope, will have gratitude enough to do me justice. There never was known such a scarcity of money as we have in the North, owing to the dismal circumstances of some thousands of families preparing to go off, that have turned their leases and effects into ready money. Some squires will have their whole estates left to themselves and their dogs. O what compassion I have for them! I have written a little pretty birth-day poem against *St. Andrew's* day, which, when corrected, revised, and amended, I intend for *Faulkner* to publish. I do assure you, madam, it is a very pretty thing (although I say it that should'nt say it) and as humorous a thing as ever you read in your life; and I know the whole world will be in love with it, as I am with you. But how the devil came you to tell the Dean you are no longer my mistress? I say that you are, and shall be so in spite of the whole world. I wish Mrs. *Sheridan* were dead out of the way.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

Dr. DUNKIN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Nov. 30, 1736.

I HAD proposed vast pleasure to myself, from the hopes of celebrating the Dean's birth-day with you; but as I have been afflicted with a violent head-ach all day, which is not yet abated, I could not safely venture abroad. I have however, as in annual duty bound, attempted to write some lines on the occasion; not indeed with that accuracy the subject deserved, being the crudities of last night's lucubrations, to which I attribute the indisposition of my pate: but if they should in any measure merit your approbation, I shall rejoice in my pain. One comfort however I enjoy by absenting myself from your solemnity, that I shall not undergo a second mortification, by hearing my own stuff. Be pleased to render my most dutiful respects agreeable to the Dean, and pardon this trouble from, Madam, your most obliged most obedient servant,

W. DUNKIN.

L E T T E R CXXXVI.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

London, December 7th, 1736.

I ARRIVED here yesterday, and I am now ready to obey your commands. I hope you are come to a positive resolution concerning the history. You need not hesitate about the dates, or the references which are to be made to any public papers; for I can supply them without the least trouble. As well as I remember, there is but one of those public pieces, which you determined should be inserted at length; I mean Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* representation; this I have now by me. If you incline to publish the two tracts as an appendix to the history, you will be pleased to see if the character given of the E. of *Oxford* in the pamphlet of 1715 agrees with the character given of the same person in the history. Perhaps on a review, you
may

may think proper to leave one of them quite out. You have (I think) barely mentioned the attempt of *Guiscard*, and the quarrel between *Rechteren* and *Mefnager*. But as these are facts which are probably now forgot or unknown, it would not be amiss if they were related at large in the notes; which may be done from the *Gazettes*, or any other news-papers of those times. This is all I have to offer to your consideration; and you see here are no objections which ought to retard the publication of this valuable work one moment. I will only now add, that if you intend this history should be published from the original manuscript, it must be done while you are living: and if you continue in the same mind to intrust me with the execution of your orders, I will perform them faithfully. This I would do, although I did not owe you a thousand obligations, which I shall ever acknowledge. I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K I N G.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Earl of ORREERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

Corke, April 3d, 1737.

I AM very glad there are twelve thousand pounds worth of halfpence arrived; they are twelve thousand arguments for your quitting *Ireland*. I look upon you in the same state of the unfortunate *Achæmenides* amidst tyrants and monsters——Do you not remember the description of *Polypheme* and his den?

—— *Domus sanie dapibusque cruentis*
Intus opaca, ingens, ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
Sidera, (Dii talem terris avertite pestem!)
Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli:
Visceribus miserorum & sanguine vescitur atro.

Remember also, that

Centum alii curva hæc habitant ad littora vulgo
Infandi Cyclopes, et altis montibus errant.

Translate

Translate these lines and come away with me to *Marston*; there you shall enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; there you shall see the famous *Sacsockishkash*, and his two pupils, who shall attend your altars with daily incense; there no archbishops can intrude; there you shall be the sole lord and master; whilst we your subjects shall learn obedience from our happiness.—If you ever can think seriously, think so now; and let me say with the curate of my parish, Consider what has been said unto you, ponder it well, lay it up in your heart, and God of his infinite mercy direct you!—Mrs. *Whiterway* shall be truly welcome to *Marston's* homely shade. *Hector* shall fawn upon the Doctor; and I myself will be under the direction and government of Sir R. W.

You tell me, I am to carry a load for you to *England*; the most acceptable load will be yourself, and that I would carry with as true piety as *Aeneas* bore the ancient *Anchises* on his shoulders, when he fled from fire, from blood, from *Greeks*, and from ruined *Troy*!

Can you expect that lords move regularly? Is it not below our station to think where or when we are to go? But if my coach and fix is in order, perhaps I may have the honour to start a hare in *Steven's-Green* about the first of next month. In the middle of *June* I will hope to set sail with you to *England*. Mr. *Pope* will come out beyond the shore to meet you: you will exchange Cyclops for Men; and if one must fall, surely the choice is right.

Si pereo, manibus hominum periisse juvabit.

My next shall be longer. I am now forced to bid you farewell; but hereafter expect my whole life and conversation: you shall certainly have the cheeses. If you will come to *Somersetshire*, I will eat one for joy*. The best in *England* are made in my manor.

I am so well, that I had almost forgot to answer that kind part of your letter. It is only you that can add health and happiness to your very affectionate obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

* The Earl of *Orrery* hated cheese to such a degree, that he could scarce bear the sight of it.

L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

Dover-Street, April 7th, 1737.

I AM extreamly obliged to you for several letters, which I, with great shame and concern, acknowledge that I have not answered, as also several remembrances of me and my family in your letters to several of your friends, but particularly in your letters to Mr. *Pope*: I stand very strongly obliged to you upon these accounts; I dare say you will do me that justice, that you will not attribute my not writing to proceed from any neglect of you, or from any forgetfulness: I am certain of this, that I do retain the warmest esteem and sincerest regard for you of any one, be he who he will; and therefore I hope you will pardon what has passed, and I promise to amend, if my letters would in the least be agreeable to you.

One reason of my writing to you now is (next to my asking your forgiveness) this; I am told that you have given leave and liberty to some one or more of your friends to print a history of the last four years of queen *Anne's* reign, wrote by you.

As I am most truly sensible of your constant regard and sincere friendship for my father, even to partiality (if I may say so) I am very sensible of the share and part he must bear in such a history; and as I remember, when I read over that history of yours, I can recollect that there seemed to me a want of some papers to make it more compleat, which was not in our power to obtain; besides there were some severe things said, which might have been then very currently talked of, but now will want a proper evidence to support; for these reasons it is that I do intreat the favour of you, and make it my earnest request, that you will give your positive directions, that this history be not printed and published, until I have had an opportunity of seeing it, with a liberty of shewing it to some family friends, whom I would consult upon this occasion. I beg pardon for this; I hope you will be so good as to grant my request: I do it with great deference to you. If I had the pleasure of seeing you, I could soon say something to you that would convince you I am not wrong: they are not proper for a letter, as you will easily guess.

My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter is extremely pleased with the notice you are pleased to take of her, she is very well: she brought me another granddaughter last month: she desires your acceptance of her most humble service, and would be glad of the pleasure of seeing you here in *England*.

The duke of *Portland* so far answers our expectations, that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son; these qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age.

I wish you would make my compliments to my lord *Orrery*; do you design to keep him with you? I do not blame you, if you can. I am, with true esteem and regard, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

I wish Master *Faulkner*, when he sends any thing to me, would say how you do.

LETTER CXXXIX.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

April 17th, 1737.

I RETURNED last night from *Derry*, where I have been for some time past, and where you will be received with great respect. I pleased myself with the hopes of finding at home an account of the time you design being here—My disappointment occasions you this trouble; and I hope you will suffer that which can do it best to plead my excuse for being so importunate.

Sir, I take the country to be as pleasant the latter end of this, and all the next month, as any in the year; the fields are putting on their gayest liveries to receive you; the birds will warble their sweetest notes to entertain you; and the waters in the river *Bann*, when they come in view of your apartment, will tumble in great hurry to wait on you, and leave you with reluctance.

I must brag of my situation, and will pawn my credit with you in those matters, that you will pronounce it the most delightful you have seen in *Dublin* at least.

Sir, I will not conceal from you any longer a self-interest I have in honouring this place with your presence. All the inclosures I intend in my demesne are now finished, and I am ready to begin what I intend by way of ornament; but until I am fixed in the scheme of the whole, which I would have adapted in the best manner to the place, I would do nothing. I have delayed coming to a final resolution, till I shall have the opportunity of intreating your opinion and assistance after viewing the whole. It will perhaps afford yourself no disagreeable amusement, and occasion something elegant and correct in miniature, where nature has almost done every thing. When you let me know that you have fitted your stages, I will contrive to meet you as far as *Armagh* or *Stewartstown*. I will only add, that it is one that loves you, as well as admires you, that is thus troublesome to you; and that I am, with the greatest truth, as well as esteem, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R CXL.

The Hon. Miss DAVYS * to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 27th, 1737:

I KNOW you are always pleased to do acts of charity, which encourages me to take the liberty of recommending a boy about ten years old, the bearer of this, to your goodness, to beg you would employ it in getting him put into the *Blue-coat Hospital*. I received the inclosed letter from him this morning. Your compliance with this request, and pardon for this trouble, will oblige, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

M. DAVYS.

* Afterwards Countess of Barrymore.

L E T T E R C X L I .

Dr. S H E R I D A N to Dr. S W I F T.

CERVE DECANE,

June, 1737.

E G O longus audire a te, nunc Francisci sunt venti intus. Dominus M'Carty erat apud Sanctas Catherinas*, qui olim minabatur me cum scripto, & sue ego ibam ad Dunboyn. Non reddebam ad Dublinum apud causa debebam nummum, & ego habebam id non ad cicerem.

Meus filius Thomas sedebat nuper pro scholasticâ nave, et perdidit id per malitiam unius domini Hughs, qui gignebat super apud asserem†, et dixit, quod puer erat nimium juvenis pro juramento. Diabolus cape ingratum Socium; nam olim dedi illum doctrinam pro nihil; et sic servit me nunc. Quomodo unquam ego non volo capere ad cor, sed ego faciam optimum de malo mercatu. O qualis mundus est hic! Sed ego dicam non plus. Scio quod scio; et tenebo mentem ad meipsum, et ego solvam id de cum cogitando.

Ego habeo tres libros sapientum dictorum‡ transcriptos pro te in pulchrâ et magnâ manu, quos mittam ad te per primam opportunitatem, ante ut meus dominus Orrery vadit pro Angliâ; nam promisit capere illos cum se, et facere pactum pro me cum praelatore.

Corrigo illos libros valde puteus, ut jubebas me, sic id ego spero non habebis multum agere; nam est non rationabile dare tibi multam molestiam circum farciendo stylum. Amica Donelson est cito ire ad Dublinum, mitam illos cum illâ.

Ego habeo non ullos nuncios, sed quod nostra tempestas est valde calida, in sic tantum, ut omne nostrum gramen est ustum super, et pecora habent nihil edere. Caremus pluvia valde multum, si Deus placeret mittere—Mitte me verbum quid genus tempestatis est in Dublino, & si placet te mitte ad me rationem tuæ sanitatis. Da meum humile servitium omnibus, qui rogant pro me, Ad Dominum Orrery, ad Doctorem Hellsam & cæteris

* *St. Catherine's, lady Mountcashel's villa about six miles from Dublin.*

† When the provost and fellows of the university of *Dublin* meet in council, they call it a Board.

‡ The Doctor's collection of *Bons Mots*.

amicorum. Precare cape curam de teipso, & sic obligabis tuum humillimum famulum,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Junii die 22^o.

Unum mille septem centum & triginta septem. Servitium et amor dominæ albæ viæ.

LETTER CXLII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

London, June 23, 1737.

I WAS favoured with a letter some time since by the hands of the bearer Mr. *Lloyd*, and by him take the opportunity of answering it.

I do assure you, Sir, that as the Society have always had the greatest regard for your recommendation, so, in this affair, they have given a fresh instance of their respect; for they have resolved to relieve their tenants in *Colrain* from their hard bargains; and, to that end, have put it in a way that is to the entire satisfaction of the bearer.

I hope this will find you in good health, and that the hot weather will contribute thereto; which will be a great satisfaction to all honest men who wish well to their country.

Our friend Mr. *Pope* is very hearty and well, and has obliged the town lately with several things in his way; among the rest, a translation of *Horace's* Odes; in one of which you are mentioned as *saving your nation*: which gave great offence; and, I am assured, was under debate in the council, whether he should not be taken up for it: but it happening to be done in the late king's time, they passed it by.

I hope you see the paper called *Common Sense*, which has wit and humour.

I had thoughts of kissing your hand this summer; but we are all in confusion at *Derry* about power, which will prevent my coming at present; but I am in hopes of having that happiness before I die. I thank God I hold out to a miracle almost; for I am better in my health now than I was many years ago.

Lord

Lord *Bolingbroke* is in *France*, writing, I am told, the History of his own Time : he is well. You will please to make my compliments to lord *Orrery* and Dr. *Delany*.

I have many things to say, which in prudence I must defer.

I shall conclude with my hearty prayers to Almighty God, to preserve your most valuable life for many years, as you are a publick blessing to your country, and a friend to all mankind ; and to assure you that I am, with sincerity, dear Sir, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

LETTER CXLIII.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, June 24, 1737.

I DO not know for what reason the worthy gentlemen of the post-office intercepted a letter, which I did myself the honour to write to you about two months ago, I cannot remember I said any thing that could give them the least offence. I did not mention the new half-pence ; I did not praise the royal family ; I did not blame the prime minister ; I only returned you my thanks for a very kind letter I had just then received from you. It is true I inclosed in that letter a printed paper called *Common Sense*, in which the author proposes a new scheme of government for the people of *Corfica*, advising to make their king of the same stuff of which the *Indians* make their gods*. I thought to afford you some diversion : but perhaps it was this made the whole packet criminal.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. *Whiteway*, in which she tells me that I am to expect the manuscript by lord *Orrery*. I will have the pleasure to wait on him as soon as I can do it without crossing the *Irish* channel : and as soon as I receive the papers, you shall hear from me again. I shall have an opportunity of writing fully to you by Mr. *Deane Swift*, who proposes to set out for *Ireland* the next vacation. In making mention of this gentleman, I cannot help recommending him to your favour.

* This paper of *Common Sense* was written by Dr. *King* himself.

I have

I have very narrowly observed his conduct ever since I have been here; and I can, with great truth, give him the character of a modest, sober, ingenious young man. He is an hard student, and will do an honour to the society of which he is now a member.

Mrs. *Whiteway* says, that notwithstanding all your complaints, you are in good health and good spirits. What think you of making a trip to *England* this fine season, and visiting our *Alma Mater*? I can offer you an airy cool room during the summer, and a warm bed-chamber in the winter; and I will take care that your mutton-commons shall be kept long enough to be tender. If you will accept of this invitation, I promise to meet you at *Chester*, and to conduct you to king *Edward's* lodgings: and then *St. Mary-Hall* may boast of a triumvirate, that is not to be matched in any part of the learned world, Sir *Thomas More*, *Erasmus*, and the *Drapier*. Believe me to be with the greatest esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER CXLIV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, June 24, 1737.

I HAVE this day the favour of your letter of the 14th, which hath given me great pleasure: however, I could not help bestowing some maledictions on those gentlemen of the post-office, who have been so impertinent as to intercept our correspondence; for you ought to have received another letter from me with one inclosed for our friend in some few days after you had the packet from *Hartley*. This was in answer to the letter you mention, which I got the very next day (as well as I remember) after *Hartley* went from *London*.

As soon as I hear of my lord *Orrery's* arrival on this side the water, I will wait on him to receive the papers. The moment they are put into my hands I will write to you again.

I don't know why the Dean's friends should think it derogatory, either to his station or character, to print the History by subscription, considering how

how the money arising by the sale of it is to be applied. I am not for selling the copy to a bookseller: for, unless a sufficient caution be taken, the bookseller, when he is master of the copy, will certainly print it by subscription, and so have all the benefit which the Dean refuses. But I shall be better able to send you my thoughts of this matter, when I have talked with some of my friends, who have had more dealings in this way than I have.

And have you at last got store of copper halfpence, and are content to give us gold and silver in exchange for this new coin? This serves to verify an observation I have frequently made, that the grossest imposition on the publick will go down, if the managers have but patience to try it twice, and art enough to give it a new name. The excise scheme, which made such a noise here a few years ago, passed here last winter with little opposition, under a new shape and title. How would the ghost of *Wood* triumph over the Drapier, and rattle his copper chains, if the spectre were permitted to meet him in his walks? But I am unawares running into politicks, without considering that these reflexions may occasion the loss of my letter. I have therefore done with your copper*.

You can't imagine how greatly I am vexed and disappointed, that I have been so long obliged to keep back my conversation piece†. I have, in this respect, wholly complied with the reasoning, or rather with the humours, of some of my friends. They were willing to try their skill in accommodating my *Irish* affairs; in which, after all, I believe they will be disappointed as much as I have been: for the adversaries I have to deal with, proceed

* With great respect to Dr. King, he is somewhat mistaken in his politicks; for the great force of Dr. Swift's reasoning, in the character of an *Irish* Drapier, was not so much levelled against a moderate quantity of halfpence in general (which, it is certain, were much wanted in *Ireland* in the year 1724) as against *Wood*'s adulterate copper in particular, which was not worth three-pence in a shilling, and which might have been poured in upon the nation from *Wood*'s mint to eternity; as he had neither given security for his honesty, nor obliged himself, like other patentees, to give either gold or silver in exchange for his copper, when it began to grow troublesome. Whereas the halfpence, sent over to *Ireland* in the year 1737, were coined in the *Tower*, by the express order of the crown, for the conveniency of the kingdom, and were not calculated to do any mischief; or, in fact, could they have done any, as all people were at that time sufficiently and thoroughly apprized, that halfpence were not sterling money, or could legally be tendered in any payment whatsoever; the only use of them being a sort of change in the small crafts and traffick of the world. However, it is certain that an advertisement of three lines, by order of Dr. Swift, had there been occasion for it, as there was not, would instantly have stopt their currency.

† Meaning *The Toast*.

on a principle that will hear no reason, and do no good, not even to themselves, if others are at the same time to receive any benefit by the bargain. However, since you seem so earnestly to desire a second view of this work, I will send you a book by Mr. *Swift*, who intends to go from hence about ten days or a fortnight hence. You will be so kind as to keep it in your own hands until the publication.

As I think it proper to write a postscript in your letter to a certain person, that must be nameless, and finding I have but room for my address to him, I will say no more to you now than that I am, and always must be, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

P. S. To the gentleman of the post-office who intercepted my last letter addressed to Mrs. *Whiteway*, at her house in *Abby street*, together with a letter inclosed and addressed to the Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

L E T T E R CXLV.

S I R,

WHEN you have sufficiently perused this letter, I beg the favour of you to send it to the lady to whom it is directed. I shall not take it ill though you should not give yourself the trouble to seal it again. If any thing I have said about the copper halfpence and excise should offend you, blot it out. I shall think myself much obliged to you if, at the same time, you will be pleased to send Mrs. *Whiteway* those letters which are now in your hands, with such alterations and amendments as you think proper. I cannot believe that your orders will justify you in detaining letters of business: for as you are a civil officer, I conceive you have not a licence to rob on the highway. If I happen to be mistaken, of which I shall be convinced if this letter should be likewise intercepted, I will hereafter change my address, and enrol you and your superiors in my catalogue of heroes.

L E T T E R CXLVI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT*.

London, June 30, 1737.

OUR friend *Pope* tells me, you could wish to revive a correspondence with some of your old acquaintances, that you might not remain entirely ignorant of what passes in this country: on this occasion I would offer myself with pleasure, if I thought the little trifles that come to my knowledge could in the least contribute to your amusement; but as you yourself judge very rightly, I am too much out of the world, and see things at too great a distance; and, besides this, my age, and the use I have formerly made of my eyes in writing by candle-light, have now reduced me almost to blindness, and I see nothing less than the pips of the cards, from which I have some relief in a long winter evening. However, to shew my dear Dean how much I love him, I have taken my pen in my hand to scratch him out a letter, though it be little more than to tell him most of those he and I used to converse with are dead; but I am still alive, and lead a poor animal life. Lord *Masham* is much in the same way: he has married his son, and boards with him: the lady is the daughter of *Salway Winnington*, and they all live lovingly together: the old gentleman walks afoot, which makes me fear that he has made settlements above his strength. I regret the loss of Dr. *Arbutnot* every hour of the day: he was the best conditioned creature that ever breathed, and the most chearful; yet his poor son *George* is under the utmost dejection of spirits, almost to a degree of a delirium; his two sisters give affectionate attendance, and I hope he will grow better. Sir *William Wyndham* makes the first figure in parliament, and is one of the most amiable men in the world: he is very happy in his wife lady *Blandford*; but I fear his eldest son will not come into his measures: this may create him some uneasiness.

Lord *Bathurst* is in *Glocestershire*, where he plants, transplants, and unplants: thus he erects an employment for himself independant of a court.

* There is an answer to this letter in *Johnson's* collection, No. 69.

I have the happiness to live near lord *Oxford*, who continues that kindness and protection to me that I had from his father. God Almighty has given him both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man lord *K——*; now I name him, I mean lord *Oxford*. Let me ask you if it be true, that you are going to print a History of the four last years of the Queen; if it is, won't you let me see it before you send it to the press? Is it not possible that I may suggest some things that you may have omitted, and give you reasons for leaving out others? The scene is changed since that period of time: the conditions of the peace of *Utrecht* have been applauded by most part of mankind, even in the two houses of parliament; Should not matters rest here, at least for some time? I presume your great end is to do justice to truth; the second point may perhaps be to make a compliment to the *Oxford* family: permit me to say as to the first, that tho' you know perhaps more than any one man, I may possibly contribute a mite; and, with the alteration of one word, *viz.* by inserting *parva* instead of *magna*, apply to myself that passage of *Virgil*, *et quorum pars parva fui*. As to the second point, I do not conceive your compliment to lord *Oxford* to be so perfect as it might be, unless you lay the manuscript before him, that it may be considered here.

Our little captain blusters, reviews, and thinks he governs the world, when in reality he does nothing; for the first minister stands possessed of all the regal power: the latter prates well in the house, and, by corruption, is absolute master of it: as to other matters, his foreign treaties are absurd, and his management of the funds betrays a want of skill: he has a low way of thinking. My dear Dean adieu: believe me to be, what I really am, most affectionately yours.

L E T T E R CXLVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Dr. SWIFT.

GOOD Mr. DEAN,

Dover-street, July 4, 1737.

YOUR letter of *June* 14th*, in answer to mine of the 7th of *April*, is come to my hands; and it is with no small concern that I have read it, and to find that you seem to have formed a resolution to put the History of the four last years of the Queen to the press; a resolution taken without giving your friends, and those that are greatly concerned, some notice, or suffering them to have time and opportunity to read the papers over, and to consider them. I hope it is not too late yet, and that you will be so good as to let some friends see them, before they are put to the press; and, as you propose to have the work printed here, it will be easy to give directions to whom you will please to give the liberty of seeing them; I beg I may be one: this request I again repeat to you, and I hope you will grant it. I do not doubt but there are many who will persuade you to publish it; but they are not proper judges: their reasons may be of different kinds, and their motives to press on this work may be quite different, and perhaps concealed from you.

I am extremely sensible of the firm love and regard you had for my father, and have for his memory; and upon that account it is, that I now renew my request, that you would at least defer this printing until you have had the advice of friends. You have forgot that you lent me the history to read when you were in *England* since my father died; I do remember it well. I would ask your pardon for giving you this trouble; but upon this affair I am so nearly concerned, that if I did not my utmost to prevent it, I should never forgive myself.

I am extremely obliged to you for your good and kind concern for me and my family. My wife desires your acceptance of her most humble service; my daughter desires the same: they both are sensible of your good wishes for them. I am, with true esteem and respect, dear Sir, your obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

* This letter was printed by *Johnston* in the year 1765, No. 68.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Earl of ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

July 23d, 1737.

IF I were to tell you who enquire for you, and what they say of you, it would take up more paper than I have in my lodgings, and more time than I stay in town. Yet *London* is empty: not dusty, for we have had rain: not dull, for Mr. *Pope* is in it: not noisy, for we have no cars†: not troublesome, for a man may walk quietly about the streets: in short, 'tis just as I would have it till *Monday*, and then I quit *St. Paul's*, for my little church at *Marston*.

Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. *King* has his cargo, Mrs. *Barber* her conversation, and Mr. *Pope* his letters. To-morrow I pass with him at *Twickenham*: the *olim meminisse* will be our feast. Leave *Dublin*, and come to us. Methinks there are many stronger reasons for it than heretofore; at least I feel 'em: and I'll say with *Macbeth*, Would thou could'st!

My health is greatly mended; so, I hope, is yours: write to me when you can, in your best health, and utmost leisure; never break through that rule. Can friendship increase by absence? Sure it does; at least mine rises: some degrees, or seems to rise: try if it will fall by coming nearer: no, certainly it cannot be higher. Yours most affectionately,

O R R E R Y.

† Alluding to the *Irish* cars.

L E T T E R CXLIX.

THOMAS FARREN, Esq; Mayor of Cork, to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

Cork, September 14th, 1737.

I AM favoured with yours by Mr. *Faulkner*, and am sorry the health of a man, the whole kingdom has at heart, should be so much in danger.

When the box with your freedom was given the Recorder, to be presented to you, I hoped he would, in the name of the city, have expressed their grateful acknowledgments for the many services the publick has received from you, which are the motives that induced us to make you one of our citizens; and as they will ever remain monuments to your glory, we imagined it needless to make any inscription on the box, and especially as we have no precedents on our books for any such. But, as so great and deserving a patriot merits all distinction that can be made, I have, by the consent and approbation of the Council, directed the box to you, and hope what is inscribed upon it, although greatly inferior to what your merit is intitled to, will however demonstrate the great regard and respect we have for you, on account of the many singular services your pen and your counsel have done this poor country; and am, reverend Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS FARREN, Mayor.

LETTER CL.

Lord M——Y * to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

November 17th, 1737.

I SHALL, with great pleasure, bring in your petition to-morrow, the house of lords not sitting until then; but I find there is a small mistake in point of form, which will be proper to be set right before the petition shall be presented.

You mention the bill as if it would certainly pass, and be transmitted into *England*; instead of which, I must beg the favour of you to say, that there are heads of a bill depending now before your lordships committee, in order to prevent &c. &c. for until such time as it shall have gone through that, no one can declare the fate of it.

I should not be so impertinent as to pretend to direct you in this, but that I apprehend you did not know the progress the bill has taken; if you will get it writ over again, my servant shall wait to bring it to me, and I shall take care, as soon as the petition is received, to have a clause ready, in pursuance of it, to except your charity. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

M——Y.

* Now E—— of B——n.

L E T T E R C L I .

CHARLES FORD, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

November 22d, 1737.

I CAN'T help putting you in mind of me sometimes, though I am sure of having no return. I often read your name in the news-papers, but hardly have any other account of you, except when I happen to see lord Orrery. He told me the last time, that you had been ill, but were perfectly recovered.

I hear they are going to publish two volumes more of your works. I see no reason why all the pamphlets published at the end of the queen's reign might not be inserted. Your objection of their being momentary things, will not hold. *Killing no Murder*, and many other old tracts, are still read with pleasure, not to mention *Tully's Letters*, which have not died with the times. My comfort is, they will some time or other be found among my books with the author's name, and posterity obliged with them. I have been driven out of a great house, where I had lodged between four and five years, by new lodgers, with an insupportable noise, and have taken a little one to myself in a little court, merely for the sake of sleeping in quiet. It is in *St. James's-Place*, and called *Little Cleveland-Court*. I believe you never observed it; for I never did, though I lodged very near it, till I was carried there to see the house I have taken. Though coaches come in, it consists of but six houses in all. Mine is but two stories high, contrived exactly as I would wish, as I seldom eat at home. The ground-floor is of small use to me; for the fore-parlour is flung into the entry, and makes a magnificent *London* hall. The back one, by their ridiculous custom of tacking a closet almost of the same bigness to it, is so dark, that I can hardly see to read there in the middle of the day. Up one pair of stairs I have a very good dining-room, which on the second floor is divided in two, and makes room for my whole family, a man and a maid, both at board-wages. Over my bed-chamber is my study, the pleasantest part of the house, from whence you have a full view of *Buckingham-house*, and all that part of the *Park*. My furniture is clean and new, but of the cheapest things

things I could find out. The most valuable goods I have are two different prints of you. I am still in great hopes I shall one day have the happiness of seeing you in it.

Every body agrees the queen's death was wholly owing to her own fault. She had a rupture, which she would not discover; and the surgeon who opened her navel, declared if he had known it two days sooner, she should have been walking about the next day. By her concealing her distemper, they gave her strong cordials for the gout in her stomach, which did her great mischief. The king is said to have given her the first account of her condition: she bore it with great resolution, and immediately sent for the rest of her children, to take formal leave of them, but absolutely refused to see the prince of *Wales*; nor could the archbishop of *Canterbury*, when he gave her the sacrament, prevail on her, though she said, she heartily forgave the prince. It is thought her death will be a loss, at least in point of ease, to some of the ministers.

Since *Lewis* has lost his old wife, he has had an old maiden niece to live with him, continues the same life, takes the air in his coach, dines moderately at home, and sees nobody.

It was reported, and is still believed by many, that Sir *Robert Walpole* upon the loss of his, made Miss *Skirret* an honest woman; but if it be so, the marriage is not yet owned.

That you may, in health and happiness, see many 30th of *Novembers*, is the most sincere and hearty wish of yours, &c.

If you will be so kind as to let me hear from you once again, you may either direct to me at the *Cocoa-Tree*, or to *Little Cleveland-Court* in *St. James's Place*.

L E T T E R C L I I .

Dr. S W I F T to Dr. C L A N C Y .

S I R ,

Deanry-house, Christmas-day, 1737.

SOME friend of mine lent me a comedy *, which I am told was written by you : I read it carefully, and with much pleasure, on account both of the characters and the moral. I have no interest with the people of the play-house, else I should gladly recommend it to them. I send you a small present †, in such gold as will not give you trouble to change ; for I much pity your loss of sight ‡, which if it pleased God to let you enjoy, your other talents might have been your honest support, and have eased you of your present confinement. I am, Sir, your well-wishing friend and humble servant,

J O N A T H . S W I F T .

I know not who lent me the play ; if it came from you, I will send it back to-morrow.

* The *Sharper*, the principal character of which performance was designed to represent colonel *Chartres*.

† This packet contained five pounds in small pieces of gold of different kinds, of which the largest did not exceed the value of five shillings. A little time after (saith Dr. *Clancy*) I sent him a parcel of tickets : he kept but one, which he said he had paid for, and afterwards sent me two four pound pieces for more. Vid. *Clancy's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 56.

‡ Dr. *Clancy* had pursued the study of physick, and was patronized by Dr. *Helfham* ; but having lost his sight before he could regularly engage in the business of his profession, he kept a *Latin School* for his support. He has been dead some years.

L E T T E R CLIII.

Lady HOWTH to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

December 26th, 1737.

KNOWING you to be very poor, I have sent you a couple of wild ducks, a couple of partridge, a side of venison, and some plover, which will help to keep your house this *Christmas*. You may make a miser's feast, and drink your blue-eyed Nymph in a bumper, as we do the Drapier; and when these are out, let me know, and you shall have a fresh supply. I have sent them by a black-guard, knowing you to be of a very generous temper, though very poor. My lord and husband joins with me in wishing you a merry *Christmas*, and many of them; and am sincerely your affectionate friend and Sea-nymph.

If I signed my name, and the letter should be found, you and I might be suspected.

L E T T E R CLIV.

Dr. CLANCY to Dr. SWIFT.

REVEREND SIR,

December 27th, 1737.

WHEN I strive to express the thorough sense I have of your humanity and goodness, my attempt ceases admiration of them. You have favoured my performance with some degree of approbation, and you have considered my unfortunate condition by a mark of your known benevolence: from my very soul I sincerely thank you. That approbation, which in some more happy periods of my life would have made me proud even to vanity, has now in my distress comforted and soothed my misery.

If I did not fear being troublesome, I should do myself the honour of waiting upon you, if you will be pleased to permit me to do so. At any time I am ready to obey your command; and am, with the utmost respect and gratitude, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

MIC. CLANCY.

L E T T E R C L V .

Earl of ORRERY to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Duke-Street, Westminster, February 14th, 1737-8.

I MUST answer a letter I never received. The Dean tells me you wrote to me; but the seas, or the postmasters, are in possession of the manuscript. Should it fall into *Curl's* hands, it may come into print, and then I must answer it in print, which will give me a happy opportunity of letting the world know how much I am your admirer and servant.

I agree intirely with the person who writes three or four paragraphs in the Dean's letter. Humour and wit are, like gold and silver, in great plenty in *Ireland*; nor is there any body that wants either but that abominable Dean, the bane of all learning, sense, and virtue. I wish we had him here to punish him for his various offences, particularly for his abhorrence of the dear dear fashions of this polite age. Pray, madam, send him, and you will hear what a simple figure he will make among the great men of our island, who are every day improving themselves in all valuable qualities and noble principles.

I rejoice to hear your fair daughter is in health. I am, to her and you, a most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

L E T T E R CLVI.

Miss RICHARDSON to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Summerseat, February 23d, 1737-8.

I WAS favoured some time ago with your most obliging letter *, wherein you are pleased to say so many civil things to me, that I have been altogether at a loss how to make proper acknowledgments for the honour you have done me. The commendations you are so good as to bestow upon me, would make my vanity insufferable to my neighbours, if I were not conscious that I do not deserve them ; and although I shall always account it a great unhappiness to me that I never have been in your company, yet this advantage I have from it, that my faults are unknown to you. If I have any thing commendable about me, I sincerely own myself indebted to you for it, having endeavoured as much as I could to model myself by the useful instructions that are to be gathered from your works ; for which my sex in general (although I believe some of them do not think so) is highly obliged to you. The opinion you are pleased to entertain of me, I fancy is owing to my uncle's partiality, who has frequently been so kind as to take pains to make persons unacquainted with me, think better of me than afterwards they found I deserved. I have great reason to complain of his treatment in this particular ; but in all others I have met with so much kindness from him, that I must think it my duty to lay hold of every opportunity that falls in my way to oblige him. Sir, you have it in your power to give me one, by making him a visit at *Summerseat*, where all the skill I have in housekeeping should be employed to have every thing in that manner that would be most pleasing to you, which I know is the most agreeable service I could do for him. You are pleased to wish in your letter that you had hands long enough to beat me. What an honour and happiness would I esteem it, to be thought worthy of your correction ? but I fear you would find my faults so numerous, that you would think me one of those ladies that do not deserve to be mended.

* Vid. *Johnston's Collection*, No. 70.

Your

Your letter would have given me the greatest pleasure of any thing I have ever met with, had it not been for the complaints you make of your health, which give me a most sensible concern, as they ought to do every body that has any regard for this kingdom. I hope the good weather will set you right, and that the *Summer* will induce you to visit this northern part of the world. I fear I have by this time tired out your patience with female impertinence, and given you too great reason to change the favourable thoughts you did me the honour to entertain of me; I will forbear to be longer troublesome to you, only I beg leave to add my best wishes for your good health, that you may live many years to be a blessing to mankind in general, and this country in particular. I am, with the highest esteem, and greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLVII.

Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Esq; *

SIR,

St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, March 15th, 1737-8.

I DID not receive your letter of the 4th till yesterday. It was sent after me to *London*, and from thence returned to *Oxford*.

I am much concerned that I cannot see you before you go to *Ireland*, because I intended to have sent by you a packet for the Dean. It has been no fault of mine that he has not heard from me. I have written two letters for him (both inclosed to Mrs. *Whiteway*) since I received the manuscript from lord *Orrery*. I wrote again to Mrs. *Whiteway*, when I was last week in *London*, to acquaint her, that I would write to the Dean by a friend of mine, who is going for *Ireland* in a few days. I do not wonder my letters by the post have been intercepted, since they wholly related to the publication of ———— †, which, I am assured, is a matter by no means agreeable to some of our great men, nor indeed to some of the Dean's particular friends in *London*. In short, I have been obliged to defer this publication till I can have the Dean's answer to satisfy the objections

* Then at *Monmouth*.

† Dr. *Swift's* History of the four last years of Q. *Anne*.

which

which have been made by some of his friends. I had likewise a particular reason of my own for deferring this work a few months, which I have acquainted the Dean with.

I must beg the favour of you to leave behind you the copy of the *Toast*, at least to shew it to nobody in *Ireland*: for as I am upon the point of accommodating my suit, the publication of the book would greatly prejudice my affairs at this juncture. But this is a caution I believe I needed not have given you.

Your friends in the Hall are all well. We are now very full.

Believe me to be, Sir, your most affectionate and most humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Notwithstanding your letter, I am still in some hopes of seeing you before you go for *Ireland*.

LETTER CLVIII.

Alderman BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

MOST DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND, London, March 13th, 1738.

IT was with great pleasure I received yours of the 9th of *March*, with the state of your health, which was the more agreeable, as it contradicted the various reports we had of you; for you remember that our news-papers take the privilege of killing all persons they do not like as often as they please. I have had the honour to be decently interred about six times in their weekly memoirs, which I always read with great satisfaction.

I am very well satisfied with your character of Mr. *Dunkin*, and desire that he would *immediately* draw up a petition in form, directed to the governor, &c. which petition I desire that you only would underwrite, with your recommendation, and a character of him; which you will please to send to me, to be made use of at my discretion. He need not come over, but inform me, as soon as possible, of Dr. *Squire's* death.

I have made your compliments to lord and lady *Oxford*, who are both well, and rejoiced to hear of your health. They give you their thanks for your remembrance, and are your faithful friends.

His lordship is very well pleased with your present of the medals, and desires you would send them by the first safe hand that comes over. Is it not shocking that that noble lord, who has no vices (except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so) has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? and that estate of his produces near 20,000 *l.* a year. I say, is it not shocking! But indeed most of our nobility with great estates are in the same way. My lord *Burlington* is now selling, in one article, 9000 *l.* a year in *Ireland*, for 200,000 *l.* which won't pay his debts.

Dr. *Mead* is proud of your compliments, and returns his thanks and service.

Mr. *Lewis* I have not seen, but hear he is pretty well.

Mr. *Ford*, I am told, is the most regular man living; for from his lodgings to the *Mall*—to the *Cocoa*—to the tavern—to bed, is his constant course.

These cold winds of late have affected me; but as the warm weather is coming on, I hope to be better than I am, though, I thank God, I am now in better health than I have been in for many years. Among the other blessings I enjoy, I am of a chearful disposition, and I laugh, and am laughed at in my turn, which helps off the tedious hours.

I hope the *Spring* will have a good effect upon you, and will help your hearing and other infirmities, and that I shall have the pleasure to hear so from your own hands.

You will please to observe that I am proud of every occasion of shewing my gratitude to you, Sir, to whom I must ever own the greatest obligations.

Pray God bless you and preserve you, and believe me always, dear Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

L E T T E R CLIX.

ALEXANDER M'AULAY, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

April 13, 1738.

I HAVE received your letter of this date, and will wait upon you to-morrow morning. I am extremely sorry to find you meet with any thing that affects or perplexes you. I hope I shall never be guilty of such black ingratitude as to omit any opportunity of doing you every good office in my power.

I am, with the greatest esteem and gratitude, Rev. Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant;

ALEXANDER M'AULAY..

L E T T E R CLX.

Dr. KING to DEANE SWIFT, Esq;

DEAR SIR,

St. Mary-Hall, Oxon, April 25, 1738.

I HAVE just received your letter by Mr. *Birt*, for which I thank you. 'Tis now more than a month since I wrote to Mrs. *Whiteway*, to acquaint the Dean with the difficulties I met with in regard to the publication of his History, and to desire his advice and directions in what manner I should proceed. I have not yet had any answer; and till I receive one, I can do nothing more. I may probably hear from *Ireland* before you leave *Monmouth*; in which case I may trouble you with a packet.

I am pretty much of your opinion about the old poets, and perhaps may confirm you in your whimsies (as you call them) when I have the pleasure of seeing you here again. I heartily wish you a good journey and voyage: but methinks I can hardly excuse you for having been so long absent from us. I wish you had returned to this place, tho' for one week; because I might have talked over with you all the affair of the History, about which I have been much condemned: and no wonder, since the Dean has continually expressed his dissatisfaction that I have so long delayed the publica-

VOL. IV.

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tion of it. However, I have been in no fault: on the contrary, I have consulted the Dean's honour, and the safety of his person. In a word, the publication of this work, as excellent as it is, would involve the printer, publisher, author, and every one concerned, in the greatest difficulties, if not in a certain ruin; and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to omit some of the characters.

I thank you for the promise you make me concerning the *Toast*.

Your friends here are all well. Believe me, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

LETTER CLXI.

Miss RICHARDSON to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Belturbet, May 6, 1738.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter last post. I was deprived of having that pleasure sooner by removing from *Summerseat* to this place the beginning of last month, where I was sent for by my father, to attend him in a fit of the gout, of which he has been very ill these three months past. My sister, who takes care of him and his family, being near the time of her lying in, I trouble you with this account, that you may know how I am engaged at present, which I fear will prevent my having an opportunity of waiting upon you before my uncle returns.

I most humbly thank you for your kind invitation, and do heartily wish it were any way in my power to let you know the grateful sense I have of my obligations to you. I hope the Dean of *St. Patrick's* is very well: it would have given me infinite pleasure to have had the honour of being in his company with you.

When I parted with my uncle, he proposed to make but a short stay in *England* at this time; and at his return he intended to leave nothing undone that he could think of to prevail with the Dean and you to spend some time at his house this summer. I hope you will be so good as to give him all the assistance you can to persuade the Dean to take that jaunt: I
really

really believe it would do him great service as to his health : I please myself greatly with the thoughts of having you there, and your daughter, who I believe to be a very accomplished young lady, having had the happiness to be educated under your direction. I beg you will make my compliments to her ; and be assured that I am, with great respect, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXII.

Lord ORRERY to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

June 13, 1738.

I AM engaged to-morrow at dinner ; but I will try to put it off, and send you word in the morning whether I can meet Mrs. *Whiteway* or not.

To shew you what a generous rival I am (now I am sure of the lady) I should be glad to carry down a letter from you to my mistress on *Friday*. She never drinks any wine ; but she told me the other day, to do you good, she would drink a bottle. I wish you would insist on it, that I might see whether wine would alter the sweetness of her temper, for I am sure nothing else can.

I rejoice to find there is some little amendment in your health, and I pray God to encrease it.

ORRERY.

L E T T E R CLXIII.

Lord ORRERY to Dr. S W I F T.

DEAR SIR,

June 29, 1738.

I HAVE but this paper left, and how can I employ it better than in triumphing over my rival. *Mea est Lavinia conjux*. To-morrow Mrs. *Hami'ton* gives me her heart and hand for ever. Do I live to see the day when toupets, coxcomical lords, powdered squires, and aukward beaux join with the Dean of *St. Patrick's* in the loss of one and the same object? My happiness is too great, and in pity to you I will add no more than that I hope to see grief for this loss strongly wrote in your face even twenty years hence. Adieu, your generous rival,

ORRERY.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

Alderman B A R B E R to Dr. S W I F T.

MOST HONOURED AND WORTHY SIR,

London, July 2, 1738.

I HAVE deferred answering the favours of yours of the 9th and 31st of *March*, in hopes to have something to entertain you with, and I have succeeded in my wishes; for I am sure I give you great pleasure when I tell you the inclosed I received from the hands of my lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Pope*, your dearest friends. My lord has been here a few days, and is come to sell *Dawley*, to pay his debts; and he will return to *France*, where, I am told, he is writing the History of his own Times; which I heartily rejoice at (though I am not likely to live to see it published) because so able a hand can do nothing but what must be instructive and entertaining to the next generation. His lordship is fat and fair, in high spirits; but joins with you, and all good men, to lament our present unhappy situation. Mr. *Pope* has a cold, and complains, but he is very well; so well, that he throws out a twelve-penny touch in a week or ten days, with as much ease as a friend of ours formerly used to roast the enemies to their country.

The

The report of the duke of *Ormond's* return is without foundation. His grace is very well in health, and lives in a very handsome manner, and has Mr. *Kelly* with him as his chaplain, the gentleman who escaped out of the *Tower*. A worthy friend of yours and mine passed through *Avignon* about a month since, and dined with his Grace, from whom I have what I tell you.

I hear nothing of Dr. *Squire's* departure : I believe I may say that matter is secured for Mr. *Dunkin*.

I have seen lord and lady *Oxford*, who make you their compliments. He thanks you for your medals. I believe I told you he is selling *Wimple*, to pay off a debt of 100,000 *l*. That a man without any vice, should run out such a sum, is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough.

Lord *Bathurst* is heartily yours ; so is Mr. *Lewis*, who wears apace, and the more (would you believe it ?) since the loss of his wife.

I do not see lord — in an age : his son is married, and proves bad enough ; ill-natured and proud, and very little in him. Our friend *Ford* lives in the same way, as constant as the sun, from the *Cocoa-tree* to the *Park*, to the tavern, to bed, &c.

So far in the historical way, to obey your several commands. You will now give me leave to hope this will find you free from all your complaints, and that I shall have the great pleasure of seeing it very quickly under your own hand. I thank God, I am better than I have been many years, but yet have many complaints ; for my asthma sticks close by me, but less gout than formerly, so that though I cannot walk far, I ride daily, and eat and drink heartily at noon ; and I impute my being so much better to my drinking constantly the asses milk, which is the best specifick we have. I wish to God you would try it, I am sure it would do you much good. I take it betimes in the morning, which certainly gives me a little sleep, and often a small breathing or sweat.

If Mr. *Richardson* has not made you his acknowledgments for your great favour and friendship to him, he is much to blame ; for to you he owes the continuance of his employment. An alderman of *Derry* came from thence on purpose to attach him, and he had many articles of impeachment ; and I believe he had twenty, out of twenty-four, of our Society against him : and the cry has been against him for two or three years past,

and I had no way to save him many times, but only by saying, that while I had the honour to preside in that chair, I would preserve the great privilege every *Englishman* had, of being heard before he was condemned : and I never put any question against him while he was in *Ireland*. Well, he came ; and, after a long and tedious hearing of both sides, the Society were of opinion, that he had acted justly and honourably in his office.

I do not deal in politicks ; I have left them off a long while, only we talk much of war, which I do not believe a word on. A fair lady in *Germany* has put the —— in good humour they say.

I shall trouble you no more at present, but to assure you I never think of you but with the utmost pleasure, and drink your health daily, and heartily pray for your long, long life, as you are an honour to your country, and will be the glory of the present and succeeding ages.

I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER CLXV.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

July 25, 1738.

THERE are but very few things would give me a greater concern than the Dean of *St. Patrick's* becoming indifferent towards me ; and yet I fear one of those few things is the cause I have not had a line from you since I came hither. I beseech you ease me of my present pain, by telling me that you are well ; that summer, which hath but lately reached us here, hath invited you, and tempted you to ride again.

If any thing occurs to you I can do, that is agreeable to you, if you have the least inclination to oblige me, you will let me know it.

My hurry here is almost over ; but one affair or other will detain me till the latter end of *October*, if I get away then. I cannot say I pass my time disagreeably. I have had some opportunities of doing good offices ; and, when I am not disengaged by business, I live with a few friends that I love, and love me, and, for the most part, go every week with one of them to the country for two or three days.

Your friend *Bolingbroke* is well, and at present with Mr. *Pope*. I am told he has sold *Dawly*. Alderman *Barber*, who has promised me to write
to

to you by the next post, tells me his lordship enquired much about you and your health. The alderman plays his cards so as that his credit in the city daily encreases. There is nothing but the vacancy wanting to put Mr. *Dunkin* in possession of the parish of *Colrain*.

I hear you have seen *Pope's* fifth Dialogue, 1738. Have you seen his Universal Prayer? This second Dialogue, together with a copy of the inscription intended by the old duchess of *Marlborough* for a statue she is to erect of queen *Anne*, and a few lines attributed to lord *Chesterfield*, on another subject, wait on you inclosed.

Believe that I love as much as I admire you; and that I am, with the most perfect respect, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

This packet goes franked by the secretary of the foreign office, who can frank any weight.

I expect the prime serjeant * here this night in his way to *France*.

L E T T E R CLXVI.

The Bishop of *FERN* † to Dr. *SWIFT*.

SIR,

September 18, 1738.

A MESSAGE which I just now received from you by Mr. *Hughes*, gives me some hopes of being restored to my old place. Formerly I was your minister *in musicis*: but when I grew a great man (and by the by you helped to make me so) you turned me off. If you are pleased again to employ me, I shall be as faithful and observant as ever.

I have heard Mr. *Hughes* sing often at *Percival's* ‡, and have a good opinion of his judgment: so has *Percival*, who, in these affairs, is infallible. His voice is not excellent, but will do: and, if I mistake not, he has one good quality, not very common with the musical gentlemen, *i. e.* he is desirous to improve himself. If *Mason* and *Lamb* were of his temper, they would be as fine fellows as they think themselves. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

EDWARD FERNS.

* *Singleten*.

† Dr. *Synge*.

‡ At Dean *Percival's*.

L E T T E R CLXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MR. *Swift's* gimcracks of cups and balls *, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniences attended; for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old humdrum way. Give me a *full and true* account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Oct. 3d or 4th, or rather as the butler says, the second on *Tuesday* 1738.

My service to all your litter, I mean Mrs. *Harrison*, &c. but you will call this high treason. I am still very lame of *that* left foot. I expect to see as many of you as you please.

* A box of soap and a brush.

L E T T E R CLXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Nov. 27, 1738.

I NEVER liked a letter from you on your usual days of coming here, for it always brings me bad news. I am heartily sorry for your son's continuing his illness, and that you have now two patients in your house. In the mean time pray take care of your health, chiefly your wicked cholic, and Mrs. *Harrison's* disposition to a fever. I hope at least things will be better on *Thursday* †, else I shall be full of the spleen, because it is a day you seem to regard, although I detest it, and I read the third chapter of *Job* that morning ‡. I am deafer than when you saw me last, and indeed am quite cast down. My hearty love and service to Mrs. *Harrison*. I thoroughly pity you in your present circumstances. I am ever yours entirely. God support you!

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CLXIX.

Miss RICHARDSON to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

Belturbet, November 29, 1738.

IT was a very unequal match that the Dean and you should join in a plot against my uncle and me: you could not fail of carrying your point. Any thing the Dean hath a hand in, is done in the most genteel and surprising manner. I fairly own I am caught: I would be glad to know what my uncle will think of himself when he hears the part he acted in it. I have been so well accustomed to receive presents of value from him, that I thought it had been a piece of edging, or some light thing, which he had committed to your care to be forwarded to me. Never was I so surprized as I was when I read your letter, to think I had received a present from so great a person as the Dean; but when I looked upon it, and knew

† Dr. *Swift's* birth-day.

‡ This chapter he always read upon his birth-day.

the expence it must be to him, I was quite confounded: it was too great an honour for me, who can never deserve the least favour from him: it is a most beautiful diamond; I own I am proud of finery now, which I never was in my life before. I am highly obliged to you for your improvement of the ring: the Dean's hair and name have made it a treasure to me, and I really believe it will be thought so a thousand years hence, if it can be kept so long. I am sure it shall by me, as long as I live, with as much care as I keep my eyes, while I have them to look upon it.

My sister, who had the honour of waiting upon you in town, and brought me the ring very safe, is full of acknowledgments for your civilities to her, and returns you her most sincere thanks, with her humble service. Pray give mine most affectionately to Miss *Harrison*. I am, dear Madam, your most obliged and most humble servant,

KATH. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CLXX.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, January 2d, 1738-9.

I AM called upon, by many provocations, to prefer a bill of indictment against you, and a female accomplice of yours*; for that by the use of means very uncommon, which were in your power only, you have turned the head of a well-meaning country girl of plain sense, who had been very useful to me, and esteemed by her acquaintance. I have seen of late many symptoms of her disorder: it is true, that the fascination of your works had before operated strongly upon her; for scarce any opportunity occurred but she poured forth her admiration of the author, and can repeat without book all your poems better than her catechism; however, she could attend to domestic affairs, and give proper directions about matters in the kitchen and larder, &c. and when she did not pore upon your writings, or some other books (I cannot say of the like kind) she was at work, or seeing that things in her province were as they should be: but now truly it appears she apprehends that heretofore she had not discovered her own value and im-

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

portance.

portance. To be taken notice of by a person she has long thought to be the greatest genius any age hath produced, and whom she worshippeth with an adoration that to any mortal rises almost to idolatry, hath, it is much to be feared, transported her with conceit and vanity, and where it will end, I know not. What you have done proceeded, no doubt, from a malicious intention towards me, as well as the poor girl; and I resent it accordingly, as I hope she will do when she returns to her senses.

I was greatly rejoiced, dear Sir, to learn from the prime-serjeant *Singleton*, that he found you extremely well in every respect, except your hearing; and in that he said you were much better than he expected. That man, who has as true a heart as I ever met with, most intirely loves as well as admires you.

This place affords no news at present. I am detained by affairs of importance that relate to my friends, and cannot yet say when they will allow me to return. I pass my time, now and then, with some of Mr. *Pope's* most intimate friends; and although I would have great pleasure in being known to him, that of the present age comes next to you in fame, I shall not be introduced to him, unless I shall have the honour not to be thought wholly unworthy to deliver him a letter from the Dean of *St. Patrick's*.

Alderman *Barber* got a fall in his parlour on his hip, by his foot getting into a hole of the carpet; it brought a fit of the gout upon him, and he is still somewhat lame in his hip; but otherwise in very good health and spirits.

Doctor *Squire* holds out surprizingly: as soon as the vacancy shall happen, I will have notice, and there is no doubt but Mr. *Dunkin* will succeed him.

I am ever, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and respect, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

L E T T E R CLXXI.

Dr. K I N G to Dr. S W I F T.

S I R,

St. Mary-Hall, Oxford, January 5th, 1738-9.

A T length I have put *Rocheffaucault* to the press, and about ten or twelve days hence it will be published. But I am in great fear lest you should dislike the liberties I have taken. Although I have done nothing without the advice and approbation of those among your friends in this country, who love and esteem you most, and zealously interest themselves in every thing that concerns your character. As they are much better judges of mankind than I am, I very readily submitted to their opinion; however, if after having received the printed copies, which I will send you next week, you shall still resolve to have the poem published as intire as you put it into my hands, I will certainly obey your commands, if I can find a proper person to undertake the work. I shall go to *London* the latter end of the next week, when I'll write to you by a private hand more fully than I can venture to do by the post.

I was at *Twickenham* in the *Christmas* week. Mr. *Pope* had just then received a letter from you, and I had the pleasure of hearing you were well and in good spirits. May those good spirits continue with you to the last hour!

Believe me to be, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

Pray do me the honour to present my most humble service to Mrs. *Whiteway*.

L E T T E R C L X X I I .

DEANE SWIFT, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R,

Jan. 12, 1738-9.

I HAD so great an honour conferred upon me yesterday, that I know not how to express the obligations I lie under for it, unless by endeavouring to make myself worthy of your present, I can demonstrate to the world that I daily improve in wisdom and knowledge, by studying in those books, which since the beginning of my life I have for ever esteemed to be a compleat library of taste, wit, poetry, and politicks; yes, and in spite of dullness and prejudice, I will venture to say of religion also. This I am sure of, that so great a present from so great a person, and in a manner so handsome and extraordinary, it is absolutely impossible I should ever be honoured with again. I always thought I added to my own reputation whenever I pointed out some of those excellencies which shine through every page of them. But to be thought worthy of receiving them from your hands, was infinitely beyond even what my vanity could hope for. I have flattered myself for many years, that to the best of my power I have continually fought under the banners of Liberty, and that I have been ready, at a moment's call, either to lay down my life in the defence of it, or whenever there should appear any probability of success, to vindicate and assert that claim, which every man in every country has by nature a right to insist upon; but whatever principles have guided my actions hitherto, I shall from this moment insist myself under the conduct of Liberty's General; and whenever I desert her ensigns, to fight under those of Tyranny and Oppression, then, and not till then, will I part with those books which you have so highly honoured me with, and cast them into the flames, that I may never afterwards be reproached either by the sight of them, or the remembrance of the donor. I am, Sir, with the highest esteem, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

LETTER CLXXIII.

Dr. KING to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, Jan. 23d, 1738-9.

I HOPE you received a letter I wrote to you from *Oxford* about the thirtieth of last month, in which I acquainted you with the publication of *Rockefaucault*; and as I interest myself most heartily in every thing that concerns your character as an author, so I take great pleasure in telling you, that none of your works have been better received by the public than this poem. I observe this with more than ordinary satisfaction, because I may urge the approbation of the public as some kind of apology for myself, if I shall find you are dissatisfied with the form in which this poem now appears. But if that should happen, all the rest of your friends on this side of the water must share the blame with me; for I have absolutely conformed myself to their advice and opinion as to the manner of the publication. There are some lines, indeed, which I omitted with a very ill will, and for no other reason, but because I durst not insert them, I mean the story of the medals; however, that incident is pretty well known, and care has been taken that almost every reader may be able to supply the blanks. That part of the poem which mentions the death of queen *Anne*, and so well describes the designs of the ministry, which succeeded upon the accession of the late king, I would likewise willingly have published, if I could have done it with safety; but I don't know whether the present worthy set of ministers would not have construed this passage into high treason, by aid of the new doctrine of innuendos: at least a lawyer, whom I consulted on this occasion, gave me some reason to imagine this might be the case. I am in truth more cautious than I used to be, well knowing that my superiors look on me at present with a very evil eye, as I am the reputed author of the *Latin* poem I have sent you by the same gentleman, who does me the favour to deliver you this letter: for although that piece hath escaped the state inquisition, by being written in a language that is not at present very well understood at court, and might perhaps puzzle the attorney-general to explain, yet the scope of the poem and principal characters being well understood, the author must hereafter expect no mercy, if he give his enemies any grounds or colour

colour to attack him. But notwithstanding all my caution, if I perceive you dislike this manner and form of the poem, I will, some way or other, contrive that it may be published as you shall direct.

I send you my best wishes, and I hope you will yet live many years in a perfect state, for the sake of your friends, for the benefit of your country, and for the honour of mankind; and I beg you to believe that I am, with the greatest truth, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

W. K.

LETTER CLXXIV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

January 30, 1738-9.

A VERY kind letter, which I have just received from you, has put me into great confusion. I beg of you to be assured, that I think myself under the highest obligations to you, and that I set a true value on the friendship with which you have honoured me, and shall endeavour to preserve it as long as I live. If our correspondence has been interrupted, it hath been wholly owing to the ill treatment I received from the post-office; for some time I did not receive a letter that had not been opened, and very often my letters were delivered to me with the seals torn off. Whether those post-officers really thought me, what I never thought myself, a man of importance, or whether they imagined my letters were a cover for some greater name, I don't know; but for my part, I grew peevish, to find my friendships, and all my little chit-chat, must constantly be exposed to the view of every dirty fellow, that had leisure or curiosity enough to examine my letters. However, for some little time past, I have not had the same cause of complaint. Your letter was delivered to me in good condition; I begin to think my superiors no longer suspect me of holding any unwarrantable correspondence, especially since I find I may now venture to write to the Dean even by the *Oxford* post. Notwithstanding what you say, I am in some pain about *Rocheaucault*, and doubt much whether he will be satisfied with the manner in which he finds it published; to which I con-

ferred

presented in deference to Mr. *Poë's* judgment, and the opinion of others of the Dean's friends in this country, who, I am sure, love and honour him, and kindly concern themselves in every thing that may affect him. The town has received this piece so well, that in all parts, and in all companies, I hear it extremely commended; and not only the Dean's friends, but his greatest enemies, acknowledge that he hath not lost any part of his fire, and of that inimitable turn of wit and humour so peculiar to himself. For my part, I never read any of his works, either in prose or verse, that I do not call to mind that short character which cardinal *Polignac* gave him in speaking to me, *Il a l'esprit createur*, which I mentioned to you in a former letter, if I remember rightly. It may not be amiss to tell you, that one *Gally*, or *Gaillie*, since this poem was printed, offered it to sale to a bookseller at *Temple-bar*; and I am now told, that there are two or three copies more in *London*. *Gaillie* pretends that he is just come from *Ireland*, and that he had directions to publish the poem here; so that perhaps the whole may at last appear whether he will or not.

I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. *Swift* is well. When are we to see him again in *Oxford*? Since you appeal to him for a voucher, although you need none with me, let him likewise do me the justice to tell you, that he never heard me mention your name but with the greatest esteem and respect; with which I shall ever be, Madam, your most obedient and most faithful servant,

W. K.

I sent the Dean a packet by the gentleman under whose cover I send you this.

L E T T E R CLXXV.

Dr. KING to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

London, March 6, 1738-9.

I DO not remember any thing published in my time that hath been so universally well received as the Dean's last poem. Two editions have been already sold off, though two thousand were printed at first. In short, all people read it, all agree to commend it; and I have been well assured, the greatest enemies the Dean hath in this country, allow it to be a just and a beautiful satire. As I am very sincerely and sensibly affected by every thing that may raise the Dean's character as a writer (if any thing can raise it higher) so you may believe I have had the greatest pleasure in observing the success and general approbation which this poem hath met with; wherefore I was not a little mortified yesterday when the bookseller brought me the *Dublin* edition, and at the same time put into my hands a letter he had received from *Faulkner*, by which I perceive the Dean is much dissatisfied with our manner of publication, and that so many lines have been omitted, if *Faulkner* speaks truth, and knows as much of the Dean's mind as he pretends to know. *Faulkner* hath sent over several other copies to other booksellers; so that I take it for granted this poem will soon be reprinted here from the *Dublin* edition, and then it may be perceived how much the Dean's friends have been mistaken in their judgment, however good their intentions have been. In the mean time I will write to you on this occasion without any reserve; for I know you love the Dean, and kindly and zealously interest yourself in every thing that concerns his character; and if you will believe the same of me, you will do me great justice.

The Doctor's friends, whom I consulted on this occasion, were of opinion, that the latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain, if so much were said by himself of himself. They were unwilling that any imputation of this kind should lie against this poem, considering there is not the least tincture of vanity appearing in any of his former writings, and that it is well known, there is no man living more free from that fault than he is.

They were of opinion that these lines,

He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.

No individual could resent

Where thousands equally were meant——

might be liable to some objections, and were not, strictly speaking, a just part of his character; because several persons have been lashed by name, a *Bettesworth*; and in this poem *Chartres* and *Whitshed*; and for my part, I do not think, or ever shall think, that it is an imputation on a satirist to lash an infamous fellow by name. The lines which begin,

Here's Wolston's tracts the twelfth edition, &c.

are plainly a mistake, and were omitted for that reason only: for *Wolston* never had a pension; on the contrary, he was prosecuted for his blasphemous writings; his book was burnt by the hands of the common hangman; he himself was imprisoned, and died in prison. *Woolaston*, the author of a book called, *The Religion of Nature delineated*, was indeed much admired at Court, his book universally read, his busto set up by the late queen in her grotto at *Richmond* with *Clarke's* and *Locke's*; but this *Woolaston* was not a clergyman.

The two last lines,

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,

I wish it soon may have a better——

I omitted, because I did not well understand them; a *better* what?—— There seems to be what the grammarians call an *antecedent* wanting for that word; for neither *kingdom* or *debtor* will do, so as to make it sense, and there is no other antecedent. The Dean is, I think, without exception, the best and most correct writer of *English* that hath ever yet appeared as an author; I was therefore unwilling any thing should be cavilled at as ungrammatical: he is besides the most patient of criticism of all I ever knew; which perhaps is not the least sign of a great genius——I have therefore ventured to make these objections to you; in which however, for the most part, I submitted my own opinion to the judgment of others. I had something to add concerning the notes, but I have not room in this paper—but I will give you the trouble of reading another letter. Believe me, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. K.

L E T T E R C L X X V I .

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

London, April 5, 1739.

I AM indeed much ashamed that I have so many favours from you to acknowledge at one time. You may believe me when I assure you that my silence hath not proceeded from want of respect and esteem for you. I would not put on the affectation of much business as an excuse to any body, much less to you; although the truth is, that I am hurried almost out of my life with the attendance and writing about things I have undertaken for some friends.

The Dean's recommendation and yours, without any other consideration whatever, would induce me to do my utmost to serve Mr. *M^cAulay*, as I have told him by this post, when I thought I should not trouble you with a few lines. He will acquaint you with what I have done, by which you will see that I lost no time; and I have hopes to obtain the lord lieutenant's countenance for him.

I will endeavour to introduce Mr. *Swift* * to the acquaintance of some persons before I leave this; whose countenance and friendship will at least give a young gentleman a good air——his own merit entitles him to the esteem and regard of such as shall have the happiness to be acquainted with him: I am much obliged to you for introducing me to him. I have only time to add my most hearty thanks for the same, and to assure you that any opportunity of expressing the esteem I have for the Dean, which is the highest, and for you, will ever give me the greatest pleasure. I am, Madam, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

* *William Swift*, Esq; then a student at the *Middle Temple*.

L E T T E R C L X X V I I .

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R S I R ,

London, April the 10th, 1739.

IT is an age since I had the honour of a line from you. Your friend Mr. alderman *Barber*, whose veneration for you prompts him to do any thing he can think of that can shew his respect and affection, made a present to the university of *Oxford* of the original picture done for you by *Jarvis*, to do honour to the university by your being placed in the gallery among the most renowned and distinguished personages this island hath produced; but first had a copy taken, and then had the original set in a fine rich frame, and sent it to *Oxford*, after concerting with lord *Bolingbroke*, the vice chancellor, and Mr. *Pope*, as I remember, the inscription to be under the picture, a copy whereof is inclosed. The alderman had a very handsome compliment from the vice chancellor, in the name of all the heads of houses there, and by their direction, wherein there is most honourable mention of the Dean of *St. Patrick's* on that occasion.

Seeing an article in the *London Evening-Post* upon your picture, which was drawn at the request and expence of the chapter of your cathedral, being put up in the deanry; alderman *Barber* took the hint, and caused what you see in the *London Evening-Post* of this day to be printed therein. He knows nothing of my writing to you at this time; but I thought it right that you should be acquainted how intent he is, all-manner of ways, to shew the effects of the highest friendship, kindled to a flame by the warmest sense of gratitude, and the most exalted esteem and veneration.

Mrs. *Whiteway*, and Mr. *M'Aulay*, can inform you how absolute your commands are with me. Since you recommend him, he is sure of the utmost I can do for him.

Sir, if I have not a few words from you, I shall conclude that you think me troublesome, and are resolved to get rid of my impertinence. It will be two or three months before I can get from hence, although I am impatient to be at home: but wherever I am, or however engaged, I am always, dear Sir, your most obliged and most truly faithful servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

My best respects wait upon Mrs. *Whiteway*.

L E T T E R CLXXVIII.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Esq; to Dr. SWIFT.

D E A R S I R,

London, April 17, 1739.

I WROTE this morning to Mrs. *Whiteway* a few lines in much hurry, and I write this to you in *Guildhall*, by alderman *Barber's* direction. Beside a letter from you to the Society, whose address is in Mrs. *Whiteway's* letter, he thinks a memorial or petition from Mr. *Dunkin* to the Society will be of use; and if you write to Mr. *Pope*, the alderman thinks he will get one vote, which he can fix no way of obtaining but through *Pope*. I am ever, dear Sir, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

I should think it would be right in Mr. *Dunkin* to come over the moment he hears of *Squires's* death. I wrote by this post to a nephew, to let you know the moment he dies, if the life should be in him when my letter goes to him.

L E T T E R CLXXIX.

Dr. DUNKIN to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

M A D A M,

April 25, 1739.

AS it was through your countenance I had the honour of being first introduced to the most worthy Dean of *St. Patrick*, I must have thought myself under the highest obligation to you; but the continuance of your friendship, through so many repeated acts of generosity, and the course of his gracious endeavours to raise my reputation and fortune, are such things as I must ever remember and express with a very deep sense of gratitude.

The fatigue of writing so many letters lately in my favour, was indeed what I could not in reason expect even from his humanity, were I worthy of them; and I can only say, the Dean of *St. Patrick* is unwearied in doing good, and that He who could rise to preserve a nation, will descend to relieve an individual.

The

The sense of my own demerit, and the just awe in which I stand before so great and good a man, will not allow me either that freedom of speech or writing, which is requisite to let him understand with what love, veneration, and respect of his person, I reflect upon the many instances of his tender concern and uncommon zeal for my welfare. This is a duty I most earnestly wish, but am altogether unable to perform, and such as I intreat you, dear Madam, to undertake for me; your compliance in which will be yet another, among the many and weighty obligations laid upon your most dutiful, obedient, devoted servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

LETTER CLXXX.

Mr. Secretary L——— * to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

London, May 16, 1739.

I CANNOT let Mr. *Swift* return to *Ireland* without my acknowledgements to you for the favour you have done Mr. *Lamb*. I know that I ought to ascribe it wholly to Mr. *Pope*'s recommendation, as I have not the happiness to be known to you myself; but give me leave to take this occasion of assuring you how much I wish to be in the number of your friends. I think I can be so even at this distance, and though we should never come to a nearer acquaintance; for the reputation of some men is amiable, and one can love their characters, without knowing their persons.

If it could ever be in my power to do you any service in this country, the employing me in it would be a new favour to, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

G. L———.

* Now lord L———.

L E T T E R C L X X X I .

Dr. S C O T T to Dr. S W I F T.

REV. SIR,

London, Sept. 7, 1739.

ALTHOUGH I do not imagine that you have any remembrance of a person so little known to you as I am, yet I have taken the liberty to draw a kind of bill of friendship upon you, which I am inclined to believe you will answer, because it is in favour of that kingdom, to which you have always stood a sincere and firm friend. We have had here, for some years past, a number of anatomical figures, prepared in wax, which perfectly exhibit all the parts of an human body. They are the work of a *French* surgeon, who spent above forty years in preparing them, and who, to bring them to perfection, was at the trouble and expence of dissecting some hundreds of bodies. The present proprietor of them is my friend, and it was by my persuasion that he was prevailed on to send them into *Ireland* for the instruction of the curious. I presume you have seen them in *London*, and therefore I am inclined to think you will be of opinion, that a person may gain more perfect knowledge in anatomy, by viewing these preparations only a few times, than he would by attending many dissections. Your encouraging such of your acquaintance as are curious to see these figures, would greatly excite the curiosity of others. This is the favour I have taken the liberty to desire of you, and which I believe you will be the more readily inclined to grant, when I have assured you, that the person who has the care of the figures, has it in his instructions to return the money that may be got by exposing them to view, in *Irish* linen, so that the kingdom will be no way impoverished by the small expence which gentlemen may be at in procuring useful instruction, or gratifying their curiosity. If the request I have made be such as you can't favour, my next is, that you will grant me your pardon for having made it.

I intend, God willing, to go into *Ireland* next spring, after the publication of a work which I have been engaged in for some years past, for the silencing of all infidels, heretics, schismatics of all kinds, and enthusiasts. I thought it necessary, because in the way that the controversy has been hitherto managed against such people, the truth has been rather puzzled

and perplexed than cleared, christianity has been betrayed, and all true religion lost in the world. I have advanced no one new opinion of my own; what I have set forth is what was clearly set forth in the scriptures from the beginning. I mean in the original scriptures of the Old Testament, so interpreted as to make them every where consistent with themselves; and to shew that the interpretations I have given are not only the true interpretations, but that the scriptures so interpreted are the revealed word of God. I have demonstrated the truth of them by natural evidence, or by the works of God, and that the works bear evidence to nothing but the truth; that these revealed truths so demonstrated are unquestionable and undeniable; and that they are the only powerful motives by which men are not only moved but enlightened and enabled to mortify all their lusts, which blind and deceive them here, and will be their everlasting tormentors hereafter, but to work the works of charity, and of that perfect righteousness which is of faith: so that the whole of all true religion, which has been one and the same in all ages, will appear to consist in the mortifications of our bodily and spiritual lusts, which withhold men from the works of righteousness; and in the belief of those demonstrative truths, by which alone we are enlightened, enabled, and moved to subdue them; and in observing those natural memorials, which God hath set before us, and in partaking of those reverential ordinances which he hath instituted to put us in mind of what we ought to do, in order to eternal life and the motives for so doing. I ask pardon for this digression; and if you have any commands that I am capable of executing here, if you will let me have the honour of receiving them, I shall take great pleasure in obeying you; for I am, with the greatest respect and truth, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

L E T T E R CLXXXII.

Reverend Mr. T H R O P to Dr. S W I F T.

REV. SIR,

Dec. 10, 1739.

THE many professions of kindness you have made, and friendship you have shewn, to my mother and her family, particularly in declaring your abhorrence and detestation of the cruel and inhuman behaviour of that monster — to my unfortunate and innocent brother, induced my mother to trouble you with a few of the narratives of that case, to disperse among such members of the house of commons as were of your acquaintance. The reason of our troubling you to do this, is because we intend presenting a petition to the members of the house of commons this session, to oblige — to waive his privilege, every other attempt we have tried since my brother's death proving fruitless.

Your appearing, Sir, in this affair, will not only make — the more ready to do justice, but prevent others from supporting him in his villainies, which will be of infinite service to my mother and her family.

The bearer carries you a dozen of cases; and if you should have occasion for any more, they shall be sent you by, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

ROBERT THROP.

I have written the names of the several persons mentioned in the narrative at length upon the back of the title page.

L E T T E R CLXXXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

MADAM,

Dec. 31, 1739.

IT is impossible to have health in such desperate weather; but you are worse used than others. Every creature of either sex are uneasy; for our kingdom is turned to be a *Muscovy*, or worse. Even I cannot do any good by walking: Is not warmth good against rheumatic pains? I hope *Deane Swift** will be able to assist you both. I wish for a happy turn in the weather. I am doubly desolate, and wish I could sleep until the sun would comfort us. Would neither your son or daughter save you the pains of writing on your back? You are much more friendly to me than a thousand of them. Adieu. I am ever yours.

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CLXXXIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

DEAR MADAM,

IAM truly and heartily glad that you are a little mended, and can lie on your belly, or side, not altogether on your back. You are much in the right not to stir, and so was *Croker* not to suffer you. I am not yet worse for the cold weather, but am angry at it. I am heartily sorry for yourself and daughter; but Mr. *Swift* dares not be sick, for his chief business is to look after you and your daughter. I walk only in my bed-chamber and closet, which hath also a fire. I am ever yours.

J. S W I F T.

New-year's day, 1739-40.

I wish you may have many and all healthy ones.

* Then married to Mrs. *Harrison*.

L E T T E R CLXXXV.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

DEAR MADAM,

Jan. 18, 1739-40.

I HAVE been many days heartily concerned for your ill health; it is now twenty-five days since we have found nothing but frost and misery, and they may continue for as many more. This day is yet the coldest of them all. Dr. *Wilson* and I are both very uneasy to find no better message from you. I received, as I was going to dinner, the inclosed letter from your beloved of —, which I shall make you happy with. It will shew you the goodness, the wisdom, the gratitude, the truth, the civility of that excellent divine, adorned with an orthography (spelling) fit for himself. Pray read it a hundred times, but return it after you have read it an hundred times. My love and service to your son and daughter; let them both read the inclosed.

I would not lose your lover's letter for 100 *l*. It must be sent back by the bearer. Let me know the exact number of lyes that are in it; but I fear that will take up your time too much. I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CLXXXVI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

Feb. 3, 1739-40.

THE bad account I had of your health for many days, or rather weeks, hath made me continually uneasy to the last degree; and Mr. *Swift*, who was with me so long yesterday, could not in conscience give me any comfort: but your kind letter hath raised my spirits in some measure. I hope we have almost done with this cursed weather, yet still my garden is all in white. I read your letter to Doctor *Wilson*, who is somewhat better, and he resolves to apply your medicine, I mean your improvements of what you prescribe to add to his surgeon's method. I am ever, dear Madam, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R C L X X X V I I .

R——T N——, Esq; * to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

M A D A M,

Bath, April 2, 1740.

I HAD not until very lately an opportunity of letting Mr. *Pope* know his obligations to you; of which he is very sensible, and has desired me to beg that you will remit to me, by a safe hand, whatever letters of his are now in your possession. I shall be in town next week; so that you may be pleased to direct to me, by the first convenient opportunity, at my house in *Dover-street, London*. I am, Madam, with great esteem, your most humble and obedient servant,

R. N.

My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. *Swift*. I shall say nothing of the picture †, because I am sure you remember it. I must beg that you will let Mr. *Bindon* ‡ know I would have the picture no more than a head upon a three-quarter cloth, to match one which I now have of Mr. *Pope*.

* Now Lord C——.

† Of Dr. *Swift*.

‡ The greatest painter of his time in these kingdoms. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil about sixteen or eighteen years ago; and afterwards lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died within these three years.

L E T T E R CLXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM,

April 29, 1740.

I FIND that you and I are fellow-sufferers almost equally in our healths, although I am more than twenty years older. But I am and have been these two days in so miserable a way, and so cruelly tortured, that can hardly be conceived. The whole last night I was equally struck as if I had been in *Phalaris's* brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. I am at this instant unable to move without excessive pain, although not the thousandth part of what I suffered all last night and this morning. This you will now style the gout. I continue still very deaf. Doctor *Wilson's* left eye is still disordered, and very uneasy. You have now your family at home: I desire to present them with my kind and hearty service.

I am ever intirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CLXXXIX.

Mrs. WHITEWAY to ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

SIR,

May 16, 1740.

SHOULD I make an apology for writing to you, I might be asked why I did so? If I have erred, my design at least is good, both to you and the Dean of *St. Patrick*; for I write in relation to my friend, and I write to his friend, which I hope will plead my excuse. As I saw a letter of yours to him, wherein I had the honour to be named, I take the liberty to tell you (with grief of heart) his memory is so much impaired, that in a few hours he forgot it; nor is his judgment sound enough, had he many tracts by him, to finish or correct them, as you have desired. His health is as good as can be expected, free from all the tortures of old age; and his deafness, lately returned, is all the bodily uneasiness he hath to complain of. A few years ago he burnt most of his writings unprinted, except a few
loose

loose papers, which are in my possession, and which I promise you (if I out-live him) shall never be made publick without your approbation. There is one treatise in his own keeping, called *Advice to Servants*, very unfinished and incorrect, yet what is done of it, hath so much humour, that it may appear as a posthumous work. The History of the four last years of queen *Anne's* reign I suppose you have seen with Dr. *King*, to whom he sent it some time ago, and, if I am rightly informed, is the only piece of his (except *Gulliver*) which he ever proposed making money by, and was given to Dr. *King* with that design, if it might be printed: I mention this to you, lest the Doctor should die, and his heirs imagine they have a right to dispose of it. I intreat, Sir, you will not take notice to any person of the hints I have given you in this letter; they are only designed for yourself: to the Dean's friends in *England* they can only give trouble, and to his enemies and starvling wits cause of triumph. I inclose this to alderman *Barber*, who I am sure will deliver it safe, yet knows nothing more than its being a paper that belongs to you.

The ceremony of answering women's letters, may perhaps make you think it necessary to answer mine; but I do not expect it, because your time either is or ought to be better employed, unless it be in my power to serve you in buying *Irish* linen, or any other command you are pleased to lay on me, which I shall execute, to the best of my capacity, with the greatest readiness, integrity, and secrecy; for whether it be my years, or a less degree of vanity in my composition than in some of my sex, I can receive such an honour from you without mentioning it. I should, some time past, have writ to you on this subject, had I not fancied that it glanced at the ambition of being thought a person of consequence, by interfering between you and the Dean; a character of all others which I dislike.

I have several of your letters to the Dean, which I will send by the first safe hand that I can get to deliver them to yourself; I believe it may be Mr. *M'Aulay*, the gentleman the Dean recommended through your friendship to the prince of *Wales*.

I believe this may be the only letter which you ever received without asking a favour, a compliment, extolling your genius, running in raptures on your poetry, or admiring your distinguishable virtue. I am, Sir, with very high respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Mr.

Mr. *Swift*, who waited on you last *Summer*, is since that married to my daughter: he desires me to present you his most obedient respects and humble thanks for the particular honour conferred upon him in permitting him to spend a day with you at *Twickenham*; a favour he will always remember with gratitude.

L E T T E R CXC.

Mr. POPE to Mrs. WHITEWAY.

MADAM,

Twickenham, June 18, 1740.

I AM extremely sensible of the favour of your letter, and very well see the kindness as well as honour which moved you to it. I have no merit for the one, but being (like yourself) a sincere friend to the Dean, though much a less useful one; for all my friendship can only operate in wishes, yours in good works. He has had the happiness to meet with such in all the stages of his life; and I hope in God and in you, that he will not want one in the last. Never imagine, Madam, that I can do otherwise than esteem that sex, which has furnished him with the best friends.

The favour you offer me, I accept with the utmost thankfulness; and I think no person more fit to convey it to my hands than Mr. *M^cAulay*, of whom I know you have so good an opinion. Indeed any one whom you think worthy your trust, I shall think deserves mine, in a point I am ever so tender of.

I wish the very small opportunity I had of shewing Mr. *Swift*, your son, my regards for him, had been greater; and I wish it now more, since he is become so near to you, for whom my respect runs hand in hand with my affection for the Dean; and I cannot wish well for the one without doing so for the other.

I turn my mind all I can from the melancholy subject of your letter. May God Almighty alleviate your concern, and his complaints, as much as possible in this state of infirmities, while he lives; and may your tenderness, Madam, prevent any thing after his death which may any way depreciate his memory. I dare say nothing of ill consequence can happen from the commission given Dr. *King*.

I

You

You see, Madam, I write to you with absolute freedom, as becomes me to the friend of my friend, and to a woman of sense and spirit. I will say no more, that you may find I treat you with the same delicacy that you do me (and for which I thank you) without the least compliment: and it is none when I add, that I am, with esteem, Madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

A. P O P E.

L E T T E R CXCI.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

I HAVE been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, That I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

I am, for those few days, yours intirely,

J. S W I F T.

If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.

If I live till *Monday*, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

L E T T E R CXCH.

Dr. S W I F T to Mrs. W H I T E W A Y.

DEAR MADAM,

January 13, 1740-41.

Y O U R son *, who was with me yesterday, and staid the whole afternoon till near ten o'clock, gave me a very melancholy account of your ill health, extremely to my grief. I send a servant with this letter, and you will please to employ Mr. *Swift* to answer it, because I am in very great pain about you; for the weather is so extremely sharp, that it must needs add to your disorders. Pray let your son or daughter write a few lines to give me some sort of comfort. My cold is now attended with a cough this bitter cold weather; but I am impatient until your son or daughter gives me some hopes. I am ever your assured friend and most humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CXCH.

Earl of O R R E R Y to Dr. S W I F T.

Duke-Street, Westminster, July 7, 1741.

T H A N K S to you, dear Sir, for your frequent remembrance of me by my great friend and patron Master *George Faulkner*: thanks to you for the honours you have shewed my wife: but above all, thanks to you for using exercise and taking care of your health. It is the strongest instance of affection your friends either desire or deserve. In mentioning your friends, I must particularize Mr. *Pope*: he obeys your commands, and flings away much time upon me: *Nec deficit alter aureus*; Doctor *King* does the same. Thus deities condescended to visit and converse with mortals.

Poor lord *Oxford* is gone to those regions from whence travellers never return, unless in an airy visit to faithless lovers, as *Margaret* to *William*; or to cities devoted to destruction, as *Hector* amidst the flames of *Troy*. The

* Mr. *Swift*.

deceased earl has left behind him many books, many manuscripts, and no money : his lady brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wisdom : and there will still remain, after proper sales and right management, five thousand pounds a year for his widow.

Mr. *Cæsar* died about two months ago. Mrs. *Cæsar* is still all tears and lamentations, although she certainly may be numbered *inter felices, sua si bona norint*.

Lord *Bathurst* is at *Cirencester*, erecting pillars and statues to queen *Anne*. Lord *Bolingbroke* lives in *France* : posterity, it is to be hoped, may be the better for his retirement. The duke of *Argyle* reigns or ought to reign in *Scotland*.—Such is the state of *Europe* ; but our disappointment in *America* has cast a gloomy face over *London* and *Westminster*. The citizens have recourse to mum and tobacco, by which means they puff away care, and keep difmay at a proper distance ; in the mean time, my friends the ducks and geese in the *Park* cackle on, and join in chorus to the sounds of victory that are daily drummed forth on the parade, but reach no farther than the atmosphere of *Whitehall*.—What news next ? The weather—but you certainly know it is hot ; for in truth, notwithstanding this letter comes from my heart, and is written in the pleasure of thinking of you, yet I sweat to assure you how much I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

L E T T E R CXCIV.

Earl of ORRERY to DEANE SWIFT, Esq;

SIR,

Marston, Dec. 4, 1742.

I AM much obliged to you for the full, though melancholy, account you have sent me of my ever honoured friend. It is the more melancholy to me, as I have heard him often lament the particular misfortune incident to human nature, of an utter deprivation of senses many years before a deprivation of life. I have heard him describe persons in that condition, with a liveliness and a horror, that on this late occasion have recalled to me his very words. Our litany, methinks, should have an addition of a particular prayer against this most dreadful misfortune. I am sure mine shall. The bite of a mad dog (a most tremendous evil) ends soon in death; but the effects of his loss of memory may last even to the longest age of man; therefore I own my friendship for him has now changed my thoughts and wishes into the very reverse of what they were. I rejoice to hear he grows lean. I am sorry to hear his appetite is good. I was glad when there seemed an approaching mortification in his eye-lid. In one word, the man I wished to live the longest, I wish the soonest dead. It is the only blessing that can now befall him. His reason will never return; or if it should, it will only be to shew him the misery of having lost it. I am impatient for his going where imperfection ceases, and where perfection begins; where *Wilsons* cannot break in and steal, and where envy, hatred, and malice have no influence or power. Whilst he continues to breathe, he is an example, stronger and more piercing than he or any other divine could preach, against pride, conceit, and vain glory. Good God! Doctor *Swift* beaten and marked with stripes by a beast in human shape, one *Wilson*. But he is not only an example against presumption and haughtiness, but in reality an incitement to marriage. Men in years ought always to secure a friend to take care of declining life, and watch narrowly as they fall the last minute particles of the hour glass. A batchelor will seldom find, among all his kindred, so true a nurse, so faithful a friend, so disinterested a companion, as one tied to him by the double chain of duty and affection. A

wife could not be banished from his chamber, or his unhappy hours of retirement: nor had the Dean felt a blow, or wanted a companion, had he been married, or in other words, had *Stella* lived. All that a friend could do, has been done by Mrs. *Whiteway*; all that a companion could persuade, has been attempted by Mrs. *Ridgeway*: the rest—but I shall run on for ever; and I set out at first only with an intention of thanking you for your letter, and assuring you that I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ORRERY.

P. S. I beg to hear from you from time to time, if any new occurrence happens in the Dean's unhappy state.



THE
A N S W E R
OF THE
Right Honourable W——M P——Y, Esquire,

TO THE
Right Honourable Sir R——T W——E*.

SIR,

Oct. 15, 1730.

A PAMPHLET was lately sent me, entitled, *A Letter from the Right Honourable Sir R. W. to the Right Honourable W. P. Esq; occasioned by the late Invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family.* By these initial letters of our names, the world is to understand that you and I must be meant. Although the letter seems to require an answer, yet because it appears to be written rather in the style and manner used by some of your pensioners, than your own, I shall allow you the liberty to think the same of this answer, and leave the publick to determine which of the two actors can better personate their principals. That frigid and fustian way of haranguing wherewith your representer begins, continues, and ends his declamation, I shall leave to the criticks in eloquence and propriety to descant on; because it adds nothing to the weight of your accusations, nor will my defence be one grain the better by exposing its puerilities.

I shall therefore only remark upon this particular, that the frauds and corruptions in most other arts and sciences, as law, physick (I shall proceed

* Written by Dr. Swift.

no further) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politics; whether it be, that by a kind of fatality the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers; or whether it be, that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration, are more publick, visible, pernicious and universal. Whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation; or at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the miseries it feels, and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours conferred on those who sit at the helm, or the salaries paid to their penmen; while the body of the people is sunk into poverty and despair. A *Frenchman* in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation, and the constitution of that government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch, in the midst of his own slavery: but a freeborn *Englishman*, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power from the lowest degree of want and contempt; when that power or wealth are drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family, and his pensioners. I mean such a minister (if there hath ever been such a one) whose whole management hath been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes in every article besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons the faults of men, who are most trusted in publick business, are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he hath small concern: but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses: and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear, and, by dear experience knows, to be a falshood.

Give me leave, noble Sir, in the way of argument, to suppose this to be your case; could you in good conscience, or moral justice, chide your paper advocates for their ill success in persuading the world against manifest demonstration? Their miscarriage is owing, alas! to want of matter. Should

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we allow them to be masters of wit, raillery, or learning, yet the subject would not admit them to exercise their talents; and, consequently, they can have no recourse but to impudence, lying, and scurrility.

I must confess, that the author of your letter to me hath carried this last qualification to a greater height than any of his fellows: but he hath, in my opinion, failed a little in point of politeness from the original which he affects to imitate. If I should say to a prime minister, Sir, you have sufficiently provided that *Dunkirk* should be absolutely demolished and never repaired; you took the best advantages of a long and general peace to discharge the immense debts of the nation; you did wonders with the fleet; you made the *Spaniards* submit to our quiet possession of *Gibraltar* and *Port-mabon*; you never enriched yourself and family at the expence of the publick.—Such is the style of your supposed letter, which however, if I am well informed, by no means comes up to the refinements of a fishwife in *Billinggate*. *You never had a bastard by Tom the waterman; you never stole a silver tankard; you were never whipped at the cart's tail.*

In the title of your letter, it is said to be *occasioned by the late invectives on the King, her Majesty, and all the Royal Family*: and the whole contents of the paper (stripped from your eloquence) goes on upon a supposition affectedly serious, that their majesties, and the whole royal family, have been lately bitterly and publicly inveighed against in the most enormous and treasonable manner. Now, being a man, *as you well know*, altogether out of business, I do sometimes lose an hour in reading a few of those controversial papers upon politicks, which have succeeded for some years past to the polemical tracts between *Whig* and *Tory*: and in this kind of reading (if it may deserve to be so called) although I have been often but little edified, or entertained, yet hath it given me occasion to make some observations. First, I have observed, that however men may sincerely agree in all the branches of the low-church principle, in a tenderness for dissenters of every kind, in a perfect abhorrence of popery and the pretender, and in the most firm adherence to the protestant succession in the royal house of *Hanover*; yet plenty of matter may arise to kindle their animosities against each other from the various infirmities, follies, and vices inherent in mankind.

Secondly, I observed, that although the vulgar reproach which charges the quarrels between ministers, and their opposers, to be only a contention

for power between those who are in, and those who would be in if they could; yet as long as this proceeds no further than a scuffle of ambition among a few persons, it is only a matter of course, whereby the publick is little affected. But when corruptions are plain, open, and undisguised, both in their causes and effects, to the hazard of a nation's ruin, and so declared by all the principal persons and the bulk of the people, those only excepted who are gainers by those corruptions: and when such ministers are forced to fly for shelter to the throne, with a complaint of disaffection to majesty against all who durst dislike their administration. Such a general disposition in the minds of men, cannot, I think, by any rules of reason, be called the *clamour of a few disaffected incendiaries*, gasping after power. It is the true voice of the people; which must and will at last be heard, or produce consequences that I dare not mention.

I have observed thirdly, that among all the offensive printed papers which have come to my hand, whether good or bad, the writers have taken particular pains to celebrate the virtues of our excellent king and queen, even where these were, strictly speaking, no part of the subject: nor can it be properly objected that such a proceeding was only a blind to cover their malice towards you and your assistants; because to affront the king, queen, or the royal family, as it would be directly opposite to the principles that those kind of writers have always professed, so it would destroy the very end they have in pursuit. And it is somewhat remarkable, that those very writers against you, and the regiment you command, are such as most distinguish themselves upon all, or upon no occasions, by their panegyrics on their prince; and, as all of them do this without favour or hire, so some of them continue the same practice under the severest prosecution by you and your janissaries.

You seem to know, or at least very strongly to conjecture, who those persons are that give you so much weekly disquiet. Will you dare to assert that any of these are *Jacobites*, endeavour to alienate the hearts of the people, to defame the prince, and then dethrone him (for these are your expressions) and that I am their patron, their bulwark, their hope, and their refuge? Can you think I will descend to vindicate myself against an aspersion so absurd? God be thanked, we have had many a change of ministry without changing our prince: for if it had been otherwise, perhaps revolutions might have been more frequent. Heaven forbid that the welfare
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of a great kingdom, and of a brave people, should be trusted with the thread of a single subject's life; for I suppose it is not yet in your view to entail the ministryship in your family. Thus I hope we may live to see different ministers and different measures, without any danger to the succession in the royal protestant line of *Hanover*.

You are pleased to advance a topick, which I could never heartily approve of in any party, although they have each in their turn advanced it while they had the superiority. You tell us, It is hard that while every private man shall have the liberty to chuse what servants he pleaseth, the same privilege should be refused to a king. This assertion, crudely understood, can hardly be supported. If by servants be only meant those who are purely menial, who provide for their master's food and cloathing, or for the convenience and splendor of his family, the point is not worth debating. But the bad or good choice of a chancellor, a secretary, an ambassador, a treasurer, and many other officers, is of very high consequence to the whole kingdom: so is likewise that amphibious race of courtiers between servants and ministers; such as the steward, chamberlain, treasurer of the household and the like, being all of the privy council, and some of the cabinet, who according to their talents, their principles, and their degree of favour, may be great instruments of good or evil, both to the subject and the prince; so that the parallel is by no means adequate between a prince's court and a private family. And yet if an insolent footman be troublesome in the neighbourhood; if he breaks the people's windows, insults their servants, breaks into other folks houses to pilfer what he can find, although he belong to a duke, and be a favourite in his station, yet those who are injured may, without just offence, complain to his lord, and for want of redress get a warrant to send him to the stocks, to *Bridewell*, or to *Newgate*, according to the nature and degree of his delinquencies. Thus the servants of the prince, whether menial or otherwise, if they be of his council, are subject to the enquiries and prosecutions of the great council of the nation, even as far as to capital punishment; and so must ever be in our constitution, till a minister can procure a majority even of that council to shelter him; which I am sure you will allow to be a desperate crisis under any party of the most plausible denomination.

The only instance you produce, or rather insinuate, to prove the late invectives against the king, queen, and royal family, is drawn from that

deduction of the *English* history, published in several papers by the *Craftsman*; wherein are shewn the bad consequences to the publick, as well as to the prince, from the practices of evil ministers in most reigns, and at several periods, when the throne was filled by wise monarchs as well as by weak. This deduction, therefore, cannot reasonably give the least offence to a *British* king, when he shall observe that the greatest and ablest of his predecessors, by their own candor, by a particular juncture of affairs, or by the general infirmity of human nature, have sometimes put too much trust in confident, insinuating, and avaricious ministers.

Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on. Thus *Milton* describes *Uriel*, the sharpest-sighted spirit in heaven, and regent of the sun, deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil, for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is any thing more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends? Since the *Asiatic* custom of governing by prime ministers hath prevailed in so many courts of *Europe*, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects. Queen *Elizabeth*, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for *English* princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the earl of *Leicester*, who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest, and almost her only favourite: (his religion indeed being partly puritan and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times) yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing popery or the *Spanish* pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose masters have passed for persons of good abilities, during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest *Peter Waters*, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner penniless, and, after seven years, leave him

him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

Those who think themselves concerned, may give you thanks for that gracious liberty you are pleased to allow them of *taking vengeance on the ministers, and there shooting their envenom'd arrows*. As to myself; I neither owe you vengeance, nor make use of such weapons: but it is your weakness, or ill-fortune, or perhaps the fault of your constitution, to convert wholesome remedies into poison; for you have received better and more frequent instructions than any minister of your age and country, if God had given you the grace to apply them.

I dare promise you the thanks of half the kingdom, if you will please to perform the promise you have made of suffering the *Craftsman* and company, or whatever other *infamous wretches and execrable villains* you mean, to take their vengeance only on your own sacred ministerial person, without bringing any of your brethren, much less the most remote branch of the royal family, into the debate. This generous offer I suspected from the first; because there were never heard of so many, so unnecessary, and so severe prosecutions as you have promoted during your ministry, in a kingdom where the liberty of the press is so much pretended to be allowed. But in reading a page or two, I found you thought it proper to explain away your grant; for there you tell us, that *these miscreants* (meaning the writers against you) *are to remember that the laws have* ABUNDANTLY LESS *generous, less mild and merciful sentiments* than yourself, and into their secular hands the poor authors must be delivered to fines, prisons, pillories, whippings, and the gallows. Thus your promise of impunity, which began somewhat jesuitically, concludes with the mercy of a *Spanish* inquisitor.

If it should so happen that I am neither *abettor, patron, protector, nor supporter* of these imaginary invectives *against the king, her majesty, or any of the royal family*, I desire to know what satisfaction I am to get from you, or the creature you employed in writing the libel which I am now answering? It will be no excuse to say, that I differ from you in every particular of your political reason and practice; because that will be to load the best, the soundest, and most numerous part of the kingdom with the denominations you are pleased to bestow upon me, that they are *Jacobites, wicked miscreants, infamous wretches, execrable villains, and defamers of the king, queen, and all the royal family, and guilty of high treason*. You cannot know

my style ; but I can easily know your works, which are performed in the sight of the sun. Your good inclinations are visible ; but I begin to doubt the strength of your credit, even at court, that you have not power to make his majesty believe me the person which you represent in your libel : as most infallibly you have often attempted, and in vain, because I must otherwise have found it by the marks of his royal displeasure. However, to be angry with you to whom I am indebted for the greatest obligation I could possibly receive, would be the highest ingratitude. It is to You I owe that reputation I have acquired for some years past of being a lover of my country and its constitution : to You I owe the libels and scurrilities conferred upon me by the worst of men, and consequently some degree of esteem and friendship from the best. From You I learned the skill of distinguishing between a *patriot* and a *plunderer* of his country : and from You I hope in time to acquire the knowledge of being a loyal, faithful, and useful servant to the best of princes, king *George* the second ; and therefore I can conclude, by your example, but with greater truth, that I am not only with humble submission and respect, but with infinite gratitude, Sir, your most obedient and most obliged servant,

W. P.

TO THE
COUNT DE GYLLENBORG.

SIR,

Dublin in Ireland, Nov. 2, 1719.

IT is now about sixteen years since I first entertained the design of writing a history of *England*, from the beginning of *William Rufus* to the end of queen *Elizabeth*; such a history, I mean, as appears to be most wanted by foreigners, and gentlemen of our own country; not a voluminous work, nor properly an abridgment, but an exact relation of the most important affairs and events, without any regard to the rest. My intention was to inscribe it to the king * your late master, for whose great virtues I had ever the highest veneration, as I shall continue to bear to his memory. I confess it is with some disdain that I observe great authors descending to write any dedications at all: and for my own part, when I looked round on all the princes of *Europe*, I could think of none who might deserve that distinction from me, besides the king your master; (for I say nothing of his present *Britannick* majesty, to whose person and character I am an utter stranger, and like to continue so) neither can I be suspected of flattery on this point, since it was some years after that I had the honour of an invitation to his court, before you were employed as his minister in *England*, which I heartily repent that I did not accept; whereby, as you can be my witness, I might have avoided some years uneasiness and vexation, during the last four years of our late excellent queen, as well as a long melancholy prospect since, in a most obscure disagreeable country, and among a most profligate and abandoned people.

I was diverted from pursuing this history, partly by the extreme difficulty, but chiefly by the indignation I conceived at the proceedings of a faction, which then prevailed; and the papers lay neglected in my cabinet until you saw me in *England*; when you know how far I was engaged in thoughts

* *Charles XII.* king of *Sweden*, who was unfortunately killed by a cannon-ball at the siege of *Frederickshall*, in the year 1718.

and business of another kind. Upon her majesty's lamented death, I returned to my station in this kingdom; since which time there is not a northern curate among you who hath lived more obscure than myself, or a greater stranger to the commonest transactions of the world. It is but very lately that I found the following papers, which I had almost forgotten. I publish them now, for two reasons; first, for an encouragement to those who have more youth *, and leisure, and good temper than I, towards pursuing the work as far as it was intended by me, or as much further as they please; the second reason is, to have an opportunity of declaring the profound respect I have for the memory of your royal master, and the sincere regard and friendship I bear to yourself; for I must bring to your mind how proud I was to distinguish you among all the foreign ministers, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted. I am a witness of the zeal you shewed not only for the honour and interest of your master, but for the advantage of the Protestant religion in *Germany*, and how knowingly and feelingly you often spoke to me upon that subject. We all loved you, as possessed of every quality that could adorn an *English* gentleman, and esteemed you as a faithful subject to your prince, and an able negociator; neither shall any reverse of fortune have power to lessen you either in my friendship or esteem: and I must take leave to assure you further, that my affection towards persons hath not been at all diminished by the frown of Power upon them. Those whom you and I once thought great and good men, continue still so in my eyes and my heart; only with a * * * * *

Cætera desiderantur.

* The author was then in his fifty-second year.

The REIGN of
WILLIAM the SECOND,
 SURNAMED RUFUS.

AT the time of the Conqueror's death, his eldest son *Robert*, upon some discontent with his father, being absent in *France* *, *William*, the second son, made use of this juncture, and without attending his father's funeral, hastened to *England*, where, pursuant to the will of the deceased prince †, the nobility, although more inclined to favour *Robert*, were prevailed with to admit him king, partly by his promises to abate the rigor of the late reign, and restore the laws and liberties which had been then abolished, but chiefly by the credit and solicitations of *Lanfranc*; for that prelate had formerly a share in his education, and always a great affection for his person. At *Winchester* he took possession of his father's treasure ‡, in obedience to whose command, as well as to ingratiate himself with the people, he distributed it among churches and religious houses, and applied it to the redeeming of prisoners, and other acts of popularity.

In the mean time *Robert* returned to *Normandy*, took possession of that duchy, with great applause and content of his people, and, spighted at the indignity done him by his father, and the usurpation of his brother in consequence thereof, prepared a great fleet and army to invade *England*; nor did there want an occasion to promote his interest, if the slowness, the softness, and credulity of his nature, could have suffered him to make a right improvement of it.

* He was then at *Abbeville* in *Picardy*.

† *William the Conqueror* on his death-bed left *Normandy* and *Le Maine* to his son *Robert*, as being his right of inheritance; not without adding, as some historians relate, that any people whom *Robert* was to govern, would be miserable. *England*, he said, was not his property by inheritance; he would not presume to bequeath to any one that kingdom, but left it to the disposal of Heaven: however, so it pleased God, he should be glad that *William*, his obedient and best beloved son, should enjoy it after his death; and accordingly ordered letters to be expedited to archbishop *Lanfranc*, for facilitating *William's* accession and establishment there.

‡ Which was sixty thousand pounds in silver, besides gold, jewels, and plate. *B: umpton*.

Odo bishop of *Baieux* *, of whom frequent mention is made in the preceding reign †, a prelate of incurable ambition, either on account of his age or character being restored to his liberty and possessions in *England*, grew into envy and discontent, upon seeing *Lanfranc* preferred before him by the new king in his favour and ministry. He therefore formed a conspiracy with several nobles of *Norman* birth to depose the king, and sent an invitation to *Robert* to hasten over. Mean time the conspirators, in order to distract the king's forces, seized on several parts of *England* at once; *Bristol*, *Norwich*, *Leicester*, *Worcester* ‡, *Shrewsbury*, *Bath*, and *Durham*, were secured by several noblemen: *Odo* himself seized *Rocheſter*, reduced the coasts of *Kent*, and sent meſſages to *Robert* to make all poſſible ſpeed.

The king alarmed at theſe many and ſudden defections, thought it his beſt courſe to begin his defence by ſecuring the good will of the people. He redreſſed many grievances, eaſed them of certain oppreſſive taxes and tributes, gave liberty to hunt in his foreſt, with other marks of indulgence, which however forced from him by the neceſſity of the time, he had the ſkill or fortune ſo to order as they neither loſt their good grace nor effect; for immediately after he raiſed great forces both by land and ſea, marched into *Kent*, where the chief body of his enemies was in arms, recovered *Tunbridge* and *Pevenſey*, in the latter of which *Odo* himſelf was taken priſoner, and forced to accompany the king to *Rocheſter*. This city reſuſing to ſurrender at the king's ſummons, *Odo* undertook to prevail with the obſtinacy of the inhabitants; but being admitted into the town, was there detained, either by a real or ſeeming force; however, the king provoked at their ſtubbornneſs and fraud, ſoon compelled them to yield, retook his priſoner, and forcing him for ever to abjure *England*, ſent him into *Normandy*.

By theſe actions, performed with ſuch great celerity and ſucceſs, the preparations of duke *Robert* were wholly diſappointed, himſelf, by the neceſ-

* *Odo* was half brother to *William the Conqueror*, and the firſt earl of *Kent* of *Norman* blood. He was releaſed from his confinement by order of the late king, at the ſolicitation of *Robert* earl of *Mortain*, *Odo's* brother.

† One might imagine from theſe words, that *Dr. Swift* had written an account of the reign of *William the Conqueror*, if it had not been for what he ſays in his letter to Count *Gyllenborg*.

‡ *Worceſter* however at this time ſuffered only a blockade. See the account of the operations there in *Green's* late ſurvey of the city of *Worceſter*, p. 195.

sity of his affairs, compelled * to a treaty with his brother, upon the terms of a small pension, and a mutual promise of succeeding to each other's dominions on failure of issue, forced to resign his pretensions, and return with a shattered fleet to *Normandy*.

About this time died archbishop *Lanfranc*; by whose death the king, loosed from that awe and constraint he was under, soon began to discover those irregularities of his nature, which till then he had suppressed and disguised, falling into those acts of oppression and extortion that have made his name and memory infamous. He kept the see of *Canterbury* four years vacant, and converted the revenues to his own use, together with those of several other bishopricks and abbies †, and disposed all church preferments to the highest bidder. Nor were his exactions less upon the laity, from whom he continually extorted exorbitant fines for pretended transgression of certain penal laws, and entertained informers to observe mens actions and bring him intelligence.

It is here worth observation, that these corrupt proceedings of the prince have, in the opinion of several learned men, given rise to two customs, which are a long time grown to have the force of laws. For, first the successors of this king, continuing the custom of seizing on the accruing rents in the vacancy of sees and abbies, it grew in process of time to be exacted

* *Samuel Daniel*, a very judicious epitomizer of our ancient history, places the conclusion of this treaty in 1087, soon after the establishment of *Rufus* on the *English* throne, who might well think such an expedient necessary at that time, for the reconciling an elder brother to the most mortifying of disappointments. If the treaty was then made, *Robert's* infraction of it by an embarkation of troops in the very next year to succour the *English* rebels, was a plausible call for revenge, and accounts for the king's invasion of *Normandy* in 1090. *Speed*, whom *Dr. Swift* follows here, has been so far misled by *Knigh-ton*, as to represent *Robert* making an actual descent on the *English* coast, landing at *Southampton*, amused there by humble messages from *Rufus*, cajoled into a resignation of his claim, and induced to go back a pensioner instead of a king. But there is no trace of such transactions in the purer narratives of more ancient historians. And if we follow those of *Normandy*, who ought to have the best information of *Robert's* motions, the duke neither embarked with nor after his troops: he promised indeed to follow them with a greater force; but *indolence* got the better of his ambition.

† As for *Rufus's* appropriating to himself the revenues of vacant sees, this was the result and expected consequence of the feudal establishment made by his father. For when the Conqueror had reduced episcopal and abbatial manours to military and baronial tenure, the care and profits of them, between the demise of each tenant and the entry or installation of his successor, by necessity of that tenure, devolved on the crown. But *Rufus* is deservedly censured for keeping the prelacies vacant longer than was necessary, merely with an avaricious view.

as a right, or acknowledgment to the king as founder; whence the revenues of vacant bishopricks belong at this day to the crown. The second custom had an original not unlike. Several persons, to avoid the persecutions of the king's informers, and other instruments of oppression, withdrew themselves and their effects to foreign countries; upon which the king issued a proclamation, forbidding all men to leave the kingdom without his licence; from whence, in the judgment of the same authors, the writ *ne exeas regno* had its beginning.

By these and the like arbitrary methods having amassed great treasures, and finding all things quiet at home, he raised a powerful army to invade his brother in *Normandy*; but upon what ground or pretext, the writers of that age are not very exact; whether it were from a principle frequent among unjust princes, That old oppressions are best justified by new; or, whether having a talent for sudden enterprises, and justly apprehending the resentments of duke *Robert*, he thought it the wiser course to prevent injuries than to revenge them. In this expedition he took several cities and castles from his brother, and would have proceeded farther, if *Robert* had not desired and obtained the assistance of *Philip* king of *France*, who came with an army to his relief. King *William* not thinking it safe or prudent to proceed further against his enemy supported by so great an ally, yet loth to lose the fruits of his time and valour, fell upon a known and old expedient, which no prince ever practised oftner, or with greater success, and that was, to buy off the *French* king with a sum of money. This had its effect; for that prince not able to oppose such powerful arms, immediately withdrew himself and his forces, leaving the two brothers to concert the measures of a peace.

This was treated and agreed with great advantages on the side of king *William*; for he kept all the towns he had taken, obliged his brother to banish *Edgar Atheling* out of *Normandy*, and, for a further security, brought over with him to *England* the duke himself to attend him in his expedition against *Malcolm* king of *Scotland*, who during his absence had invaded the borders. The king having raised great forces both by sea and land, went in person to repel the inroads of the *Scots*: but the enterprize was without success; for the greatest part of his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and his army very much diminished by sickness and famine, which forced him

to a peace of little honour; by which, upon the condition of homage from that prince, the king of *England* agreed to deliver him up those twelve towns (or manours) in *England* which *Malcolm* had held under *William the Conqueror*; together with a pension of twelve thousand marks *.

At this time were sown the seeds of another quarrel between him and duke *Robert*, who soliciting the king to perform some covenants of the last peace, and meeting with a repulse, withdrew in great discontent to *Normandy*.

King *William*, in his return from *Scotland*, fell dangerously sick at *Glocester*, where, moved by the seasonable exhortations of his clergy, or rather by the fears of dying, he began to discover great marks of repentance, with many promises of amendment and retribution, particularly for his injuries to the church. To give credit to which good resolutions, he immediately filled several vacant sees, giving that of *Canterbury* to *Anselm*, a foreigner of great fame for piety and learning. But as it is the disposition of men who derive their vices from their complexions, that their passions usually beat strong and weak with their pulses, so it fared with this prince, who upon recovery of his health soon forgot the vows he had made in his sickness, relapsing with greater violence into the same irregularities of injustice and oppression, whereof *Anselm*, the new archbishop, felt the first effects. This prelate, soon after his promotion, offered the king a sum of money by way of present †; but took care it should be so small, that none might interpret it to be

* So *Brompton* writes. But it is doubtful whether the *Normanic* or *Saxonic* mark of silver be understood. The former was a weight of eight ounces, the latter but an ounce and a half. If we compute by the mark of the *Normans*, the annuity stipulated for *Malcolm* was equivalent to about 186,000 *l.* of modern currency; a pension scarce reconcilable with the state of our exchequer in those days. If the smaller or *Saxonic* mark be meant here (which had not yet fallen into disuse, as appears by the calculations by it in the laws of king *Henry I.*) the pension is more reasonable, being equivalent to about 35,000 *l.* of our present money. This at least is rather to be admitted than the account of the greater part of our historians, who set down the provision made for the *Scottish* king at *twelve marks of gold per annum*, which amounts but to 72 *lb. Norman*, or 1700 *l.* in modern money; a pension unworthy the magnificence of *Rufus*, and too mean for any reigning prince to accept.

† This whole account of the difference between the king and the archbishop is taken from *Eadmer*, a monk of *Canterbury*, and a creature of *Anselm's*. A benevolence had been demanded from all the nobility and the prelates towards the expence of the king's expedition to *Normandy* in 1094. If *Anselm*, as it is said, offered 500 *l.* towards it, as the share or quota of his own see, that sum (equivalent to at least 11,500 *l.* of our currency) was far greater than a poor *Italian* monk, not yet possessed of the temporalities of *Canterbury*, could be expected to raise, and what, if his friends could advance it for him, the necessities of the king would not suffer him to reject: so that this part of *Eadmer's* apology for his patron confutes itself. But in

be a consideration of his late preferment. The king rejected it with scorn; and as he used but little ceremony in such matters, insisted in plain terms for more. *Anselm* would not comply; and the king enraged, sought all occasions to make him uneasy; until at length the poor archbishop, tired out with perpetual usurpations (or at least what was then understood to be such) upon his jurisdiction, privileges, and possessions, desired the king licence for a journey to *Rome*; and upon a refusal, went without it. As soon as he was withdrawn, the king seized on all his revenues, converting them to his own use, and the archbishop continued an exile until the succeeding reign.

The particulars of this quarrel between the king and archbishop are not, in my opinion, considerable enough to deserve a place in this brief collection, being of little use to posterity, and of less entertainment; neither should I have mentioned it at all, but for the occasion it gives me of making a general observation, which may afford some light into the nature and disposition of those ages. Not only this king's father and himself, but the princes for several successions, of the fairest character, have been severely

fact, the true source of the contest between this prelate and the king was, the former's violent attachment to one of the contenders for the papacy, *Otho* of *Ostia*, styled *Urban II.* whom, when *Italy* had scarce acknowledged him, (for in 1091 the antipope *Clement III.* took *Rome*, and the castle of *St. Angelo*, and drove *Urban* from *St. Peter's* chair) *Anselm* would imperiously impose on the king, prelates, and whole realm of *England*, as their apostolic father and pontiff. The king replied, That his predecessors in *Canterbury* had never taken so much upon them; and that when two popes had been chosen, his declaring for either without approbation of the king, was an endeavour to pluck from his sovereign's head the crown of *England*. A great council was summoned on this occasion at *Rockingham*, Mar. 11, 1095, when the nobility and bishops insisted on *Anselm's* submission to the king: he pleaded his privilege as primate, and would be judged by none but the pope, and by no pope but *Urban II.* It was however there determined, that *Anselm* should not demand his archiepiscopal pall of *Urban II.* unless the king should consent. All the prelates, except the bishop of *Rockester*, says *Du Pin*, resolved not to own *Anselm* as primate, so long as he should take part with the bishop of *Ostia* (*Urban II.*) But a rebellion which broke out in the Empire, wherein *Conrad* the emperor's son rose in arms against his father, proved extremely fortunate both for *Urban*, and for his factious instrument *Anselm*. Wicked *Urban* was the seducer of this unnatural son; and the price of his benediction soon appeared. So far as *Conrad's* sword could influence, *Clement III.* was ejected: so that in 1095 *Urban* was acknowledged through *Lombardy*, but as yet was not master of *Rome*. Fortune now befriended, and even *William* of *England* was ready to acknowledge him. Accordingly this pope sent an archiepiscopal pall, for the ceremony of the king's investing *Anselm* with the primacy: but the haughty monk refused the investiture from the king's hand, and obstinately persisted, until the pope's messengers were allowed to lay the pall on the altar of *Canterbury* cathedral; whence he vouchsafed to take it (as the canting phrase was) from *St. Peter's* hand, although the king had acknowledged and obliged his kingdom to acknowledge *Urban* on this express condition, That he should be gratified with delivering *Urban's* pall to the archbishop elect. Thus *Rufus*, who would not be bullied, was at last bubbled by a priest.

taxed

taxed for violating the rights of the clergy, and perhaps not altogether without reason. It is true, this character hath made the lighter impression, as proceeding altogether from the party injured, the cotemporary writers being generally churchmen: and it must be confessed, that the usurpations of the church and court of *Rome* were in those ages risen to such heights, as to be altogether inconsistent either with the legislature or administration of any independant state; the inferior clergy, both secular and regular, insisting upon such immunities as wholly exempted them from the civil power; and the bishops removing all controversies with the crown by appeal to *Rome*: for they reduced the matter to this short issue, That God was to be obeyed rather than men; and consequently the bishop of *Rome*, who is Christ's representative, rather than an earthly prince. Neither doth it seem improbable that all *Christendom* would have been in utter vassalage, both temporal and spiritual, to the *Roman* see, if the Reformation had not put a stop to those exorbitancies, and in a good measure opened the eyes even of those princes and states who still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of that Church.

While the king continued at *Glocester*, *Malcolm* king of *Scotland* came to his court, with intentions to settle and confirm the late peace between them. It happened that a controversy arose about some circumstances relating to the homage which *Malcolm* was to pay, in the managing whereof king *William* discovered so much haughtiness and disdain, both in words and gestures, that the *Scottish* prince, provoked by such unworthy treatment, returned home with indignation; but soon came back at the head of a powerful army, and, entering *Northumberland* with fire and sword, laid all waste before him. But as all enterprizes have in the progress of them a tincture of those passions by which they were spirited at first, so this invasion begun upon private revenge, which is a blind ungovernable passion, was carried on with equal precipitation, and proved to be ruinous in the event; for *Robert Mowbray*, earl of *Northumberland*, to prevent the destruction of his own country, where he had great possessions, gathering what forces he could suddenly raise, and without waiting any directions from the king, marched against the *Scots*, who were then set down before *Alnwick* castle: there, by an ambush, *Malcolm* and his eldest son *Edward* were slain, and the army, discouraged by the loss of their princes, entirely defeated. This disaster was followed in a few days by the death of queen *Margaret*, who, not able to survive

survive her misfortunes, died for grief. Neither did the miseries of that kingdom end till, after two usurpations, the surviving son of *Malcolm*, who had fled to *England* for refuge, was restored to his crown by the assistance of king *William*.

About this time the hidden sparks of animosity between the two brothers, buried but not extinguished in the last peace, began to flame out into new diffensions: duke *Robert* had often sent his complaints to the king for breach of articles, but without redress, which provoked him to expostulate in a rougher manner, till at length he charged the king in plain terms with injustice and perjury: but no men are found to endure reproaches with less temper than those who most deserve them: the king, at the same time filled with indignation, and stung with guilt, invaded *Normandy* a second time, resolving to reduce his brother to such terms as might stop all further complaints. He had already taken several strong holds, by force either of arms or of money, and intending intirely to subdue the duchy, gave orders to have twenty thousand men immediately raised in *England*, and sent over to him. The duke, to defend himself against these formidable preparations, had recourse again to his old ally the king of *France*, who very readily advanced with an army to his assistance, as an action wherein he could every way find his own accounts; for, beside the appearance of glory and justice by protecting the injured, he fought indeed his own battle, by preserving his neighbouring state in the hands of a peaceful prince, from so powerful and restless an enemy as the king of *England*; and was largely paid for his trouble into the bargain: for king *William*, either loth to engage in a long and dangerous war, or hastened back by intelligence of some troubles from *Wales*, sent offers to his army, just ready to embark for *Normandy*, that upon payment of ten shillings a man they might have leave to return to their own homes. This bargain was generally accepted; the money was paid to the king of *France*, who immediately withdrew his troops; and king *William*, now master of the conditions, forced his brother to a peace upon much harder terms than before.

In this passage there are some circumstances which may appear odd and unaccountable to those who will not give due allowance for the difference of times and manners: that an absent prince, engaged in an unjust war with his own brother, and ill-beloved at home, should have so much power and credit, as by his commission to raise twenty thousand men on a sudden, only

only as a recruit to the army he had already with him; that he should have a fleet prepared ready, and large enough to transport so great a number; that upon the very point of embarking he should send them so disgraceful an offer; and that so great a number of common soldiers should be able and willing to pay such a sum of money *, equal to at least twelve times as much in our times †; and that, after being thus deluded and spoiled at once, they should peaceably disband and retire to their several homes. But all this will be less difficult to comprehend, when we reflect on the method of raising and supporting armies, very different from ours, which was then in use, and so continued for many ages after. All men who had lands *in capite* were bound to attend the king in his wars with a proportioned number of soldiers, who were their tenants on easy rents in consideration of military service. This was but the work of a few days, and the troops consisted of such men as were able to maintain their own charges either at home or abroad: neither was there any reason to apprehend that soldiers would ever become instruments for introducing slavery, who held so great a share in the property.

The king, upon his return from *Normandy*, made an unsuccessful expedition against the *Welsh*, who upon the advantages of his absence had, according to their usual custom, made cruel inroads upon the adjoining counties of *Chester*, *Shrewsbury*, and *Hereford*. Upon the king's approach they fled into their fastnesses among the mountains, where he pursued them for some time with great rage and vexation, as well as the loss of great numbers of his men, to no purpose. From hence he was recalled by a more formidable enemy nearer home: for *Robert* earl of *Northumberland*, overrating his late services against the *Scots*, as much perhaps and as unjustly as they were undervalued by the king, refused to come to his court, which,

* The *Saxon Chronicle*, *Simeon Dunelmensis*, and *Matthew Paris* say, That *Ralf* the treasurer took from the men the money which had been paid them for their maintenance. Yes, says Sir *Henry Spelman*, the money which the country had allowed them for their subsistence; so that if each man paid ten shillings, it might not be from his own purse.

† It might more justly be said, equal to four and twenty times as much in our times: for the genuine silver in the sum of ten shillings of *Norman* tale, was of equal weight with the silver that is found in twenty-nine shillings of our present standard coin; *i. e.* weighed 5 oz. and about 13 pwt. and each ounce of silver was at that time worth at least eight times more than at present. Whence we may collect, that ten shillings of *Rufus's* money was equivalent to at least twelve pounds sterl. of our present currency. The curious reader may consult bishop *Fleetwood's Chronicon preciosum*, and a synoptical table of the variations in the standard of *English* coin, by *Martin Folkes*, Esq; published in an anonymous *Essay upon Money and Coins*.

in those days, was looked on as the first usual mark of discontent in a nobleman; and was often charged by princes as a formal accusation. The earl having disobeyed the king's summons, and concerted matters with other accomplices, broke out into open rebellion, with intentions to depose king *William*, and set up *Stephen* earl of *Albemarle*, son of a sister to *William the Conqueror*: but all was prevented by the celerity of this active prince; who, knowing that insurrections are best quelled in their beginnings, marched with incredible speed, and surprized the rebels at *Newcastle*, took the castles of *Tinmouth* and *Bamburg**; where the obstinacy of the defendants provoked him, contrary to his nature, to commit cruelties upon their persons, by cutting off their hands and ears, and other the like inhumanities. The earl himself was taken prisoner as he endeavoured to make his escape; but suffered no other punishment than to be confined for the rest of his life †.

About this time began the Holy War for recovering of *Palestine*; which having not been the enterprize of any one prince or state, but that wherein most in *Christendom* had a share, it cannot with justice be silently passed over in the history of any nation.

Pope *Urban* the second, in a council at *Clermont*, made a pathetick exhortation, shewing with what danger and indignity to *Christendom* the *Turks* and *Saracens* had, for some ages, not only overrun all *Asia* and *Africa*, where Christianity had long flourished; but had also made encroachments into *Europe*, where they had entirely subdued *Spain*, and some other parts; that *Jerusalem*, the holy city, where our Saviour did so many miracles, and where his sepulchre still remained, to the scandal of the Christian name, lay groaning under the tyranny of Infidels; that the swords which Christian princes had drawn against each other, ought to be turned against the common enemy of their name and religion; that this should be reckoned an ample satisfaction for all their past sins; that those who died in this expedition should immediately go to heaven, and the survivors would be blessed with the sight of our Lord's sepulchre.

Moved by these arguments, and the influence of the person who delivered them, several nobles and prelates immediately took upon them the Cross; and the council dissolving in this high fit of zeal, the clergy, upon their return home, prevailed so far in their several countries, that in most

* Now called *Bamborough*.

† Which was thirty years.

parts of *Europe* some great prince or lord became a votary for *The Holy Land*; as *Hugh the Great*, brother to the king of *France*; *Godfrey* duke of *Lorraine*; *Reimond* count of *Toulouse*; *Robert* duke of *Normandy*, and many others. Neither ought it to be forgotten, that most of these noble and generous princes, wanting money to maintain the forces they had raised, pawned their dominions to those very prelates who had first engaged them in this enterprize: doubtless a notable mark of the force of oratory in the churchmen of those ages, who were able to inspire that devotion into others, whereof they seemed so little sensible themselves.

But a great share in the honour of promoting this religious war, is attributed to the zeal and industry of a certain *French* priest, commonly called *Peter the Hermit*; who being at *Jerusalem* upon pilgrimage some time before, and entering often into private treaty with the patriarch of that city, came back fully instructed in all the measures necessary for such a war: to these was joined the artifice of certain dreams and visions that might pass for divine admonition: all which, added to the piety of his exhortations, gave him such credit with the pope, and several princes of *Christendom*, that he became in his own person the leader of a great army against the Infidels, and was very instrumental for engaging many others in the same design.

What a spirit was thus raised in *Christendom* among all sorts of men, cannot better be conceived than from the vast numbers of these warlike pilgrims; who, at the siege of *Nice*, are said to have consisted of 600,000 foot, and 100,000 horse: and the success at first was answerable to the greatness of their numbers, the valour of their leaders, and the universal opinion of such a cause; for, besides several famous victories in the field, not to mention the towns of less importance, they took *Nice*, *Antioch*, and at last *Jerusalem*, where duke *Godfrey* was chosen king without competition. But zeal, with a mixture of enthusiasm, as I take this to have been, is a composition only fit for sudden enterprizes, like a great ferment in the blood, giving double courage and strength for the time, until it sink and settle by nature into its old channel: for, in a few years the piety of these adventurers began to slacken, and give way to faction and envy, the natural corruptions of all confederacies: however, to this spirit of devotion there succeeded a spirit of honour, which long continued the vein and humour of the times; and the *Holy Land* became either a school, wherein young princes went to learn the art of war, or a scene wherein they affected to

shew their valour, and gain reputation, when they were weary of peace at home.

The Christians held possession of *Jerusalem* above eighty years *, and continued their expeditions to the *Holy Land* almost as many more, with various events; and after they were entirely driven out of *Asia*, the popes have almost in every age endeavoured in vain to promote new crusades; neither does this spirit seem quite extinct among us even to this day; the usual projects of sanguine men for uniting *Christendom* against the *Turk*, being without doubt a traditional way of talk derived to us from the same fountain.

Robert, in order to furnish himself out for this war, pawned his duchy to the king for 10,000 marks of gold †; which sum was levied with so many circumstances of rigor and exaction, towards the church and laity, as very much encreased the discontents of both against the prince.

1099. I shall record one act of this king's, which being chiefly personal, may pass rather for a part of his character, than a point of history.

As he was hunting one day in the *New Forest*, a messenger express from *Normandy*, brought him intelligence, that *Helie*, count *de la Fleche*, had laid close siege to *Mans*, and expected to carry the town in a few days; the king leaving his chase, commanded some about him to point whereabouts *Mans* lay; and so rode straight on without reflection, until he came to the coast. His attendants advised him to wait until he had made preparations of men and money; to which he only returned; "They that love me, will follow me." He entered the ship in a violent storm; which the mariners beholding with astonishment, at length in great humility gave him warning of the danger; but the king commanded them instantly to put off to sea, and not be afraid; for he had never in his life heard of any king that was drowned. In a few days he drove the enemy from before the city, and took the count himself prisoner, who raging at his defeat and captivity, exclaimed ‡, "That this blow was from Fortune; but Valour could make
" reprisals,

* They held it eighty-eight years; from *July* 1099, to *October* 1187.

† Equal to 1,400,000 *l.* as money passes now.

‡ There is so much pleasantry and humour, as well as spirit and heroism in this story, as we have it recorded by *William de Malmesbury*, who represents the menace as thrown out in the king's presence, that I shall make no apology for setting down his words at length. "Author
" *turbarum Helias capitur; cui ad se adducto rex ludibundus, 'Habeo te, magister, inquit.'*
" *At ille, cujus alta nobilitas nesciret etiam in tanto periculo sapere; 'Fortuito, inquit, me*
" *cepisti: si possum evadere, novi quid facerem.'* Tunc *Willielmus, præ furore ferè extra se*
" *profitus, & obtruens Heliam, 'Tu, inquit, nebulo, tu quid faceres! Discede; abi; fuge.*
" *Concedo*

“reprisals, as he should shew, if ever he regained his liberty.” This being told the king, he sent for the count, let him understand that he had heard of his menaces, then gave him a fine horse, bid him begone immediately, and defyed him to do his worst.

It would have been an injury to this prince’s memory, to let pass an action, by which he acquired more honor than from any other in his life, and by which it appeared that he was not without some seeds of magnanimity, had they been better cultivated, or not overrun by the number or prevalency of his vices.

I have met with nothing else in this king’s reign that deserved to be remembred; for, as to an unsuccessful expedition or two against *Wales*, either by himself or his generals; they were very inconsiderable both in action and event, nor attended with any circumstances that might render a relation of them of any use to posterity, either for instruction or example.

His death was violent and unexpected, the effect of casualty; although this perhaps is the only misfortune of life to which the person of a prince is generally less subject than that of other men. Being at his beloved exercise of hunting in the *New Forest* in *Hampshire*, a large stag crossed the way before him, the king hot on his game, cryed out in haste to *Walter Tyrrel*, a knight of his attendants, to shoot; *Tyrrel*, immediately let fly his arrow, which glancing against a tree, struck the king through the heart, who fell dead to the ground without speaking a word. Upon the surprise of this accident, all his attendants, and *Tyrrel** among the rest, fled different ways; until the fright being a little over, some of them returned, and causing the body to be laid in a collier’s cart, for want of other conveniency, conveyed it in a very unbecoming contemptuous manner to *Winchester*, where it was buried the next day without solemnity, and which is worse, without grief.

I shall conclude the history of this prince’s reign, with a description and character of his body and mind, impartially from the collections I have made; which method I shall observe likewise in all the succeeding reigns.

He was in stature somewhat below the usual size, and big-bellied, but he was well and strongly knit. His hair was yellow or sandy; his face red,

“Concedo tibi ut facias quicquid poteris: et per vultum de Luca, nihil si me viceris, nihil pro hac veniâ tecum paciscar.” *i. e.* By the face of *St. Luke*, if thou shouldst have the fortune to conquer me, I scorn to compound with thee for my release.

* Yet *Eadmer* saith, That *Tyrrel* told him, he had not been in the Forest that day.

which got him the name of *Rufus*; his forehead flat; his eyes were spotted, and appeared of different colours; he was apt to stutter in speaking, especially when he was angry; he was vigorous and active, and very hardy to endure fatigues, which he owed to a good constitution of health, and the frequent exercise of hunting; in his dress he affected gayety and expence, which having been first introduced by this prince into his court and kingdom, grew, in succeeding reigns, an intolerable grievance. He also first brought in among us the luxury and profusion of great tables. There was in him, as in all other men, a mixture of virtues and vices, and that in a pretty equal degree, only the misfortune was, that the latter, although not more numerous, were yet much more prevalent than the former. For being entirely a man of pleasure, this made him sacrifice all his good qualities, and gave him too many occasions of producing his ill ones. He had one very singular virtue for a prince, which was that of being true to his word and promise†: he was of undoubted personal valour, whereof the writers in those ages produce several instances; nor did he want skill and conduct in the process of war. But, his peculiar excellency, was that of great dispatch, which, however usually decried, and allowed to be only a happy temerity, does often answer all the ends of secrecy and counsel in a great commander, by surprising and daunting an enemy when he least expects it; as may appear by the greatest actions and events upon the records of every nation.

He was a man of sound natural sense, as well as of wit and humour, upon occasion. There were several tenets in the *Romish* church he could not digest; particularly that of the saint's intercession; and living in an age overrun with superstition, he went so far into the other extream, as to be censured for an Atheist. The day before his death, a monk relating a terrible dream, which seemed to forbode him some misfortune, the king being told the matter, turned it into a jest; said, The man was a Monk, and dreamt like a Monk, for lucre sake; and therefore commanded *Fitzhamon* to give him an hundred shillings, that he might not complain he had dreamt to no purpose.

† Yet he was sometimes guilty of breach of his faith in treaties. But, he is not the only prince who in different characters had different measures of right and wrong; a public and a private conscience.

His vices appear to have been rather derived from the temper of his body, than any original depravity of his mind ; for being of a sanguine complexion, wholly bent upon his pleasures, and prodigal in his nature, he became engaged in great expences †. To supply these, the people were perpetually oppressed with illegal taxes and exactions ; but that sort of avarice which arises from prodigality and vice, as it is always needy, so it is much more ravenous and violent than the other, which put the king and his evil instruments (among whom *Ralph*, bishop of *Durham*, is of special infamy) upon those pernicious methods of gratifying his extravagances by all manner of oppression ; whereof some are already mentioned, and others are too foul to relate.

He is generally taxed by writers for discovering a contempt of religion in his common discourse and behaviour ; which I take to have risen from the same fountain, being a point of art, and a known expedient, for men who cannot quit their immoralities, at least to banish all reflexions that may disturb them in the enjoyment, which must be done either by not thinking of religion at all ; or, if it will obtrude, by putting it out of countenance.

Yet there is one instance that might shew him to have some sense of religion as well as justice. When two Monks were outvying each other in canting the price of an abbey, he observed a third at some distance, who said never a word ; the king demanded why he would not offer ; the Monk said, he was poor, and besides, would give nothing if he were ever so rich ; the king replied, Then you are the fittest person to have it, and immediately gave it him. But this is, perhaps with reason enough, assigned more to caprice than conscience ; for he was under the power of every humour and passion that possessed him for the present ; which made him obstinate in his resolves, and unsteady in the prosecution.

He had one vice or folly that seemed rooted in his mind, and of all others, most unbefitting a prince : This was, a proud disdainful manner, both in

† Not from his attachment to grosser pleasures ; but from his vanity, study of magnificence, buildings, affectation of generosity, and profuseness in rewarding the bravery of his soldiers. The Monks bring against him a general charge of incontinency ; but mention no particulars : No spurious issue is heard of ; no mistress raised to rank and splendour ; not the name of any of his private favourites has reached us. Had he been as tractable to *Anselm*, as *Edgar* was to *Dunstan* ; had he laid his sceptre under the feet of that insolent bigot ; the same Monks would have celebrated his piety, and palliated his failings ; as the popes were equally grateful to *Dunstan*, *Anselm*, and *Becket*, by exalting those incendiaries into saints.

his words and gesture ; and having already lost the love of his subjects by his avarice and oppression, this finished the work, by bringing him into contempt and hatred among his servants ; so that few among the worst of princes have had the luck to be so ill-beloved, or so little lamented.

He never married, having an invincible abhorrence for the state, although not for the sex.

He died in the thirteenth year of his reign, the forty-third of his age, and of *Christ* 1100, *August* 2.

His works of piety were few, but in buildings he was very expensive, exceeding any king of *England* before or since, among which *Westminster-Hall*, *Windsor Castle*, the *Tower of London*, and the whole city of *Carlisle*, remain lasting monuments of his magnificence.

The REIGN of

HENRY the FIRST.

THIS prince was the youngest son of *William the Conqueror*, and bred to more learning than was usual in that age, or to his rank, which got him the surname of *Beauclerc* ; the reputation whereof, together with his being born in *England*, and born son of a king, although of little weight in themselves, did very much strengthen his pretensions with the people. Besides, he had the same advantage of his brother *Robert's* absence, which had proved before so successful to *Rufus*, whose treasures he likewise seized on immediately at his death, after the same manner, and for the same end, as *Rufus* did those of his father the *Conqueror*. *Robert* had been now five years absent in the *Holy War*, where he acquitted himself with great glory ; and although he was now in *Apulia*, upon his return homeward, yet the nobles pretending not to know what was become of him, and others giving out that he had been elected king of *Jerusalem*, *Henry* laid hold of the occasion, and calling together an assembly of the clergy, nobles, and people of the realm at *London*, upon his promises to restore king *Edward's* laws, and redress the grievances which had been introduced by his father and brother, they

they consented to elect him king *. Immediately after his coronation, he proceeded upon reforming the abuses of the late reign: he banished dissolute persons from the court, who had long infested it under the protection and example of *Rufus*: he restored the people to the use of lights in the night, which the *Conqueror* had forbidden, after a certain hour, by the ringing of a bell. Then he published his charter, and ordered a copy thereof to be taken for every county in *England*. This charter was in substance; The freedom of Mother Church from former oppressions; leave to the heirs of nobles to succeed in the possession of their lands, without being obliged to redeem them, only paying to the king a moderate relief †; abolition of fines for licence of marriage to their heiresses; a promise of not refusing such licence, unless the match proposed be with the king's enemy ‡, &c. the next of kin to be guardians of the lands of orphans; punishments for coiners of false money; a confirmation of *St. Edward's* laws; and a general amnesty.

About the same time he performed two acts of justice, which, by gratifying the revenge and the love of the people, gained very much upon their affections to his person: the first was, to imprison *Ralph* bishop of *Durham*, who having been raised by the late king from a mean and sordid birth.

* Notwithstanding the phrase *electus est* be used on this very occasion by *Henry of Huntingdon*, and *William of Malmesbury*, there seems to be a manifest impropriety in it. The barons convened at *London*, upon news of *William's* death, pretended to no power of electing a monarch, but of declaring to whom the crown had devolved. A false charge of illegitimacy was made use of to destroy the title of *Robert*. *Imposuerunt ei illegitimitatem, quod non fuerat procreatus de legitimo thoro Willielmi Conquestoris; unde unanimi assensu suo ipsum refutaverunt, & pro Rege omnino recusaverunt, & Henricum fratrem in Regem creaverunt.* *Knyghton*. The body of barons, or great council of the land, were in all such emergencies deemed the interpreters or judges of the law of succession.

† This was in appearance a very important concession, and yet proved of little use; for so long as the measure and proportion of such relief (or fine upon admittance) was left undetermined, a door was still open for grievous exactions. Whence the barons, in their famous convention with king *John*, obliged him to settle the relief of their heirs, at 100 pounds for an earl's barony, 100 marks for a common barony, and 100 shillings for a knight's fief; which was the ancient fine upon succession, and was supposed to be a fourth part of the yearly income of the respective inheritances. See *Magna Charta*, art. 3. "*Hæres suus plenæ ætatis—habeat hæreditatem suam per antiquum relevium; scil. hæres comitis, &c.*" That there were very great abuses in this branch of the royal revenue in the preceding reign, may appear from the relief exacted of *Robert de Belesme* earl of *Shrewsbury*, upon his succeeding in 1098 to the baronies of his elder brother: this, we are told by *Ordericus Vitalis*, was 3000 *l.* an enormous sum in those times, and equivalent to about 69,700 *l.* in the present. A nobleman, reduced to compound in this manner with the crown, before he could have legal possession of his paternal estate, might well be said to redeem it.

‡ i. e. with a traitor or malecontent.

to be his prime confident and minister, became the chief instrument, as well as contriver, of all his oppressions: the second was, in recalling and restoring archbishop *Anselm*, who having been forced by the continual persecutions of the same prince, to leave *England*, had lived ever since in banishment, and deprived of all his revenues.

The king had not been many months on his throne, when the news came that duke *Robert*, returned from the *Holy Land*, was received by his subjects with great marks of joy and honour, and in universal reputation for his valour and success against the Infidels: soon after which, *Ralph* bishop of *Durham*, either by the negligence or corruption of his keepers, escaped out of prison, and fled over to the duke; whom he stirred up to renew and solicit his pretensions to the crown of *England*, by writing to several nobles, who, either through old friendship, or new discontent, or an opinion of his title, gave him promises of their assistance, as soon as he should land in *England*: but the duke having returned exceeding poor from the *Holy Land*, was not yet in a condition for such an undertaking, and therefore thought fit to defer it to a more seasonable opportunity.

As the king had hitherto, with great industry, sought all occasions to gratify his people, so he continued to do in the choice of a wife. This was *Matilda*, daughter of *Malcolm* the late king of *Scots*; a lady of great piety and virtue, who, by the power or persuasion of her friends, was prevailed with to leave her cloyster for a crown, after she had, as some writers report, already taken the veil. Her mother was sister to *Edgar Atheling*, the last heir male of the *Saxon* race; of whom frequent mention hath been made in the two preceding reigns: and thus the *Saxon* line, to the great contentment of the *English* nation, was again restored.

Duke *Robert*, having now with much difficulty and oppression of his subjects, raised great forces, and gotten ready a fleet to convey them, resolved once more to assert his title to the crown of *England*: to which end he had for some time held a secret correspondence with several nobles, and lately received fresh invitations. The king, on the other side, who had received timely intelligence of his brother's preparations, gave orders to his admirals to watch the sea-ports, and endeavour to hinder the enemy's landing: but the commanders of several ships, whether *Robert* had won them by his bribes, or his promises, instead of offering resistance, became his guides, and brought his fleet safe into *Portsmouth*, where he landed his
men,

men, and from thence marched to *Winchester*, his army hourly encreasing by great numbers of people, who had either an affection for his person, an opinion of his title, or a hatred to the king. In the mean time *Henry* advanced with his forces, to be near the duke, and observe his motions; but, like a wise general, forbore offering battle to an invader, until he might do it with manifest advantage. Besides, he knew very well that his brother was a person whose policy was much inferior to his valour, and therefore to be sooner overcome in a treaty than a fight: to this end, the nobles on both sides began to have frequent interviews; to make overtures; and at last concert the terms of a peace; but wholly to the advantage of the king, *Robert* renouncing his pretensions in consideration of a small pension, and of succeeding to the crown on default of male issue in his brother.

The defection of nobles and other people to the duke was so great, that men generally thought if it had come to a battle, the king would have lost both the victory and his crown. But *Robert*, upon his return to *Normandy* after this dishonourable peace, grew out of all reputation with the world, as well as into perfect hatred and contempt among his own subjects, which in a short time was the cause of his ruin.

The king having thus by his prudence got rid of a dangerous and troublesome rival, and soon after by his valour quelled the insurrections of the earls of *Shrewsbury* and *Mortain*, whom he forced to fly into *Normandy*, found himself in full peace at home and abroad, and therefore thought he might venture a contention with the Church about the right of investing bishops; upon which subject many other princes at that time had controversy with their clergy: but, after long struggling in vain, were all forced to yield at last to the decree of a synod in *Rome*, and to the pertinacy of the bishops in the several countries. The form of investing a bishop, was by delivery of a ring and a pastoral staff; which, at *Rome*, was declared unlawful to be performed by any lay-hand whatsoever; but the princes of *Christendom* pleaded immemorial custom to authorize them: and king *Henry*, having given the investiture to certain bishops, commanded *Anselm* to consecrate them. This the archbishop refused with great firmness, pursuant to what he understood to be his duty, and to several immediate commands of the pope. Both sides adhering to their own sentiments, the matter was carried to *Rome*, where *Anselm* went in person, by the king's desire; who, at the same time, sent ambassadors thither to assert and defend his cause;

but the pope still insisting, *Anselm* was forbidden to return to *England*. The king seized on all his revenues, and would not restore him, until upon other concessions of the pope, *Henry* was content to yield up his pretensions to the investiture; but, however, kept the right of electing still in his own hands.

Whatever might have been the method of electing bishops, in the more primitive ages, it seems plain to me that in these times, and somewhat before, although the election was made *per clerum & populum*; yet the king always nominated at first, or approved afterwards, and generally both, as may be seen by the style in which their elections ran, as well as by the persons chosen, who were usually churchmen of the court, or in some employment near the king. But whether this were a gradual encroachment of the regal upon the spiritual power, I had rather leave others to dispute.

1104. About this time duke *Robert* came to *England*, upon a visit to the king, where he was received with much kindness and hospitality; but, at the same time, the queen had private directions to manage his easy temper, and work him to a consent of remitting his pension: this was compassed without much difficulty: but, upon the duke's return to *Normandy*, he was severely reprov'd for his weakness by *Ralph* bishop of *Durham*, and the two earls of *Mortain* and *Shrewsbury*. These three having fled from *England* for rebellion, and other treasons, lived exiles in *Normandy*; and, bearing an inveterate hatred to the king, resolved to stir up the duke to a resentment of the injury and fraud of his brother. *Robert*, who was various in his nature, and always under the power of the present persuader, easily yielded to their incitements: reproached the king in bitter terms, by letters and messages, that he had cozened and circumvented him; demanding satisfaction, and withal threatening revenge. At the same time, by the advice of the three nobles already mentioned, he began to arm himself as formidably as he could, with design to seize upon the king's possessions in *Normandy*: but as this resolution was rashly taken up, so it was as faintly pursued, and ended in his destruction: neither hath any prince reason to expect better fortune, that engages in a war against a powerful neighbour upon the counsel or instigation of exiles, who having no farther view than to serve their private interest, or gratify their revenge, are sure to succeed in one or t'other, if they can embark princes in their quarrel, whom they fail

fail not to incite by the falsest representations of their own strength, and the weakness of their enemy : for as the king was now settled in his throne too firm to be shaken, so *Robert* had wholly lost all credit and friendship in *England* ; was sunk in reputation at home ; and, by his unlimited profuseness, reduced so low, that, having pawned most of his dominions, he had offered *Rouen*, his capital city, in sale to the inhabitants. All this was very well known to the king, who, resolving to make his 1105 advantage thereof, pretended to be highly provoked at the disgraceful speeches and menaces of his brother ; which he made the formal occasion of a quarrel : therefore he first sent over some forces to ravage his country ; and, understanding that the duke was coldly supported by his own subjects, many of whom came over to the king's army, he soon followed in person with more ; took several towns ; and, placing garrisons therein, came back to *England*, designing with the first pretext or opportunity to return with a more potent army, and wholly subdue the duchy to his obedience.

Robert, now grown sensible of his weakness, became wholly dispirited ; and following his brother into *England*, in a most dejected manner begged for peace : but the king, now fully determined upon his ruin, turned away in disdain, muttering at the same time some threatening words. This indignity roused up once more the sinking courage of the duke ; who, with bitter words, detesting the pride and insolence of *Henry*, withdrew in a rage, and hasting back to *Normandy*, made what preparations he could for his own defence. The king observing his nobles very ready to engage with him in this expedition ; and being assured that those in *Normandy* would, upon his approach, revolt from the duke, soon followed with a mighty army, and the flower of his kingdom. Upon his arrival he was attended, according to his expectation, by several *Norman* lords ; and, with this formidable force, sat down before *Tenerchebray* : the duke, accompanied by the two exiled earls, advanced with what strength he had, in hopes to draw the enemy from the siege of so important a place, although at the hazard of a battle. Both armies being drawn out in battalia, that of the king's, trusting to their numbers, began the charge with great fury, but without any order. The duke, with forces far inferior, received the 1106 enemy with much firmness ; and, finding they had spent their first heat, advanced very regularly against their main body, before they could

recover themselves from the confusion they were in. He attacked them with so much courage, that he broke their whole body, and they began to fly on every side. The king believing all was lost, did what he could by threats and gentle words to stop the flight of his men, but found it impossible : then he commanded two bodies of horse, which were placed in either wing, to join, and wheeling about, to attack the enemy in the rear. The duke, who thought himself so near a victory, was forced to stop his pursuit ; and ordering his men to face about, began the fight anew ; mean time the scattered parts of the main body, which had so lately fled, began to rally, and pour in upon the *Normans* behind, by which duke *Robert's* army was almost encompassed ; yet they kept their ground awhile, and made several charges, until at length, perfectly overborne by numbers, they were utterly defeated. There duke *Robert*, doing all the parts of a great captain, was taken prisoner, together with the earl of *Mortain*, and almost his whole army : for being hemmed in on all sides, few
 1107 of them could make their escape. Thus, in the space of forty years, *Normandy* subdued *England*, and *England* *Normandy* ; which are events perhaps hardly to be paralleled in any other ages or parts of the world.

The king, having staid awhile to settle the state of *Normandy*, returned with his brother into *England*, whom he sent prisoner to *Cardiff* castle, with orders that he should be favourably used, which, for some time, were duly observed ; until being accused of attempting to make his escape (whether it were real or feigned) he had his eyes put out with a burning basin, by the king's express commands ; in which miserable condition he lived for six and twenty years.

It is believed the king would hardly have engaged in this unnatural and invidious war, with so little pretence or provocation, if the pope had not openly approved and sanctified his cause, exhorting him to it as a meritorious action ; which seems to have been but an ill return from the vicar of Christ to a prince who had performed so many brave exploits for the service of the Church, to the hazard of his person, and ruin of his fortune. But the very bigotted monks, who have left us their accounts of those times, do generally agree in heavily taxing the *Roman* court for bribery and corruption. And the king had promised to remit his right of investing bishops, which he performed immediately after his reduction of *Normandy*, and was a
 matter

matter of much more service to the pope, than all the atchievements of duke *Robert* in the Holy Land, whose merits, as well as pretensions, were now antiquated and out of date.

1109. About this time the emperor *Henry V.* sent to desire *Maude* the king's daughter in marriage, who was then a child about eight years old: that prince had lately been embroiled in a quarrel with the see of *Rome*, which began upon the same subject of investing bishops, but was carried to great extremities: for invading *Italy* with a mighty army, he took the pope prisoner, forced him to yield to whatever terms he thought fit to impose, and to take an oath of fidelity to him between his hands: however, as soon as *Henry* had withdrawn his forces, the pope assembling a council, revoked all his concessions, as extorted by compulsion, and raised great troubles in *Germany* against the emperor, who, in order to secure himself, sought this alliance with the king.

About this time likewise died archbishop *Anselm*, a prelate of great piety and learning, whose zeal for the see of *Rome*, as well as for his own rights and privileges, should in justice be imputed to the errors of the time, and not of the man. After his death, the king, following the steps of his brother, held the see vacant five years, contenting himself with an excuse, which looked like a jest, That he only waited until he could find another so good a man as *Anselm*.

In the fourteenth year of this king's reign, the *Welsh*, after their usual manner, invaded the Marches with great fury and destruction; but the king, hoping to put a final end to those perpetual troubles and vexations given to his kingdom by that unquiet people, went in person against them with a powerful army; and to prevent their usual stratagem of retreating to their woods and mountains, and other fastnesses, he ordered the woods to be cut down, beset all their places of security, and hunting them like wild beasts, made so terrible a slaughter, that at length observing them to fling down their arms, and beg for quarter, he commanded his soldiers to forbear; then receiving their submissions, and placing garrisons where he thought necessary, he returned, in great triumph and satisfaction, to *London*.

1114. The princess *Maude* being now marriageable, was delivered to the emperor's ambassador; and for a portion to the young lady a tax was imposed of three shillings upon every hide of land in *England*, which grew afterwards

afterwards into a custom *, and was in succeeding times confirmed by acts of parliament, under the name of *Reasonable Aid for marrying the King's Daughter*, although levied after a different manner.

As the institution of parliaments in *England* is agreed by several writers to be owing to this king, so the date of the first hath been assigned by some to the fifteenth year of his reign; which however is not to be affirmed with any certainty: for great councils were convoked not only in the two preceding reigns, but for time immemorial by the *Saxon* princes, who first introduced them into this island, from the same original with the other *Gothick* forms of government in most parts of *Europe*. These councils or assemblies were composed according to the pleasure of the prince who convened them, generally of nobles and bishops, sometimes were added some considerable commoners; but they seldom met, except in the beginning of a reign, or in times of war, until this king came to the crown; who being a wise and popular prince, called these great assemblies upon most important affairs of his reign, and ever followed their advice, which, if it proved successful, the honour and advantage redounded to him, and if otherwise, he was free from the blame: thus when he chose a wife for himself, and a husband for his daughter, when he designed his expedition against *Robert*, and even for the election of an archbishop to the see of *Canterbury*, he proceeded wholly by the advice of such general assemblies, summoned for the purpose. But the style of these conventions, as delivered by several authors, is very various; sometimes it is *comites, barones, & cleri* †; his marriage was agreed on, *consilio majorum natu & magnatum terræ*. One author ‡ calls it *consilium principum, sacerdotum, & reliqui populi*. And for the election of an archbishop, the *Saxon Chronicle* says, That he commanded by letters all bishops, abbots, and thanes to meet him at *Glocester ad procerum conventum*. Lastly, some affirm these assemblies to have been an imitation of the three estates in *Normandy*. I am very sensible how much time and pains have been em-

* This sort of imposition was new to the *English*; but was a consequence of the military tenure established by the Conqueror. The like *aid*, or *scutage*, as it was called, had been levied in other parts of *Europe*, wherever the feudal system had taken place, as oft as the lord of the fief had occasion to celebrate the nuptials of his eldest daughter, or the knighthood of his eldest son. We should have heard of this demand earlier in *England*, if any such occasion had happened. *Maude* was the first princess-royal given in marriage after the conquest.

† *Brompton*.

‡ *Polydore Virgil*.

ployed by several learned men to search out the original of parliaments in *England*, wherein I doubt they have little satisfied others or themselves. I know likewise that to engage in the same enquiry, would neither suit my abilities nor my subject. It may be sufficient for my purpose, if I be able to give some little light into this matter, for the curiosity of those who are less informed.

The institution of a state or commonwealth out of a mixture of the three forms of government received in the schools, however it be derided as a solecism and absurdity by some late writers on politicks, hath been very ancient in the world, and is celebrated by the gravest authors of antiquity. For although the supreme power cannot properly be said to be divided, yet it may be so placed in three several hands, as each to be a check upon the other; or formed into a balance, which is held by him that has the executive power, with the nobility and people in counterpoise in each scale. Thus the kingdom of *Media* is represented by *Xenophon* before the reign of *Cyrus*; so *Polybius* tells us, the best government is a mixture of the three forms, *regno, optimatum, & populi imperio*: the same was that of *Sparta* in its primitive institution by *Lycurgus*, made up of *reges, seniores, & populus*; the like may be asserted of *Rome, Carthage*, and other states: and the *Germans* of old fell upon the same model, from whence the *Goths* their neighbours, with the rest of those northern people, did perhaps borrow it. But an assembly of the three estates is not properly of *Gothick* institution: for these fierce people, when upon the decline of the *Roman* empire they first invaded *Europe*, and settled so many kingdoms in *Italy, Spain*, and other parts, were all heathens; and when a body of them had fixed themselves in a tract of land left desolate by the flight or destruction of the natives, their military government by time and peace became civil; the general was king, his great officers were his nobles and ministers of state, and the common soldiers the body of the people; but these were freemen, and had smaller portions of land assigned them. The remaining natives were all slaves; the nobles were a standing council; and upon affairs of great importance, the freemen were likewise called by their representatives to give their advice. By which it appears, that the *Gothick* frame of government consisted at first but of two states or assemblies, under the administration of a single person. But after the conversion of these princes and their people to the Christian faith, the Church became endowed with great possessions,

feſſions, as well by the bounty of kings, as the arts and induſtry of the clergy, winning upon the devotion of their new converts : and power, by the common maxim, always accompanying property, the eccleſiaſticks began ſoon to grow conſiderable, to form themſelves into a body, and to call aſſemblies or ſynods by their own authority, or ſometimes by the command of their princes, who in an ignorant age had a mighty veneration for their learning as well as piety. By ſuch degrees the Church arrived at length, by very juſtifiable ſteps, to have her ſhare in the commonwealth, and became a third eſtate in moſt kingdoms of *Europe* ; but theſe aſſemblies, as we have already obſerved, were ſeldom called in *England* before the reign of this prince, nor even then were always compoſed after the ſame manner : neither does it appear from the writers who lived neareſt to that age, that the people had any representative at all, beſide the barons and other nobles, who did not ſit in thoſe aſſembles by virtue of their birth or creation, but of the lands or baronies they held. So that the preſent conſtitution of the *Engliſh* parliament hath, by many degrees and alterations, been modelled to the frame it is now in ; which alterations I ſhall obſerve in the ſucceeding reigns as exactly as I can diſcover them by a diligent ſearch into the hiſtories of the ſeveral ages, without engaging in the controverted points of law about this matter, which would rather perplex the reader than inform him.

1116. But to return, *Louis the Groſs* king of *France*, a valiant and active prince, in the flower of his age, ſucceeding to that crown that *Robert* was deprived of *Normandy*, grew jealous of the neighbourhood and power of king *Henry*, and begun early to entertain deſigns either of ſubduing that duchy to himſelf, or at leaſt of making a conſiderable party againſt the king in favour of *William* ſon of *Robert*, whom for that end he had taken into his protection. Purſuant to theſe intentions, he ſoon found an occaſion for a quarrel : expoſtulating with *Henry*, that he had broken his promiſe by not doing homage for the duchy of *Normandy*, as well as by neglecting to raze the caſtle of *Gisors*, which was built on the *French* ſide of the river *Epte*, the common boundary between both dominions *.

But

* Some years before there had been a treaty concluded between *France* and *Normandy* ; wherein, among other points, it was agreed, That the frontier town *Gisors* ſhould be ſequeſtered in the hands of a baron called *Payen*, who was to receive into it neither *Engliſh*, nor *Norman*, nor *French* troops ; but in caſe it ſhould fall into the hands of either of the two kings,

But an incident soon offered, which gave king *Henry* a pretext for retaliating almost in the same manner: for it happened that upon some offence taken against his nephew *Theobald* count of *Blois* by the *French* king, *Louis* in great rage sent an army to invade and ravage the earl's territories. *Theobald* defended himself for a while with much valour; but at length in danger to be overpowered, requested aid of his uncle the king of *England*, who supported him so effectually with men and money, that he was able not only to defend his own country, but very much to infest and annoy his enemy. Thus a war was kindled between the two kings; *Louis* now openly asserted the title of *William* the son of *Robert*, and entering into an alliance with the earls of *Flanders* and *Anjou*, began to concert measures for driving king *Henry* out of *Normandy*.

The king having timely intelligence of his enemy's designs, began with great vigour and dispatch to prepare himself for war: he raised, with much difficulty and discontent of his people, the greatest tax that had ever been known in *England*; and passing over into *Normandy* with a mighty army, joined his nephew *Theobald*. The king of *France*, who had entertained hopes that he should over-run the duchy before his enemy could arrive, advanced with great security towards the frontiers of *Normandy*; but observing an enemy of equal number and force already prepared to engage him, he suddenly stopt his march. The two armies faced one another for some hours, neither side offering battle; the rest of the day was spent in light skirmishes begun by the *French*, and repeated for some days following with various success; but the remainder of the year passed without any considerable action.

1119. At length the violence of the two princes brought it to a battle: for *Lewis*, to give a reputation to his arms, advanced towards the frontiers of *Normandy*, and after a short siege took *Gué Nicaise**; there the king met him, and the fight began, which continued with great obstinacy on both sides for nine hours. The *French* army was divided into two bodies, and the *English* into three; by which means, that part where the king fought in person, being attacked by a superior number, began to give way;

kings, it was stipulated that the walls should be razed within the space of forty days. Notwithstanding this, *Henry* had seized the place; and when called upon to sequester it, or else to raze the walls, declined the doing either. Father *Daniel*.

* At that time reckoned an important fortress on the river *Epte*.

and *William Crispin*, a *Norman* baron, singling out the king of *England* (whose subject he had been, but banished for treason) struck him twice in the head with so much violence, that the blood gushed out of his mouth. The king inflamed with rage and indignation, dealt such furious blows, that he struck down several of his enemies, and *Crispin* among the rest, who was taken prisoner at his horse's feet. The soldiers encouraged by the valour of their prince, rallied and fell on with fresh vigour, and the victory seemed doubtful, when *William* the son of king *Henry*, to whom his father had intrusted the third body of his army, which had not yet engaged, fell on with this fresh reserve upon the enemy, who was already very much har-
rassed with the toil of the day: this quickly decided the matter; for the *French*, though valiantly fighting, were overcome, with the slaughter of several thousand men; their king quitted the field, and withdrew to *Andeli*; but the king of *England* recovering *Gué Nicaise*, returned triumphant to *Rouen*.

This important victory was followed by the defection of the earl of *Anjou* to king *Henry*, and the earl of *Flanders* fell in the battle; by which the king of *France* was at once deprived of two powerful allies. However, by the intercession of the former, a peace was soon after made between both crowns. *William* the king's son did homage to *Louis* for the dukedom of *Normandy*; and the other *William*, following the fortunes of his father, was left to his pretensions and complaints.

It is here observable, that from this time until *Wales* was subdued to the *English* crown, the eldest sons of *England* were called dukes of *Normandy*, as they are now princes of *Wales*.

1120. The king having staid some time in *Normandy*, for the settlement of his duchy after the calamities and confusions of a war, returned to *England*, to the very great satisfaction of his people and himself. He had enlarged his dominions by the conquest of *Normandy*; he had subdued all his competitors, and forced even the king of *France*, their great protector, after a glorious victory, to his own conditions of a peace; he was upon very good terms with the pope, who had a great esteem and friendship for his person, and made him larger concessions than was usual from that see, and in those ages. At home he was respected by the clergy, revered by the nobles, and beloved by the people; in his family he was blessed with a son of much hopes, just growing to years of manhood, and
his

his daughter was an empress; so that he seemed to possess as great a share of happiness as human life is capable to admit. But the felicity of man depends upon a conjunction of many circumstances, which are all subject to various accidents, and every single accident is able to dissolve the whole contexture; which truth was never verified more than in this prince, who by one domestick misfortune, not to be prevented or foreseen, found all the pleasure and content he proposed to himself by his prudence, his industry, and his valour, wholly disappointed and destroyed: for *William* the young prince having embarked at *Barfleur* some time after his father, the mariners being all drunk, suffered the ship to run upon a rock, where it was dashed to pieces: the prince made a shift to get into the boat, and was making to the shore, until forced back by the cries of his sister, whom he received into the boat, so many others crowded in at the same time, that it was immediately overturned. There perished, beside the prince, a natural son and daughter of the king's, his niece, and many other persons of quality, together with all their attendants and servants, to the number of a hundred and forty, besides fifty mariners, but one person escaping.

Although the king survived this cruel misfortune many years, yet he could never recover his former humour, but grew melancholy and morose; however, in order to provide better for the peace and settlement of the kingdom after his death, about five months after the loss of his son, his former queen having died three years before, he married *Adelais*, a beautiful young lady of the family of *Lorrain**, in hopes of issue by her, but never had any.

The death of the prince gave occasion to some new troubles in *Normandy*; for the earls of *Meulant* and *Evreux*, *Hugh de Montfort*, and other associates, began to raise insurrections there, which were thought to be privately fomented by the *French* king, out of enmity to king *Henry*, and in favour of *William* the son of *Robert*, to whom the earl of *Anjou* had lately given his daughter in marriage. But *William* 1124. of *Tankerville*, the king's lieutenant in *Normandy*, surprizing the enemy's forces by an ambush, intirely routed them, took both the earls prisoners, and sent one of them (*Meulant*) to his master; but the count *d'Evreux* made his escape.

* She was daughter of *Godfrey* duke of *Louvain*, or the *Lower Lorrain*.

1126. King *Henry* having now lost hope of issue by his new queen, brought with him, on his return to *England*, his daughter *Maude*, who by the emperor's death had been lately left a widow and childless; and in a parliament or general assembly which he had summoned at *Windsor*, he caused the crown to be settled on her and her children, and made all his nobles take a solemn oath to defend her title. This was performed by none with so much forwardness as *Stephen* earl of *Boulogne*, who was observed to shew a more than ordinary zeal in the matter. This young lord was the king's nephew, being second son of the earl of *Blois* by *Adela* the Conqueror's daughter: he was in high favour with the king his uncle, who had married him to the daughter and heiress of the earl of *Boulogne*, given him great possessions in *England*, and made him indeed too powerful for a subject.

The king having thus fixed the succession of the crown in his daughter by an act of settlement and an oath of fealty, looked about to provide her with a second husband, and at length determined his choice in *Geoffry Plantagenet* earl of *Anjou*, the son of *Fulk* lately deceased.

This prince, whose dominions confined on *France* and *Normandy*, was usually courted for an ally by both kings in their several quarrels; but having little faith or honour, he never scrupled to change sides as often as he saw or conceived it for his advantage. After the great victory over the *French*, he closed in with king *Henry*, and gave his daughter to the young prince *William*; yet at the same time, by the private encouragement of *Louis*, he prevailed on the king of *England* to be easy in the conditions of a peace. Upon the unfortunate loss of the prince, and the troubles in *Normandy* thereupon, he fell again from the king, gave his other daughter to *William* the son of *Robert*, and struck up with *France* to take that prince again into protection. But dying soon after, and leaving his son *Geoffry* to succeed in that earldom, the king was of opinion he could not any where bestow his daughter with more advantage, both for the security and enlargement of his dominions, than by giving her to this earl; by which marriage *Anjou* would become an acquisition to *Normandy*, and this be a more equal match to so formidable a neighbour as *France*. In a short time the marriage was concluded; and this earl *Geoffry* had the honour to introduce into the royal family of *England* the surname of *Plantagenet*, borne

borne by so many succeeding kings, which began with *Henry II.* who was the eldest son of this marriage.

But the king of *France* was in great discontent at this match : he easily foresaw the dismal consequences to himself and his successors from such an increase of dominion united to the crown of *England* : he knew what impressions might be made in future times to the shaking of his throne by an aspiring and warlike king, if they should happen in a weak reign, or upon any great discontents in that kingdom. Which conjectures being highly reasonable (and since often verified by events) he cast about to find some way of driving the king of *England* intirely out of *France* ; but having neither pretext nor stomach in the midst of a peace to begin an open and formal quarrel, there fell out an accident which gave him plausible occasion of pursuing his design.

Charles the Good earl of *Flanders* having been lately murdered by some of his subjects, upon private revenge, the king of *France* went in person to take revenge of the assassins ; which he performed with great justice and honour. But the late earl leaving no heir of his body, and several competitors appearing to dispute the succession, *Louis* rejected some others who seemed to have a fairer title, and adjudged it to *William* the son of *Robert*, the better to secure him to his interests upon any design he might engage in against the king of *England*. Not content with this, he assisted the earl in person, subdued his rivals, and left him in peaceable possession of his new dominion.

King *Henry*, on the other side, was very apprehensive of his nephew's greatness, well knowing to what end it was directed ; however, he seemed not to regard it, contenting himself to give the earl employment at home by privately nourishing the discontents of his new subjects, and abetting under-hand another pretender : for *William* had so intirely lost the hearts of his people, by his intolerable avarice and exactions, that the principal towns in *Flanders* revolted from him, and invited *Thierrie* earl of *Alsace* to be their governor. But the king of *France* generously resolved to appear once more in his defence, and took his third expedition into *Flanders* for that purpose. He had marched as far as *Artois*, when he was suddenly recalled to defend his own dominions from the fury of a powerful and provoked invader : for *Henry* king of *England*, moved with indignation to see the *French* king in the midst of a peace so frequently and openly supporting his

his most dangerous enemy, thought it the best way to divert *Louis* from kindling a fire against him abroad, by forcing him to extinguish one at home: he therefore entered into the bowels of *France*, ravaging and laying waste all before him, and quickly grew so formidable, that the *French* king to purchase a peace was forced to promise never more to assist or favour the earl of *Flanders*; however, as it fell out, this article proved to be wholly needless; for the young earl soon after gave battle to *Thierrie*, and put his whole army to the rout; but pursuing his victory, he received a wound in his wrist, which, by the unskilfulness of a surgeon, cost him his life *.

This one slight inconsiderable accident did, in all probability, put a stop to very great events; for if that young prince had survived his victory, it is hardly to be doubted but through the justness of his cause, the reputation of his valour, and the assistance of the king of *France*, he would in a little time have recovered *Normandy*, and perhaps his father's liberty, which were the two designs he had in agitation; nor could he well have missed the crown of *England* after the king's death, who was now in his decline, when he had so fair a title, and no competitors in view but a woman and an infant.

1129. Upon the king's return from *Normandy*, a great council of the clergy was held at *London*, for the punishing of priests who lived in concubinage †, which was the great grievance of the Church in those ages, and had

* The lance passed through or under the ball of his thumb into his wrist. The wound gangrening, he died within five days.

† For celibacy was now placed among the first of ecclesiastic virtues. Not concubines only but wives were deemed a reproach to the sacred order; and canons were made for inflicting equal punishments on clergymen who cohabited with either: nay, the wives of priests were denied to be wives, and degraded into the rank of concubines.

At some preceding councils in this reign, severe decrees passed to restrain ecclesiastics from matrimony, and to chastise those who being married should neglect to repudiate their wives. If a *priest, deacon, subdeacon, &c.* should suffer any woman, except a mother, sister, aunt, or person equally unsuspected, to dwell in the house with him, he was to be punished with loss of benefice and loss of his order, and the concubinary or suspected female to be arrested, disciplined, or reduced to be a slave. [*Concil. Lond. anno 1126. c. 13. — Westmonast. anno 1127. c. 5, 7.*] These were laws which the policy of *Rome* suggested, but which the king and lay-barons might not fully approve. They were laws that could not, however, be put generally in execution, considering the number and power of the married clergy as this time (to whose claim of the *honourable and undefiled bed* the last blow had not yet been given) without the aid and concurrence of the civil power: the king seemed ready to co-operate, and found his advantage in so doing. In the very beginning of his reign, he was remarkably active in enforcing the new canons against clerical incontinency, by levying fines

had been condemned by several canons. This assembly thinking to take a more effectual course against that abomination, as it was called, decreed severe penalties upon those who should be guilty of breaking it, intreating the king to see the law put in execution; which he very readily undertook, but performed otherwise than was expected, eluding the force of the law by an evasion to his own advantage: for exacting fines of the delinquent priests, he suffered them to keep their concubines without further disturbance. A very unaccountable step in so wise a body for their own concerns, as the clergy of those times is lookt upon to have been; and although perhaps the fact be not worth recording, it may serve as a lesson to all assemblies never to trust the execution of a law in the hands of those who will find it more to their interests to see it broken than observed*.

1132.

fines on the transgressors, without waiting for their conviction in an ecclesiastical court, or rather in lieu of the penalties which such court might inflict.

This was thought an invasion of the spiritual power, and besides a motive of avarice was supposed to lurk under the zeal he pretended for the chastity of the Church. *Anselm*, though lately restored to royal favour, and to the possession of the revenues of his see, could not brook such proceedings: he dispatched out of *Normandy* a chiding epistle to the king. A short extract from it may shew the spirit of the man, and the style in which bishops durst admonish their sovereigns. “Audio quòd vestra excellentia vindictam exercet super presbyteros Angliæ, et forisfacturam exigit ab iis qui non servaverunt præceptum concilii, quod ego cum vestro favore tenui apud Lundoniam cum aliis episcopis, &c. quod hætenus inauditum & inusitatum in ecclesiâ Dei de ullo rege & de aliquo principe. Non enim pertinet—hujusmodi culpam vindicare, nisi ad singulos episcopos—aut, si & episcopi in hoc negligentes fuerint, ad archiepiscopum & primatem—precor igitur—& consulo,—ne vos contra ecclesiasticam consuetudinem in tam grave peccatum mittatis—dico enim vobis, quòd valdè timere debetis, quòd pecunia taliter accepta—non adjuvabit terrena negotia; ut taceam, quantum noceat animæ, quantum postea perturbabit.” The king, after such an increpation, was cautious of interfering with ecclesiastical discipline. Fresh synods threw out more invectives and fiercer menaces against the concubinage, under which term was included the marriage of clerks; but the evil was still unremoved. Thus matters stood before the opening of the council of *London* in 1129, whose impolitic management is here censured by *Dr. Swift*.

* The king might now, it seems, animadvert upon licentious and married priests without fear of a primate's reprimand; the Church itself had resigned this branch of her discipline to him: but he was far from answering the warm expectations of the advocates for celibacy. Fines indeed he exacted from such as trespassed against the canons: this was a happy expedient for replenishing his coffers; but when those fines had been paid by clerks under censure, he connived at their retaining wives, and indulged them the protection of the civil power. For we must not say with *Alfred* and other Jesuits, that he connived at their keeping strumpets, notwithstanding that the term *focariæ*, used by *Matthew Paris*, may seem to favour such reproach. *Uxores* is the appellation expressly given to those spared and pitied domesticks by *Henry Huntingdon*, *Hovedon*, the *Annals of Margan* and of *Waverley*, and the *Chronicon of Heningford*. [See *Collier, Eccl. Hist.* vol. i. p. 322.] If it was an oversight in the clergy to intrust the king with the execution of their laws against concubinage, *Henry* however acted, on this occasion, the good politician, by dispensing with those who could not bear a separation from their wives.

1132. The empress *Maude* was now happily delivered of a son, who was afterwards king of *England* by the name of *Henry* the Second : and the king calling a parliament, had the oath of fealty repeated by the nobles and clergy to her and her issue, which in the compass of three years they all broke or forgot.

1134. I think it may deserve a place in this history to mention the last scene of duke *Robert's* life, who, either through the poorness or greatness of spirit, having outlived the loss of his honour, his dominions, his liberty, his eye-sight, and his only son, was at last forced to sink under the load of eighty years, and must be allowed for the greatest example either of insensibility or contempt of earthly things, that ever appeared in a sovereign or private person. He was a prince hardly equalled by any in his time for valour, conduct, and courtesy ; but his ruin began from the easiness of his nature, which whoever knew how to manage, were sure to be refused nothing they could ask. By such profusion he was reduced to those unhappy expedients of remitting his rights for a pension, of pawning his towns, and multiplying taxes, which brought him into hatred and contempt with his subjects ; neither do I think any virtue so little commendable in a sovereign as that of liberality, where it exceeds what his ordinary revenues can supply ; where it passes those bounds, his subjects must all be oppressed to shew his bounty to a few flatterers, or he must sell his towns, or basely renounce his rights, by becoming pensioner to some powerful prince in the neighbourhood ; all which we have lived to see performed by a late monarch in our own time and country.

1135. Since the reduction of *Normandy* to the king's obedience, he found it necessary for his affairs to spend in that duchy some part of his time almost every year, and a little before the death of *Robert* he made his last voyage there. It was observable in this prince, that having some years past very narrowly escaped shipwreck in his passage from *Normandy* into *England*, the sense of his danger had made very deep impressions on his mind, which he discovered by a great reformation in his life, by redressing several grievances, and doing many acts of piety ; and to shew the steady-

It was not his business to extinguish connubial love, or destroy family connexions in that order. A married clergy, he might reasonably imagine, would never become slaves to *Rome*, nor conspire with any pope to subvert the civil constitution.

ness

ness of his resolutions, he kept them to the last, making a progress through most parts of *Normandy*, treating his subjects in all places with great familiarity and kindness, granting their petitions, easing their taxes, and, in a word, giving all possible marks of a religious, wise, and gracious prince.

Returning to *St. Denys le Forment* from his progress a little indisposed, he there fell into a fever upon a surfeit of lamprey, which in a few days ended his life. His body was conveyed to *England*, and buried at *Reading* in the abbey-church himself had founded.

It is hard to affirm any thing peculiar of this prince's character; those authors who have attempted it mentioning very little but what was common to him with thousands of other men; neither have they recorded any of those personal circumstances or passages, which only can discover such qualities of the mind as most distinguish one man from another. These defects may perhaps appear in the stories of many succeeding kings; which makes me hope I shall not be altogether blamed for sometimes disappointing the reader in a point wherein I could wish to be the most exact.

As to his person, he is described to be of middle stature; his body strong set and fleshy; his hair black; his eyes large; his countenance amiable, and very pleasant, especially when he was merry. He was temperate in meat and drink, and a hater of effeminacy, a vice or folly much complained of in his time, especially that circumstance of long artificial hair, which he forbade upon severe penalties. His three principal virtues were prudence, valour, and eloquence. These were counterbalanced by three great vices; avarice, cruelty, and lust; of which the first is proved by the frequency of his taxes; the second by his treatment of duke *Robert*; and the last was notorious. But the proof of his virtues doth not depend on single instances, manifesting themselves through the whole course of a long reign, which was hardly attended by any misfortune that prudence, justice, or valour could prevent. He came to the crown at a ripe age, when he had passed thirty years, having learned, in his private life, to struggle with hardships, whereof he had his share, from the capriciousness and injustice of both his brothers; and by ob-

serving their failures, he had learned to avoid them in himself, being steady and uniform in his whole conduct, which were qualities they both seemed chiefly to want. This likewise made him so very tenacious as he was observed to be in his love and hatred. He was a strict observer of justice, which he seems never to have violated, but in that particular case, which political casuists are pleased to dispense with, where the dispute is about a crown. In that he † * * * *

Consider him as a private man, he was perhaps the most accomplished person of his age, having a facetious wit, cultivated by learning, and advanced with a great share of natural eloquence, which was his peculiar talent: and it was no doubt the sense he had of this last perfection in himself, that put him so often upon calling together the great councils of the nation, where natural oratory is of most figure as well as use.

† Here the sentence breaks off short, and is left unfinished.

The REIGN of
S T E P H E N.

THE veneration which people are supposed naturally to pay to a right line, and a lawful title in their kings, must be upheld by a long uninterrupted succession, otherwise it quickly loses opinion, upon which the strength of it, although not the justice, is entirely founded: and where breaches have been already made in the lineal descent, there is little security in a good title (though confirmed by promises and oaths) where the lawful heir is absent, and a popular aspiring pretender near at hand. This, I think, may pass for a maxim, if any consequences drawn from history can pretend to be called so, having been verified successively three times in this kingdom, I mean by the two preceding kings, and by the prince whose reign we are now writing. Neither can this observation be justly controuled by any instances brought of future princes, who being absent at their predecessor's death, have peaceably succeeded, the circumstances being very different in every case, either by the weakness or justice of pretenders, or else by the long establishment of lineal succession.

1135. *Stephen* earl of *Boulogne*, whose descent hath been already shewn in the foregoing reign, as the second of three brothers, whereof the eldest was *Theobald* earl of *Blois*, a sovereign prince, and *Henry* the youngest was bishop of *Winchester*, and the pope's legate in *England*. At the time of king *Henry's* death, his daughter the empress was with her husband the earl of *Anjou*, a grave and cautious prince, altogether unqualified for sudden enterprizes: but earl *Stephen*, who had attended the king in his last expedition, made so great dispatch for *England**, that the council had not time to meet and make any declaration about a successor. When the lords were assembled, the legate had already, by his credit and influence among them, brought over a great party to his brother's interests; and the earl himself, knowing with what success the like methods were used by his two

* *Stephen* was at *Boulogne* when he received the news of *Henry's* death. The lords present with the king at the time of his decease, were the earls of *Gloucester*, *Surry*, and *Leicester*; the counts of *Mortagne* and *Meulant*, and some governors of castles.

last predecessors, was very liberal of his promises to amend the laws, support the church, and redress grievances: for all which the bishop undertook to be guarantee. And thus was *Stephen* elected by those very persons who had so lately, and in so solemn a manner, more than once sworn fealty to another.

The motives whereby the nobility was swayed to proceed after this manner, were obvious enough. There had been a perpetual struggle between them and their former kings in the defence of their liberties; for the security whereof, they thought a king elected without other title, would be readier to enter into any obligations, and being held in constant dependence, would be less tempted to break them: therefore, as at his coronation they obtained full security by his taking new and additional oaths in favour of their liberties, their oath of fealty to him was but conditional, to be of force no longer than he should be true to those stipulations.

But other reasons were contrived and given out to satisfy the people: they were told it was an indignity for so noble a nation to be governed by a woman; that the late king had promised to marry his daughter within the realm, and by consent of parliament, neither of which was observed: and lastly, *Hugh Bigod*, steward to king *Henry*, took a voluntary oath, before the archbishop of *Canterbury*, that his master, in his last sickness, had, upon some displeasure, disinherited his daughter.

He received the crown with one great advantage that could best enable him to preserve it: this was the possession of his uncle's treasures, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, and reckoned as a prodigious sum in those days; by the help of which, without ever raising one tax upon the people, he defended an unjust title against the lawful heir during a perpetual contest of almost twenty years.

In order to defend himself against any sudden invasion, which he had cause enough to expect, he gave all men licence to build castles upon their lands, which proved a very mistaken piece of politicks, although grounded upon some appearance of reason. The king supposed that no invader would venture to advance into the heart of his country without reducing every castle in his way, which must be a work of much time and difficulty, nor would be able to afford men to block them up, and secure his retreat: which way of arguing may be good enough to a prince of an undisputed title, and entirely in the hearts of his subjects: but numerous castles are ill
defenders.

defenders of an usurpation, being the common retreat of malecontents, where they can fly with security, and discover their affections as they please : by which means the enemy, although beaten in the field, may still preserve his footing in the bowels of a country; may wait supplies from abroad, and prolong a war for many years : nor, while he is master of any castles, can he ever be at mercy by any sudden misfortune; but may be always in a condition of demanding terms for himself. These, and many other effects of so pernicious a counsel, the king found through the whole course of his reign; which was entirely spent in sieges, revolts, surprizes, and surrenders, with very few battles, but no decisive action : a period of much misery and confusion, which affords little that is memorable for events, or useful for the instruction of posterity.

1136. The first considerable enemy that appeared against him was *David* king of *Scots*, who having taken the oath of fealty to *Maude* and her issue, being further engaged by the ties of blood, and stirred up through the persuasions of several *English* nobles, began to take up arms in her cause; and invading the northern parts, took *Carlisle* and *Newcastle*; but upon the king's speedy approach with his forces, a peace was presently made, and the towns restored. However, the *Scottish* prince would, by no means, renounce his fidelity to the empress, by paying homage to *Stephen*; so that an expedient was found to have it performed by his eldest son : in consideration of which the king gave, or rather restored, to him the earldom of *Huntington*.

Upon his return to *London* from this expedition, he happened to fall sick of a lethargy, and it was confidently given out that he was dead. This report was, with great industry and artifice, dispersed by his enemies, which quickly discovered the ill inclination of several lords, who, although they never believed the thing, yet made use of it for an occasion or pretext to fortify their castles, which they refused to surrender to the king himself; but *Stephen* was resolved, as he said, to convince them that he was alive and well; for coming against them before he was expected, he recovered *Exeter*, *Norwich**, and other fortified places, although not without much difficulty.

It is obvious enough to wonder how a prince of so much valour, and other excellent endowments, elected by the church and state, after a compliance with all conditions they could impose on him, and in an age when

* *Hugh Bigod* had seized *Norwich* castle.

so little regard was had to the lineal descent, lastly confirmed by the pope himself, should be soon deserted and opposed by those very persons who had been the most instrumental to promote him. But, beside his defective title, and the undistinguished liberty of building castles, there were three circumstances which very much contributed to those perpetual revolts of the nobles against him : first, that upon his coming to the crown he was very liberal in distributing lands and honours to several young gentlemen of noble birth, who came to make their court, whereby he hoped to get the reputation of a generous prince, and to strengthen his party against the empress : but, by this encouragement, the number of pretenders quickly grew too fast upon him ; and when he had granted all he was able, he was forced to dismiss the rest with promises and excuses, who, either out of envy or discontent, or else to mend their fortunes, never failed to become his enemies upon the first occasion that offered. Secondly, when he had reduced several castles and towns which had given the first example of defection from him, he hardly inflicted the least punishment on the authors ; which unseasonable mercy, that in another prince and another age would have been called greatness of spirit, passed in him for pusillanimity and fear, and is reckoned, by the writers of those times to have been the cause of many succeeding revolts. The third circumstance was of a different kind : for, observing how little good effect he had found by his liberality and indulgence, he would needs try the other extream, which was not his talent. He began to infringe the articles of his charter ; to recal or disown the promises he had made ; and to repulse petitioners with rough treatment, which was the more unacceptable by being new and unexpected.

1137. Mean time the earl of *Anjou*, who was not in a condition to assert his wife's title to *England*, hearing *Stephen* was employed at home, entered *Normandy* with small force, and found it no difficult matter to seize several towns. The *Normans*, in the present distraction of affairs, not well knowing what prince to obey, at last sent an invitation to *Theobald* earl of *Blois*, king *Stephen*'s eldest brother, to accept their dukedom upon the condition of protecting them from the present insults of the earl of *Anjou*. But before this matter could come to an issue, *Stephen*, who, upon reduction of the towns already mentioned, had found a short interval of quiet from his *English* subjects, arrived with unexpected speed into *Normandy* ; where *Geoffry* of *Anjou* soon fled before him, and the whole duchy came over to his

his obedience ; for the further settlement whereof he made peace with the king of *France* ; constituted his son *Eustace* duke of *Normandy* ; and made him swear fealty to that prince, and do him homage. His brother *Theobald*, who began to expostulate upon this disappointment, he pacified with a pension of two thousand marks * : and even the earl of *Anjou* himself, who, in right of his wife, made demands of *Stephen* for the kingdom of *England*, finding he was no equal match at present, was persuaded to become his pensioner for five thousand more †.

Stephen, upon his return to *England*, met with an account of new troubles from the north ; for the king of *Scots*, under pretence of observing his oath of fealty to the empress, infested the borders, and frequently making cruel inroads, plundered and laid waste all before him.

1138. In order to revenge this base and perfidious treatment, the king, in his march northward, sat down before *Bedford*, and took it after a siege of twenty days. This town was part of the earldom of *Huntington*, given by *Stephen* in the late peace to the eldest son of the *Scottish* king, for which the young prince did homage to him ; and it was upon that account defended by a garrison of *Scots*. Upon intelligence of this surrender, king *David*, overcome with fury, entered *Northumberland*, where, letting loose the rage of his soldiers, he permitted and encouraged them to commit all manner of inhumanities ; which they performed in so execrable a manner as would scarce be credible, if it were not attested by almost the universal consent of writers : they ript up women with child, drew out the infants, and tossed them upon the points of their lances : they murdered priests before the altars ; then cutting the heads from off the crucifixes, in their stead put on the heads of those they had murdered : with many other instances of monstrous barbarity too foul to relate : but cruelty being usually attended with cowardice, this perfidious prince, upon the approach of king *Stephen*, fled into places of security. The king of *England*, finding no enemy on whom to employ his revenge, marched forward into the country, destroying with fire and sword all the southern parts ; and would, in all probability, have made terrible impressions into the heart of *Scotland*, if he

* The mark of *Normandy* is to be understood here. Such a pension in that age was equivalent to one of 31,000 *l.* sterling in the present.

† Five thousand marks of silver coin was, in this reign, of the same value as the sum of 77,500 *l.* modern currency, is now. Here again the *Normanic Mark* seems to be used.

had not been suddenly recalled by a more dangerous fire at home, which had been kindled in his absence, and was now broken out into a flame.

Robert earl of *Glocester*, natural son of the late king, came into *England* some time after the advancement of *Stephen* to the crown; and, yielding to the necessity of the time, took the oath of fealty upon the same condition used by the other nobles, to be of force so long as the king should keep his faith with him, and preserve his dignity inviolate: but, being in his heart wholly devoted to the interests of the empress his sister, and moved by the persuasions of several religious men, he had, with great secrecy and application, so far practised upon the levity or discontents of several lords, as to gain them to his party: for the king had, of late, very much alienated the nobles against him; first, by seizing several of their persons, and dispossessing them of their lands; and, secondly, by taking into his favour *William D'Ypres*, a *Flemish* commander, of noble birth, but banished by his prince. This man, with many of his followers, the king employed chiefly both in his councils and his armies, and made him earl of *Kent*, to the great envy and displeasure of his *English* subjects. The earl of *Glocester*, therefore, and his accomplices, having prepared all things necessary for an insurrection, it was agreed among them, that while the king was engaged against the *Scots*, each of them should secure what towns and castles they could, and openly declare for the empress. Accordingly earl *Robert* suddenly fortified himself in *Bristol*; the rest followed his example; *Hereford*, *Shrewsbury*, *Ludlow*, *Dover* *, and many other places, were seized by several lords, and the defection grew so formidable, that the king, to his great grief, was forced to leave his *Scottish* expedition unfinished, and return with all possible speed to suppress the rebellion begun by his subjects; having first left the care of the north to *Thurstan* archbishop of *York*; with orders carefully to observe the motions of the *Scots*.

Whilst the king was employed in the south in reducing his discontented lords, and their castles, to his obedience, *David*, presuming upon the distance between them, re-entered *England* with more numerous forces, and greater designs, than before: for, without losing more time than what

* *Robert* earl of *Glocester* had been intrusted by *Stephen* with the custody of *Dover* Castle: but *Robert* lying now under heavy suspicion, the king resolved to secure that important fortress by force, sent *Matilda* his queen to lay siege to it; to whom, after some defence, *Walchelin*, the deputy-governor, surrendered it.

was necessary to pillage and destroy the country as he marched, he resolved to besiege *York*, which, if he could force to surrender, would serve as a convenient frontier against the *English*. To this end, advancing near the city, and having pitched his tents, he sat down before it with his whole army. In the mean time archbishop *Thurstan*, having already summoned the nobles and gentry of the shire and parts adjacent, had, by powerful persuasions incited them to defend their country against a treacherous, bloody, and restless enemy: so that before the king of *Scotland* could make any progress in the siege, the whole power of the north was united against him, under the earl of *Albemarle*, and several other nobles. Archbishop *Thurstan* happening to fall sick, could not go in person to the army, but sent the bishop of *Durham* in his stead; by whose encouragements the *English*, although in number far inferior, advanced boldly towards the enemy, and offered them battle, which was as readily accepted by the *Scots*, who, sending out a party of horse to secure the rising ground, were immediately attacked by the *English*, and, after a sharp dispute, entirely defeated. In the heat of the battle the king of *Scots*, and his son *Henry* earl of *Huntington*, gave many proofs of great personal valour. The young prince fell with such fierceness upon a body of the *English*, that he utterly broke and dispersed them; and was pursuing his victory, when a certain man, bearing aloft the head of an enemy he had cut off, cried out, It was the head of the *Scottish* king, which being heard and believed on both sides, the *English*, who had lately fled, rallied again, assaulting their enemies with new vigour; the *Scots*, on the other side, discouraged by the supposed death of their prince, began to turn their backs: the king and his son used all endeavours to stop their flight, and made several brave stands against the enemy; but the greatest part of their army being fled, and themselves almost encompassed, they were forced to give way to fortune, and with much difficulty made their escape.

The loss on the *English* side was inconsiderable; but of *Scots*, by general consent of writers, ten thousand were slain. And thus ended the war of the Standard, as it was usually called by the authors of that age, because the *English*, upon a certain engine, raised the mast of a ship, on the top whereof, in a silver box, they put the consecrated wafer, and fastned the standards of *St. Peter* and other saints: this gave them courage, by remembering they were to fight in the presence of God; and served likewise for a

mark where to re-assemble when they should happen to be dispersed by any accident or misfortune.

1139. Mean time the king was equally successful against his rebellious lords at home, having taken most of their castles and strong holds; and the earl of *Glocester* himself, no longer able to make any resistance, withdrew into *Normandy*, to concert new measures with the empress his sister. Thus the king had leisure and opportunity for another expedition into *Scotland*, to pursue and improve his victory, where he met with no opposition: however, he was at length persuaded with much difficulty to accept his own conditions of a peace; and *David* delivered up to him his eldest son *Henry*, as hostage for performance of articles between them.

The king, in his return homeward, laid siege to *Ludlow* castle, which had not been reduced with the rest: here prince *Henry* of *Scotland*, boiling with youth and valour, and exposing his person upon all occasions, was lifted from his horse by an iron grapple let down from the wall, and would have been hoisted up into the castle, if the king had not immediately flown to his assistance, and brought him off with his own hands by main force from the enemy, whom he soon compelled to surrender the castle.

1140. *Stephen* having thus subdued his inveterate enemies the *Scots*, and reduced his rebellious nobles, began to entertain hopes of enjoying a little ease. But he was destined to the possession of a crown with perpetual disturbance; for he was hardly returned from his northern expedition, when he received intelligence that the empress, accompanied by her brother the earl of *Glocester*, was preparing to come for *England*, in order to dispute her title to the kingdom. The king, who knew by experience what a powerful party she already had to espouse her interests, very reasonably concluded, the defection from him would be much greater, when she appeared in person to countenance and reward it; he therefore began again to repent of the licence he had granted for building castles, which were now like to prove so many places of security for his enemies, and fortifications against himself; for he knew not whom to trust, vehemently suspecting his nobles ever since their last revolt. He therefore cast about for some artifice to get into his hands as many of their castles as he could: in the strength and magnificence of which kind of structures, the bishops had far outdone the rest, and were upon that, as well as other accounts, very much maligned and envied by the temporal lords, who were extream jealous of the church's encreasing

encreasing power, and glad upon all occasions to see the prelates humbled. The king, therefore, having performed his project, resolved to make trial where it would be least invidious, and where he could foresee least danger in the consequences. At a parliament or assembly of nobles at *Oxford*, it was contrived to raise a quarrel between the servants of some bishops and those of *Alan* count of *Dinan* in *Bretagne*, upon a contention of rooms in their inns. *Stephen* took hold of this advantage, sent for the bishops, taxed them with breaking his peace, and demanded the keys of their castles, adding threats of imprisonment if they dared to disobey. Those whom the king chiefly suspected, or rather who had built the most and strongest castles, were *Roger* bishop of *Salisbury*, with his nephew and natural son the bishops of *Ely* and *Lincoln*, whom the king, by many circumstances of rigor, compelled to surrender, going himself in person to seize the *Devizes* *, then esteemed the noblest structure of *Europe*, and built by the fore-mentioned bishop *Roger*, whose treasure, to the value of forty thousand marks †, there likewise deposited, fell, at the same time, into the king's hand, which in a few days broke the bishop's heart, already worn with age and infirmity.

It may, perhaps, not be thought a digression to say something of the fortunes of this prelate, who, from the lowest beginnings, came to be, without dispute, the greatest churchman of any subject in his age. It happened that the late king *Henry*, in the reign of his brother, being at a village in *Normandy*, wanted a priest to say mass before him and his train, when this man, who was a poor curate thereabouts, offered his service, and performed it with so much dexterity and speed, that the soldiers who attended the prince recommended him to their master, upon that account, as a very proper chaplain for military men; but it seems he had other talents; for having gotten into the prince's service, he soon discovered great application and address, much order and œconomy in the management of his master's fortunes, which were wholly left to his care. After *Henry's* advancement to the crown, this chaplain grew chief in his favour and confidence; was made bishop of *Salisbury*, chancellor of *England*, employed in all his most

* According to *Ordericus Vitalis* this castle was defended by *Maude* of *Ramsbury*, the bishop's concubine. *Episcopi pellex principalem munitionem servabat.*

† This prelate's treasure is doubtless computed by the smaller or *Saxon* mark; the use of which still prevailed in *England*: and even thus computed, it amounts to a vast sum, equal to about 116,350 *l.* of modern money.

weighty affairs, and usually left vicegerent of the realm while the king was absent in *Normandy*. He was among the first that swore fealty to *Maude* and her issue; and among the first that revolted from her to *Stephen*, offering such reasons in council for setting her aside, as, by the credit and opinion of his wisdom, were very prevalent. But the king, in a few years, forgot all obligations, and the bishop fell a sacrifice in his old age to those treasures he had been so long heaping up for its support. A just reward for his ingratitude towards the prince that raised him, to be ruined by the ingratitude of another, whom he had been so very instrumental to raise.

But *Henry* bishop of *Winchester*, the pope's legate, not able to endure this violation of the church, called a council of all the prelates to meet at *Winchester*, where the king being summoned, appeared by his advocate, who pleaded his cause with much learning; and the archbishop of *Rouen* coming to the council, declared his opinion, That although the canons did allow the bishops to possess castles, yet in dangerous times they ought to deliver them up to the king. This opinion *Stephen* followed very steadily, not yielding a tittle, although the legate his brother used all means, both rough and gentle, to work upon him.

The council of bishops broke up without other effect than that of leaving in their minds an implacable hatred to the king, in a very opportune juncture for the interests of *Maude*, who, about this time, landed at *Portsmouth* with her brother *Robert* earl of *Glocester*. The whole force she brought over for this expedition consisted but of one hundred and forty knights*; for she trusted altogether in her cause and her friends. With this slender attendance she went to *Arundel*, and was there received into the castle by the widow of the late king; while earl *Robert*, accompanied only by twenty men, marched boldly to his own city of *Glocester*, in order to raise forces for the empress, where the townsmen turned out the king's garrison as soon as they heard of his approach.

King *Stephen* was not surprized at the news of the empress's arrival, being a thing he had always counted upon, and was long preparing himself against. He was glad to hear how ill she was provided, and resolved to use the opportunity of her brother's absence; for, hasting down to *Arundel* with a

* In these times none served on horseback but gentlemen or knights, in right of their fiefs, or their representatives, called *Men at arms*; and each of these was attended by at least two servants or retainers mounted and armed.

sufficient strength, he laid siege to the castle, in hopes, by securing her person, to put a speedy end to the war.

But there wanted not some very near about the king, who, favouring the party of *Maude*, had credit enough to prevail with him not to venture time and reputation against an impregnable fortress, but rather, by withdrawing his forces, permit her to retire to some less fortified place, where she might more easily fall into his hands. This advice the king took against his own opinion; the empress fled out of *Arundel* by night; and, after frequent shifting her stages through several towns, which had already declared in her favour, fixt herself at last at *Lincoln*; where, having all things provided necessary for her defence, she resolved to continue, and expect either a general revolt of the *English* to her side, or the decision of war between the king and her brother.

1141. But *Stephen*, who had pursued the empress from place to place, hearing she had shut herself up in *Lincoln*, resolved to give her no rest; and to help on his design, it fell out that the citizens in hatred to the earl of *Chester*, who commanded there for the empress, sent a private invitation to the king, with promise to deliver the town and their governor into his hands. The king came accordingly, and possessed himself of the town; but *Maude* and the earl made their escape a few days before. However, many great persons of *Maude's* party remained prisoners to the king, and among the rest the earl of *Chester's* wife, who was daughter to the earl of *Glocester*. These two earls resolving to attempt the relief of their friends, marched with all their forces near *Lincoln*, where they found the enemy drawn up and ready to receive them. The next morning, after battle offered by the lords, and accepted by the king, both sides made ready to engage. The king having disposed his cavalry on each wing, placed himself at the head of his foot, in whom he reposed most confidence. The army of the lords was divided in three bodies; those whom king *Stephen* had banished were placed in the middle, the earl of *Chester* led the van, and the earl of *Glocester* commanded the rear. The battle was fought at first with equal advantage, and great obstinacy on both sides: at length the right wing of the king's horse, pressed by the earl of *Chester*, galloped away, not without suspicion of treachery; the left followed the example. The king beheld their flight, and encouraging those about him, fell with undaunted valour upon the enemy; and being for some time bravely seconded by his
foot,

foot, did great execution. At length overpowered by numbers, his men began to disperse, and *Stephen* was left almost alone with his sword in his hand, wherewith he opposed his person against a whole victorious army, nor durst any be so hardy to approach him; the sword breaking, a citizen of *Lincoln* put into his hands a *Danish* battle-ax *, with which he struck to the ground the earl of *Chester* †, who presumed to come within his reach. But this weapon likewise flying in pieces with the force of those furious blows he dealt on all sides, a bold knight of the empress's party, named *William de Keynes*, laid hold on his helmet, and immediately cried out to his fellows, I have got the king. Then the rest ran in, and he was taken prisoner ‡.

The king being thus secured, was presented to the empress, then at *Glocester*, and by her orders conveyed to *Bristol*, where he continued in strict custody nine months, although with honourable treatment for some time, until either upon endeavouring to make his escape, or in malice to the *Londoners*, who had a great affection for their king, he was, by express command from the empress, laid in irons, and used with other circumstances of severity.

This victory was followed by a general defection of almost the whole kingdom; and the earl of *Anjou*, husband to the empress, upon the fame of the king's defeat and imprisonment, reduced without any difficulty the whole duchy of *Normandy* to his obedience.

The legate himself, although brother to king *Stephen*, received her at *Winchester* with great solemnity, accepted her oath for governing with justice, redressing grievances, and supporting the rights of the Church, and took the old conditional one of fealty to her; then in an assembly of bishops and clergy convoked for the purpose, he displayed the miscarriages of his brother, and declared his approbation of the empress to be queen; to which they unanimously agreed. To compleat all, he prevailed by his credit with the *Londoners*, who stood out the last of any, to acknowledge and receive her into the city, where she arrived at length in great pomp, and with general satisfaction.

* *Sim. Dunelmensis.*

† The earl of *Chester* lived nevertheless to fight other battles, and died twelve years afterwards by poison.

‡ *Gervas.*

But it was the misfortune of this princess to possess many weaknesses that are charged to the sex, and very few of its commendable qualities : she was now in peaceable possession of the whole kingdom, except the county of *Kent*, where *William D'Ypres* pretended to keep up a small party for the king ; when by her pride, wilfulness, indiscretion, and a disobliging behaviour, she soon turned the hearts of all men against her, and in a short time lost the fruits of that victory and success which had been so hardly gained by the prudence and valour of her excellent brother. The first occasion she took to discover the perverseness of her nature, was in the treatment of *Maude*, the wife of king *Stephen*, a lady of great virtue, and courage above her sex, who, coming to the empress an humble suitor in behalf of her husband, offered, as a price of his liberty, that he should resign all pretensions to the crown, and pass the rest of his life in exile, or in a convent : but this request was rejected with scorn and reproaches ; and the queen finding all intreaties to no purpose, writ to her son *Eustace* to let him understand the ill success of her negociation, that no relief was to be otherwise hoped for than by arms ; and therefore advised him to raise immediately what forces he could for the relief of his father.

Her next miscarriage was towards the *Londoners*, who presented her a petition for redressing certain rigorous laws of her father, and restoring those of *Edward the Confessor*. The empress put them off for a time with excuses, but at last discovered some displeasure at their importunity. The citizens, who had with much difficulty been persuaded to receive her against their inclinations, which stood wholly for the king, were moved with indignation at her unreasonable refusal of their just demands, and entered into a conspiracy to seize her person. But she had timely notice of their design, and leaving the city by night in disguise, fled to *Oxford*.

A third false step the empress made *, was in refusing her new powerful friend the legate a favour he desired in behalf of *Eustace*, the king's son, to grant him the lands and honours held by his father before he came to the crown. She had made large promises to this prelate, that she would be directed in all things by his advice, and to be refused upon his first application a small favour for his own nephew, stung him to the quick ; however, he governed his resentments a while, but began at the same time

* *William of Malmesbury.*

to resume his affection for his brother. These thoughts were cultivated with great address by queen *Maude*, who prevailed at last so far upon the legate, that private measures were agreed between them for restoring *Stephen* to his liberty and crown. The bishop took leave of the empress, upon some plausible pretence, and retired to *Winchester*, where he gave directions for supplying with men and provisions several strong castles he had built in his diocese, while the queen with her son *Eustace* prevailed with the *Londoners* and men of *Kent* to rise in great numbers for the king; and a powerful army was quickly on foot, under the command of *William D'Ypres* earl of *Kent*.

In the mean time the empress began to be sensible of the errors she had committed; and in hope either to retrieve the friendship of the legate, or take him prisoner, marched with her army to *Winchester*, where being received and lodged in the castle, she sent immediately for the legate, spoke much in excuse of what was past, and used all endeavours to regain him to her interests. Bishop *Henry*, on the other side, amused her with dubious answers, and kept her in suspense for some days; but sent privately at the same time to the king's army, desiring them to advance with all possible speed; which was executed with so much diligence, that the empress and her brother had only time with their troops to march a back way out of the town. They were pursued by the enemy so close in the rear, that the empress had hardly time, by counterfeiting herself dead, to make her escape; in which posture she was carried as a corpse to *Glocester*; but the earl her brother, while he made what opposition he could, with design to stop her pursuers, was himself taken prisoner, with great slaughter of his men. After the battle, the earl was in his turn presented to queen *Maude*, and by her command sent to *Rocheſter* to be treated in the same manner with the king.

Thus the heads of both parties were each in the power of his enemy, and Fortune seemed to have dealt with great equality between them. Two factions divided the whole kingdom, and, as it usually happens, private animosities were inflamed by the quarrel of the publick; which introduced a miserable face of things throughout the land, whereof the writers of our *English* story give melancholy descriptions, not to be repeated in this history; since the usual effects of civil war are obvious to conceive, and tiresome as well as useless to relate. However, as the quarrel between the
king

king and empress was grounded upon a cause that in its own nature little concerned the interests of the people, this was thought a convenient juncture for transacting a peace, to which there appeared an universal disposition. Several expedients were proposed; but earl *Robert* would consent upon no other terms than the deposing of *Stephen*, and immediate delivery of the crown to his sister. These debates lasted for some months, until the two prisoners, weary of their long constraint, by mutual consent were exchanged for each other, and all thoughts of agreement laid aside.

The king, upon recovery of his freedom, hastened to *London*, to get supplies of men and money for renewing the war. He there found that his brother of *Winchester* had, in a council of bishops and abbots, renounced all obedience to the empress, and persuaded the assembly to follow his example. The legate, in excuse for this proceeding, loaded her with infamy, produced several instances wherein she had broken the oath she took when he received her as queen, and upon which his obedience was grounded; said, he had received information that she had a design upon his life *.

It must be confessed that oaths of fealty in this prince's reign were feeble ties for binding the subject to any reasonable degree of obedience; and the warmest advocates for liberty cannot but allow, from those examples here produced, that it is very possible for people to run upon great extremes in this matter, that a monarch may be too much limited, and a subject too little; whereof the consequences have been fully as pernicious for the time as the worst that can be apprehended from arbitrary power in all its heights, although not perhaps so lasting or so hard to be remedied; since all the miseries of this kingdom, during the period we are treating of, were manifestly owing to that continual violation of such oaths of allegiance, as appear to have been contrived on purpose by ambitious men to be broken at pleasure, without the least apprehension of perjury, and in the mean time keep the prince in a continual slavish dependance.

The earl of *Glocester*, soon after his release, went over into *Normandy*, where he found the earl of *Anjou* employed in compleating the conquest of that duchy; there he delivered him the sons of several *English* noblemen, to be kept as hostages for their fathers fidelity to the empress, and used many arguments for persuading him to come over in person with an army

* *William of Malmesbury.*

to her assistance: but *Geoffry* excused himself by the importance of other affairs, and the danger of exposing the dominions he had newly acquired to rebellions in his absence. However, he lent the earl of *Glocester* a supply of four hundred men, and sent along with him his eldest son *Henry*, to comfort his mother, and be shewn to the people.

During the short absence of the earl of *Glocester*, the empress was closely besieged in *Oxford* by the king; and provisions beginning to fail, she was in cruel apprehensions of falling into his hands. This gave her occasion to put in practice the only talent wherein she seemed to excel, which was that of contriving some little shift or expedient to secure her person upon any sudden emergency. A long season of frost had made the *Thames* passable upon the ice, and much snow lay on the ground; *Maude* with some few attendants clad all in white, to avoid being discovered from the king's camp, crossed the river at midnight on foot, and travelling all night, got safe to *Wallingford* castle, where her brother and young son *Henry*, newly returned from *France*, arrived soon after, to her great satisfaction: but *Oxford*, immediately upon the news of her flight, surrendered to the king.

However, this disgrace was fully compensated soon after by another of the same kind, which happened to king *Stephen*; for whilst he and his brother of *Winchester* were fortifying a nunnery at *Wilton*, to bridle his enemies at *Salisbury*, who very much harrassed those parts by their frequent excursions, the earl of *Glocester*, who watched all opportunities, came unawares with a strong body of men, and set fire on the nunnery while the king himself was in it. *Stephen*, upon the sudden surprize of the thing, wholly lost or forgot his usual courage, and fled shamefully away, leaving his soldiers to be cut in pieces by the earl.

During the rest of the war, although it lasted nine years longer, there is little memorable recorded by any writer; whether the parties being pretty equal, and both sufficiently tired with so long a contention, wanted vigor and spirit to make a thorough conquest, and only endeavoured to keep what they had, or whether the multitude of strong castles, whose number daily increased, made it very difficult to end a war between two contending powers almost in balance; let the cause be what it will, the whole time passed in mutual sieges, surprizes, revolts, surrenders of fortified places, without any decisive action, or other event of importance to be related. By which at length the very genius of the people became wholly bent

bent upon a life of spoil, robbery, and plunder; many of the nobles, although pretending to hold their castles for the king or the empress, lived like petty independant princes in a perpetual state of war against their neighbours; the fields lay uncultivated, all the arts of civil life were banished, no veneration left for sacred persons or things; in short, no law, truth, or religion among men, but a scene of universal misery, attended with all the consequences of an embroiled and distracted state.

About the eleventh year of the king's reign, young *Henry*, now growing towards a man, was sent for to *France* by a message from his father, who was desirous to see him; but left a considerable party in *England*, to adhere to his interests; and in a short time after (as some write *) the empress herself grown weary of contending any longer in a cause where she had met with nothing but misfortunes of her own procuring, left the kingdom likewise, and retired to her husband. Nor was this the only good fortune that befel *Stephen*; for before the year ended, the main prop and pillar of his enemies was taken away by death; this was *Robert* earl of *Glocester*, than whom there have been few private persons known in the world that deserve a fairer place and character in the registers of time, for his inviolable faith, disinterested friendship, indefatigable zeal, and firm constancy to the cause he espoused, and unparalleled generosity in the conduct thereof: he adhered to his sister in all her fortunes, to the ruin of his own; he placed a crown on her head; and when she had lost it by her folly and perverseness, refused the greatest offers from a victorious enemy, who had him in his power, and chose to continue a prisoner rather than recover his liberty by any hazard to her pretensions: he bore up her sinking title in spite of her own frequent miscarriages, and at last died in her cause by a fever contracted with perpetual toils for her service. An example fit to be shewn the world, although few perhaps are like to follow it; but however, a small tribute of praise, justly due to extraordinary virtue, may prove no ill expedient to encourage imitation.

But the death of this lord, together with the absence of the empress and her son in *France*, added very little to the quiet or security of the king. For the earl of *Glocester*, suspecting the fidelity of the lords, had, with great sagacity, delivered their sons to the earl of *Anjou*, to be kept as

* *Gervas.*

pledges for their father's fidelity, as we have before related: by which means a powerful party was still kept up against *Stephen*, too strong to be suddenly broken. Besides, he had, by an unusual strain of his conduct, lately lost much good will, as well as reputation, in committing an act of violence and fraud on the person of the earl of *Chester*, a principal adherent of the empress. This nobleman, of great power and possessions, had newly reconciled himself to *Stephen*, and came to his court at *Northampton*, where, against all laws of hospitality, as well as common faith and justice, he was committed to prison, and forced to buy his liberty with the surrender of *Lincoln*, and all his other places, into the king's hands.

Affairs continued in this turbulent posture about two years, the nobles neither trusting the king nor each other. The number of castles still increased, which every man who had any possessions was forced to build, or else become a prey to his powerful neighbours. This was thought
 1149 a convenient juncture, by the empress and her friends, for sending young prince *Henry* to try his fortune in *England*, where he landed at the head of a considerable number of horse and foot, although he was then but sixteen years old. Immediately after his arrival he went to *Carlisle*, where he met his cousin *David* king of *Scots*, by whom he was made knight, after the usual custom of young princes and noblemen in that age. The king of *England*, who had soon intelligence of *Henry's* landing and motion, marched down to secure *York*, against which he expected the first attempt of his enemy was designed. But, whatever the cause might be (wherein the writers of those ages are either silent or unsatisfactory) both armies remained at that secure distance for three months, after which
 1150 *Henry* returned back to *Normandy*, leaving the kingdom in the state of confusion he found it at his coming.

The fortunes of this young prince *Henry Fitz-empress* now began to advance by great and sudden steps, whereof it will be no digression to inform the reader, as well upon the connexion they have with the affairs at home about this time, as because they concern the immediate successor to the crown.

1151. Prince *Henry's* voyage to *France* was soon followed by the death of his father *Geoffry* earl of *Anjou*, whereby the son became pos-
 1152 sessed of that earldom, together with the duchy of *Normandy*; but in a short time after he very much enlarged his dominions by a marriage,

marriage, in which he consulted his reputation less than his advantage. For *Louis the Young*, king of *France*, was lately divorced from his wife *Eleanor*, who, as the *French* writers relate, bore a great contempt and hatred to her husband, and had long desired such a separation. Other authors give her not so fair a character : but whatever might be the real cause, the pretext was consanguinity in the fourth degree *. *Henry* was content to accept this lady with all her faults, and in her right † became duke of *Aquitain*, and earl of *Poitou*, very considerable provinces, added to his other dominions.

But the two kings of *France* and *England* began to apprehend much danger from the sudden greatness of a young ambitious prince ; and their interests were jointly concerned to check his growth. Duke *Henry* was now ready to sail for *England*, in a condition to assert his title upon more equal terms ; when the king of *France*, in conjunction with *Eustace*, king *Stephen's* son, and *Geoffry*, the duke's own brother, suddenly entered into his dominions with a mighty army ; took the castle of *Neumarché* by storm, and laid siege to that of *Angers*. The duke, by this incident, was forced to lay aside his thoughts of *England*, and marching boldly towards the enemy, resolved to relieve the besieged ; but finding they had already taken the castle, he thought it best to make a diversion, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, where he left all to the mercy of his soldiers, surprized and burnt several castles, and made great devastations.

* Whether the pretext were affinity or consanguinity, is not quite agreed among historians : but it seems clear, that the real cause of the separation was the jealousy of the king, and his impatience under the scandal of her amours. The proceedings of a council summoned at *Beaugenci*, in the year 1151, for the purpose of this divorce, are related by *M. Bayle*, who is never more prolix than when he meets with ladies like *Eleanor*, renowned for beauty, learning, and gallantry. He gives us the harangue of the bishop of *Langres* in that assembly ; who took the liberty of inveighing bitterly against the lewdness of the queen. The archbishop of *Bordeaux*, a more decent man, was for hushing that charge, and proposed another more honourable motive for separation, by shewing that the king and queen were related in a degree wherein marriage is unlawful. The hint was taken ; the proceedings changed ; and on this ground a marriage, which, for fourteen years had been unquestioned, was now pronounced void. The queen being told what turn things had taken, swooned, fell from her chair, continued above two hours speechless : at length, coming to herself, and turning her bright and blue eyes on the company present, she said, &c. *Vid. Bayle's Dict. article Louis VII.*

† This *Eleanor* was daughter and heiress of *William* the last duke of *Aquitain* and earl *Poitou*. She made afterwards a great figure in *England* ; raised rebellion against the king her husband ; suffered long imprisonment ; but survived her troubles, her husband, and her eldest son (*Richard I.*) dying in the year 1203.

wherever

wherever he came. This proceeding answered the end for which it was designed; the king of *France* thought he had already done enough for his honour, and began to grow weary of a ruinous war, which was likely to be protracted. The conditions of a peace, by the intervention of some religious men, were soon agreed. The duke, after some time spent in settling his affairs, and preparing all things necessary for his intended expedition, set sail for *England*, where he landed † the same year in the depth of winter, with a hundred and forty knights, and three thousand foot.

Some time before *Henry* landed, the king had conceived a project to disappoint his designs, by confirming the crown upon himself and his own posterity ||. He sent for the archbishop of *Canterbury*, with several other prelates, and proposed that his son *Eustace* should be crowned king with all the usual solemnity: but the bishops absolutely refused to perform the office, by express orders from the pope, who was an enemy to *Stephen*, partly upon account of his unjust or declining cause, but chiefly for his strict alliance with the king of *France*, who was then engaged in a quarrel against that see, upon a very tender point relating to the revenues of vacant churches. The king and his son were both enraged at the bishops' refusal, and kept them prisoners in the chamber where they assembled, with many threats to force them to a compliance, and some other circumstances of rigour; but all to no purpose, so that he was at length forced to desist. But the archbishop, to avoid further vexation, fled the realm.

This contrivance of crowning the son during the life and reign of the father, which appears so absurd in speculation, was actually performed in the succeeding reign, and seems to have been taken up by those two princes of *French* birth and extraction, in imitation of the like practice in their native country *, where it was usual for kings grown old and infirm, or swayed by paternal indulgence, to receive their eldest son into a share of the administration, with the title of king; a custom borrowed, no doubt, from the later emperors of *Rome*, who adopted their *Cæsars* after the like manner.

† The place where he landed is not mentioned by our historians. It was probably in the west of *England*, as the first garrisoned town he attacked was *Malmsbury*.

|| *Gervas Hen. Huntingdon.*

* *Mezeray.*

1153. The king was employed in his usual exercise of besieging castles when the news was brought of *Henry's* arrival. He left the work he was about, and marched directly against the duke, who was then sat down before *Malmesbury*. But *Stephen* forced him to raise the siege, and immediately offered him battle. The duke, although his army was much encreased by continual revolts, thought it best to gain time, being still in number far inferior to the king, and therefore kept himself strongly entrenched. There is some difference among writers about the particulars of this war: however, it is generally agreed, that in a short time after, the two armies met, and were prepared for battle, when the nobles on both sides, either dreading the consequences, or weary of a tedious war, prevailed with the king and duke to agree to a truce for some days in order to a peace; which was violently opposed by *Eustace*, the king's son, a youth of great spirit and courage, because he knew very well it could not be built but upon the ruin of his interests; and therefore finding he could not prevail, he left the army in a rage, and, attended by some followers, endeavoured to satiate his fury, by destroying the country in his march: But in a few days, as he sat at dinner in a castle of his own, he fell suddenly dead, either through grief, madness, or poison.

The truce was now expired, and the duke began to renew the war with fresh vigour; but the king was wholly dispirited upon this fatal accident, and now first began to entertain real thoughts of a peace. He had lost a son whom he dearly loved, and with him he likewise lost the alliance of the *French* king, to whose sister the young prince was married. He had indeed another son left, but little esteemed by the nobles and people; nor, as it appears, much regarded by his father. He was now in the decline of his age, decayed in his health, forsaken by his friends, who, since the death of *Eustace*, fell daily from him; and having no further care at heart for his posterity, he thought it high time to seek repose for his person. The nobles soon observed this disposition in their king, which was so agreeable to their own; therefore, by general consent, *Theobald* archbishop of *Canterbury* was appointed mediator between both princes. All matters were soon agreed; an assembly of lords was convened at *Winchester*, where the king received the duke with great marks of courtesy and kindness. There:
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the peace was confirmed by the king's charter, wherein are expressed the terms of agreement. But I shall relate only the principal.

The king, by this charter, acknowledged *Henry* for lawful successor to the crown; in which capacity all the nobles paid him homage: and *Henry* himself, with his party, paid homage to *Stephen*. There is likewise a reservation for *William*, the king's son, of all the honours possessed by his father before he came to the crown. The king likewise acknowledges the obedience of his subjects to be no longer due to him than he shall observe the conditions of this charter. And for the performance of these articles, the archbishops and bishops were appointed guarantees. There were some other articles agreed on, which are not mentioned in the charter; as, a general pardon; a restitution, to the right owners, of those lands and possessions, which had been usurped in the time of the troubles; that all castles built during the war should be razed to the ground, which are said to have been above eleven hundred; that the rights of the church should be preserved; with other matters of less moment.

Thus, by the prudence of archbishop *Theobald*, the moderation of the two princes engaged, and the universal inclination of the people, a happy period was put to this tedious and troublesome war: men began to have the prospect of a long peace; nor was it easy to foresee what could possibly arise to disturb it; when discovery was made, by accident, of a most horrible piece of treachery, which, if it had met with success, would have once more set the whole nation in a flame. The duke, after the peace, attended the king to *London*, to be shewn to the people as the undoubted successor to the crown; and having made a progress together through some other parts of the kingdom, they came to *Canterbury*; where *Henry* received private notice of a design upon his life. It hath been already observed, that the king employed in his wars a body of *Flemings*, to the great discontent of his own subjects, with whom they were very ungracious. These foreigners were much discontented at the peace, whereby they were likely to become useless and burthen some to the present king, and hateful to the successor. To prevent which, the commanders among them began to practise upon the levity and ambition of *William* the king's son. They urged the indignity he had received in
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being deprived of his birth-right; offered to support his title by their valour, as they had done that of his father; and, as an earnest of their intentions, to remove the chief impediment by dispatching his rival out of the world. The young prince was easily wrought upon to be at the head of this conspiracy; time and place were fixt; when, upon the day appointed, *William* broke his leg by a fall from his horse; and the conspirators wanting their leader immediately dispersed. This disappointment and delay, as it usually happens among conspirators, were soon followed by a discovery of the whole plot, whereof the duke, with great discretion, made no other use than to consult his own safety; therefore, without any shew of suspicion or displeasure, he took leave of the king, and returned to *Normandy*.

1154. *Stephen* lived not above a year to share the happiness of this peace with his people, in which time he made a progress through most parts of the kingdom, where he gained universal love and veneration, by a most affable and courteous behaviour to all men. A few months after his return he went to *Dover*, to have an interview with the earl of *Flanders**; where, after a short sickness, he died of the *Iliac* passion, together with his old distemper the hæmorrhoids, upon the twenty-fifth day of *October*, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his reign.

He was a prince of wonderful endowments, both in body and mind: in his person tall and graceful, of great strength as well as vigour: he had a large portion of most virtues that can be useful in a king towards the happiness of his subjects or himself; curtesy and valour, liberality and clemency, in an eminent degree; especially the last, which he carried to an extreme, though very pardonable, yet hardly consisting with prudence, or his own safety. If we except his usurpation of the crown, he must be allowed a prince of great justice, which most writers affirm to have been always unblemished, except in that single instance: for, as to his treatment of the bishops and the earl of *Chester*, it seems very excusable by the necessity of the time; and it was the general opinion, if he had not used that proceeding with the latter, it would have cost him his crown.

* The earl of *Flanders* was a potent sovereign on the Continent, and had landed at *Dover*, in order to meet and confer with the king.

Perhaps his injustice to the empress might likewise admit a little extenuation. Four kings successively had sat on the throne without any regard to lineal descent; a period beyond the memory of most men then alive; whereby the people had lost much of that devotion they were used to bear towards an established succession: besides, the government of a woman was then a thing unknown, and for that reason disliked by all who professed to hate innovations.

But the wisdom of this prince was by no means equal to the rest of his virtues. He came to the crown upon as fair a title as his predecessor, being elected by the general consent of the nobles, through the credit of his brother, and his own personal merit. He had no disturbance for some time, which he might easily have employed in settling the kingdom, and acquiring the love of his people. He had treasure enough to raise and pay armies, without burthening the subject. His competitor was a woman, whose sex was the least of her infirmities, and with whom he had already compounded for his quiet by a considerable pension: yet with all these advantages he seldom was master of above half the kingdom at once, and that by the force of perpetual struggling, and with frequent danger of losing the whole. The principal difficulties he had to encounter, appear to have been manifest consequences of several most imprudent steps in his conduct, whereof many instances have been produced in the history of his reign; such as, the unlimited permission of building castles; his raising the siege of a weak place where the empress was shut up, and must, in a few days, have fallen into his hands; his employing the *Flemings* in his wars, and favouring them above his own subjects; and lastly, that abortive project of crowning his son, which procured him at once the hatred and contempt of the clergy, by discovering an inclination to violence and injustice that he durst not pursue: whereas, it was nothing else but an effect of that hasty and sudden disposition usually ascribed to those of his country, and in a peculiar manner charged to this prince: for authors give it as a part of his character, to be hot and violent in the beginning of an enterprise, but to slacken and grow cold in the prosecution.

He had a just sense of religion, and was frequent in attending the service of the church, yet reported to be no great friend of the clergy; which, however, is a general imputation upon all the kings of this realm in that

and some succeeding reigns, and by no means personal to this prince, who deserved it as little as any.

I do not find any alterations during this reign in the meetings of general assemblies, further than that the commons do not seem to have been represented in any of them; for which I can assign no other reason than the will of the king, or the disturbance of the time*. I observe the word *Parliament* is used promiscuously among authors, for a general assembly of nobles, and for a council of bishops, or synod of the clergy; which renders this matter too perplexed to ascertain any thing about it.

As for affairs of the church, that deserve particular mention, I have not met with any; unless it should be worth relating, that *Henry* bishop of *Winchester*, the pope's legate, who held frequent synods during this reign, was the first introducer of appeals to *Rome*, in this kingdom, for which he is blamed by all the monkish historians who give us the account.

* The rise and history of Parliaments had not been cleared up when the Doctor writ in the beginning of this current century. It is certain, that the Commons had as yet never been represented.

The R E I G N of
H E N R Y the S E C O N D.

A F R A G M E N T.

1154. **T**HE spirit of war and contention, which had for a long time possessed the nation, became so effectually laid during the last year of king *Stephen's* reign, that no alteration or disturbance ensued upon his death, although the new king *, after he had received intelligence of it, was detained six weeks † by contrary winds: besides, the opinion of this prince's power and virtues, had already begotten so great an awe and reverence for him among the people, that upon his arrival he found the whole kingdom in a profound peace. He landed at *Hoftreham* ‡, about the beginning of *December*, was received at *Winchester* by a great number of the nobility, who came there to attend and swear fealty to him, and three weeks after was crowned at *Westminster*, about the twenty-third year of his age.

For the further settling of the kingdom, after the long distractions in the preceding reign, he seized on all the castles which remained undestroyed since the last peace between him and king *Stephen*; whereof some he demolished, and trusted others to the government of persons in whom he could confide.

But that which most contributed to the quiet of the realm, and the general satisfaction of his subjects, was a proclamation published, commanding all foreigners to leave *England*, enforced with a most effectual clause, whereby a day was fixt, after which it should be capital for any of them to appear; among these was *William D'Ypres* earl of *Kent*, whose possessions the king seized into his own hands.

* *Henry* was at that time besieging a castle on the frontiers of *Normandy*.

† Five weeks at the most; a month, saith *Brompton*.

‡ At *Hoftreham*, saith *Gervase*. This place is not easy to be found; however, it must be on the *Suffex* or *Hampshire* coast, because the king went directly from the place of his landing to *Winchester*. *Carte* says he landed *Dec. 8.* near *Hurst* castle in the *New Forest*.

These foreigners, generally called *Flemings* by the writers of the *English* story, were a sort of vagabond soldiers of fortune, who in those ages, under several denominations, infested other parts of *Europe* as well as *England*: they were a mixt people, natives of *Arragon*, *Navarre*, *Biscay*, *Brabant*, and other parts of *Spain* and *Flanders*. They were ready to be hired to whatever prince thought fit to employ them, but always upon condition to have full liberty of plunder and spoil. Nor was it an easy matter to get rid of them, when there was no further need of their service. In *England* they were always hated by the people, and by this prince in particular, whose continual enemies they had been.

After the expulsion of these foreigners, and the forcing a few refractory lords to a surrender of their castles, king *Henry*, like a wise prince, began to consider that a time of settled peace was the fittest juncture to recover the rights of the crown, which had been lost by the war. He therefore resumed, by his royal authority, all crown lands that had been alienated by his predecessor; alledging that they were unalienable in themselves, and besides, that the grants were void, as coming from an usurper. Whether such proceedings are agreeable with justice, I shall not examine; but certainly a prince cannot better consult his own safety than by disabling those whom he renders discontent, which is effectually done no other way but by depriving them of their possessions.

1156. While the king was thus employed at home, intelligence came that his brother *Geoffry* was endeavouring by force to possess himself of the earldom of *Anjou*, to which he had fair pretensions; for their father considering what vast dominions would fall to his eldest son, bequeathed that earldom to the second in his last sickness, and commanded his nobles then about him, to take an oath that they would not suffer his body to be buried until *Henry* (who was then absent) should swear to observe his will. The duke of *Normandy*, when he came to assist at his father's obsequies, and found that without his compliance he must draw upon himself the scandal of keeping a father unburied, took the oath that was exacted for observance of his will, though very much against his own. But after he was in possession of *England*, whether it were that his ambition enlarged with his dominions, or that from the beginning he had never intended to observe what he had sworn, he prevailed with pope *Adrian* (of *English* birth)
to

to dispense with his oath, and in the second year of his reign went over into *Normandy*, drove his brother intirely out of *Anjou*, and forced him to accept a pension for his maintenance. But the young prince, through the resentment of this unnatural dealing, in a short time died of grief.

Nor was his treatment more favourable to the king of *Scots*, whom, upon a slight pretence, he took occasion to dispossess of *Carlisle*, *Newcastle*, and other places granted by the empress to that prince's father, for his services and assistance in her quarrel against *Stephen*.

Having thus recovered whatever he had any title to demand, he began to look out for new acquisitions. *Ireland* was in that age a country little known in the world. The legates sent sometimes thither from the court of *Rome*, for urging the payment of annats, or directing other Church affairs, represented the inhabitants as a savage people, overrun with barbarism and superstition: for indeed no nation of *Europe*, where the Christian religion received so early and universal admittance, was ever so late or slow in feeling its effects upon their manners and civility *. Instead of refining their manners by their faith, they had suffered their faith to be corrupted by their manners; true religion being almost defaced, both in doctrine and discipline, after a long course of time, among a people wholly sunk in ignorance and barbarity. There seem to have been two reasons why the inhabitants of that island continued so long uncultivated; first, their subjection or vassalage to so many petty kings, whereof a great number is mentioned by authors, besides those four or five usually assigned to the several provinces. These princes were engaged in perpetual quarrels, in doing or revenging injuries of violence, or lust, or treachery, or injustice, which kept them all in a continual state of war. And indeed there is hardly any country, how renowned soever in ancient or modern story, which may not be traced from the like original. Neither can a nation come out from this state of confusion, until it is either reduced under one head at home, or by force or conquest becomes subject to a foreign administration.

* The *Irish* had been very learned in former ages, but had declined for several centuries before the reign of *Henry II.* Vid. *Bede*.

The other reason why civility made such late entrances into that island, may be imputed to its natural situation, lying more out of the road of commerce or conquest than any other part of the known world. All the intercourse the inhabitants had, was only with the western coasts of *Wales* and *Scotland*, from whence, at least in those ages, they were not like to learn very much politeness.

1155. The king, about the second year of his reign, sent ambassadors to pope *Adrian*, with injunctions to desire his licence for reducing the savage people of *Ireland* from their brutish way of living, and subjecting them to the crown of *England*. The king proceeded thus, in order to set up a title to the island, wherein the pope himself pretended to be lord of the fee; for in his letter, which is an answer and grant to the king's requests, he insists upon it, that all islands, upon their admitting the Christian faith, become subject to the fee of *Rome*; and the *Irish* themselves avowed the same thing to some of the first conquerors. In that fore-mentioned letter, the pope highly praises the king's generous design *, and recommends to him the civilizing the natives, the protection of the Church, and the payment of *Peter-pence*. The ill success of all past endeavours to procure from a people so miserable and irreligious this revenue to the holy see, was a main inducement with the pope to be easy and liberal in his grant; for the king professed a design of securing its regular payment. However, this expedition was not undertaken until some years after, when there happened an incident to set it forward, as we shall relate in its place. * * * *

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* *Rad. de Diceto.*

HENRY the SECOND's Character.

Extracted from the MONKS.

Hard to gather his Character from such bad AUTHORS.

A WISE prince, to whom other princes referred their differences; and had ambassadors from both empires, East and West, as well as others, at once in his court.

Strong and brawny body, patient of cold and heat, big head, broad breast, broken voice, temperate in meat, using much exercise, just stature, *forma elegantissima, colore subrufo, oculis glaucis*, sharp wit, very great memory, constancy in adversity [and] in felicity, except at last he yielded, because almost forsaken of all; liberal, imposed few tributes, excellent soldier and fortunate, wise and not unlearned. His vices: mild and promising in adversity, fierce and hard, and a violator of faith in prosperity; covetous to his domesticks and children, although liberal to soldiers and strangers, which turned the former from him; loved profit more than justice; very lustful, which likewise turned his sons and others from him. *Rosamond* and the labyrinth at *Woodstock*. Not very religious*; *mortuos milites lugens plus quam vivos amans; largus in publico, parcus in privato*. Constant in love and hatred, false to his word, morose, a lover of ease. Oppressor of nobles, sullen, and a delayer of justice; *verbo varius & versutus* - - - Used churchmen well after *Becket's* death; charitable to the poor, levied few taxes, hated slaughter and cruelty†. A great memory, and always knew those he once saw.

Very indefatigable in his travels backwards and forwards to *Normandy*, &c. of most endless desires to increase his dominions. * * * *

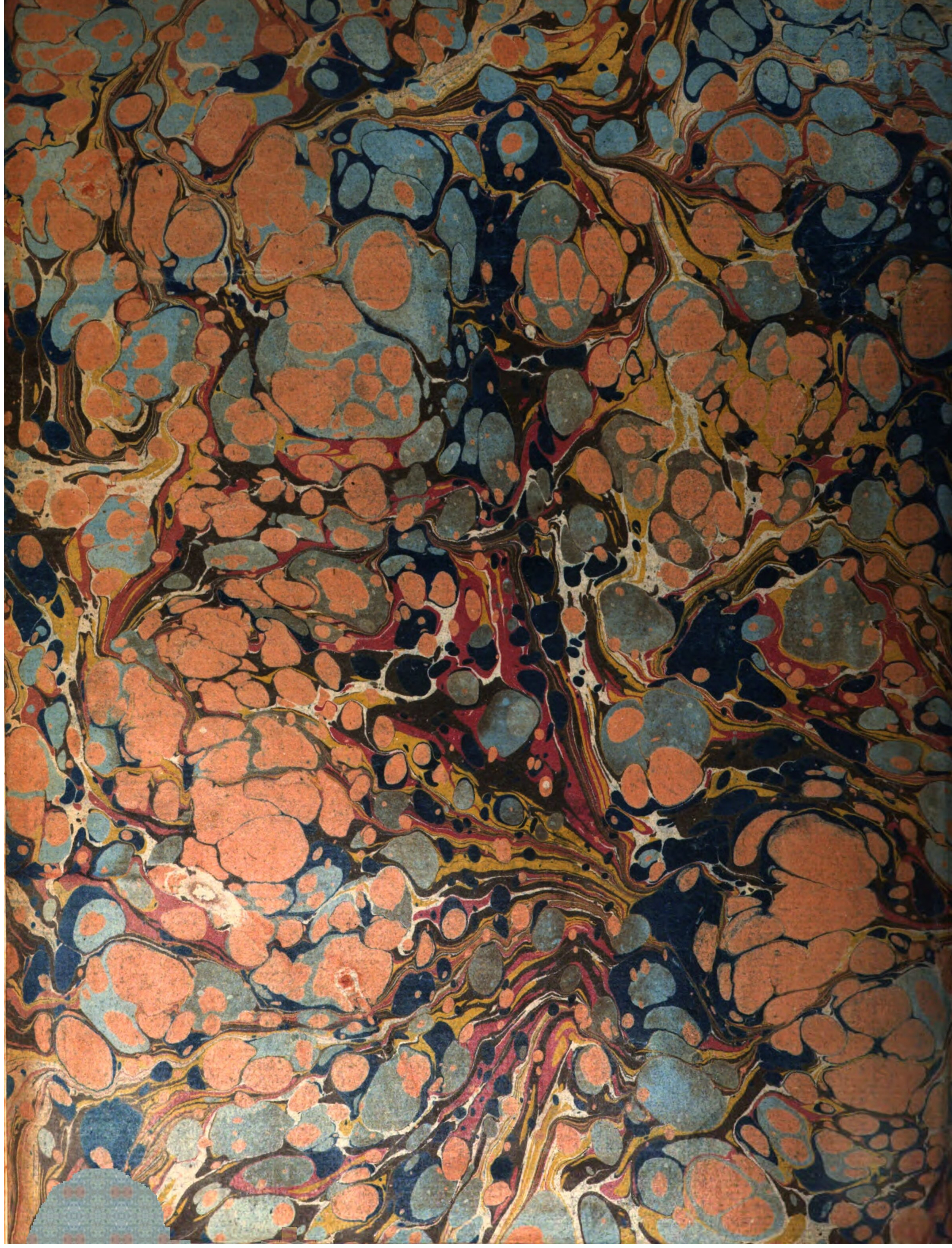
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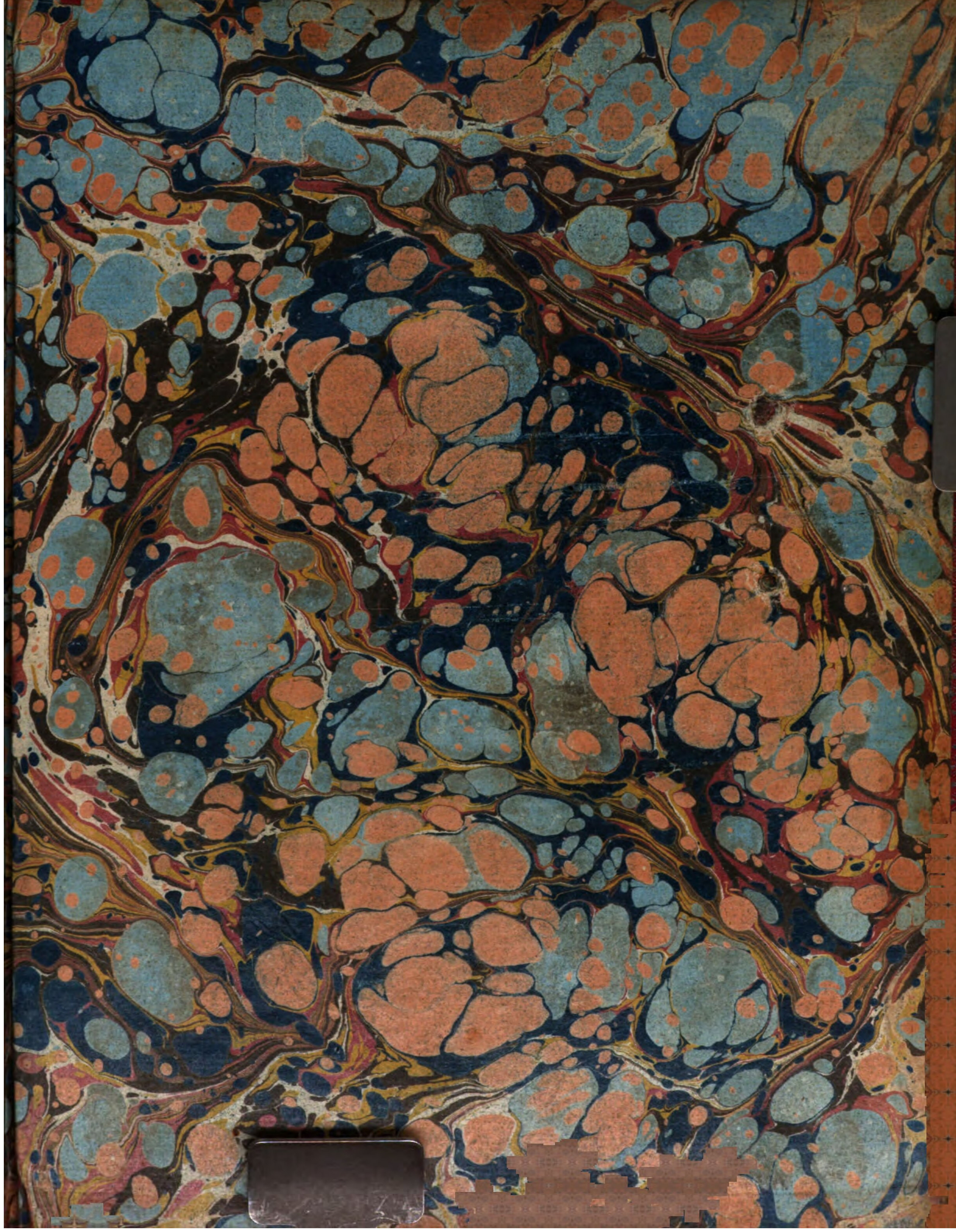
Cætera desiderantur.

* *Brompton.*

† *Girald.*

F I N I S.







Swift, Jonathan, 1667-1745 / Swift, Jonathan, / Hawkesworth, John,

Letters Written By The Late Jonathan Swift, D. D. Dean of St. Patrick's,
Dublin; And Several Of His Friends From The Year 1703 To 1740

Bd.: 4

London (1768)

4 Epist. 194-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10352382-6